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THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

JOHN GALT.

"I WILL A ROUND UNVARNISHED TALE DELIVER."

22007

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

COCHRANE AND M'CRONE,

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1833.

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EDWARD ELLICE, M.P.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF FAVOUR AND FRIENDSHIP,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THIS Autobiography does not consist of confessions, but only of such a series of transactions as may be candidly related. Individuals have been spoken of in a strain which the Author did not find pleasant, and it would have been more congenial to his taste, could he have omitted all notice of them. In several cases he has suppressed names. The feelings and recollections associated with them, unfortunately, could not be suppressed; in all, however, he has delivered himself as he felt, and will be happy to receive cause to retract any of his animadversions.

With another description of persons he has not been less free; throughout the book he has, to use an old proverb, endeavoured to describe the ford as he found it, and to treat good and evil occurrences with equal impartiality.

It is, however, not in human nature, to speak of suffering and misfortune with the same equanimity as of friendship and favour, but if it shall be thought that his sentiments in latter years

towards the world are less gracious than those of earlier times, let it be recollected in mitigation of the severity of criticism, that he has not been so able to front adversity, and has had a larger experience of its

"Iron scourge and torturing hour."

In proceeding with the narrative he is very sensible of having neglected, apparently, many persons by whom he has been greatly obliged, but they must see, themselves, that he could not mention their names without referring to incidents, which, however a biographer may feel himself warranted to explore, the writer of his own memoirs may be excused for not bringing forward. He cannot say more without, in the opinion of the judicious, violating propriety. The man who has given hostages to society, is bound to respect their feelings quite as much as his own.

The printing of the book had proceeded some length before it occurred to him, that, perhaps, several gentlemen to whom he has alluded by name, might not be satisfied with seeing themselves so placed before the public. But he can make no other apology for the liberty he has inadvertently taken, than by stating the truth, which is, that having only good to say of them, it did not at first occur to him, that in doing so he was committing any error. Besides, some sort of ex-

tenuation of the fault may be allowed, when it is recollected that it was made as a final expression and testimony to their worth. Had he then been as well as he is now, he would probably have been more guarded; as it is, however, nothing could be further from his thoughts than to give offence.—He only refers to the circumstance here, because the respectable in private life do not like to be drawn from the shelter of seclusion. He recollects how much he was once affected, when a young man, at seeing himself alluded to by name, in a biographical sketch, though it was evidently done in kindness: he judges of the feelings of others by his own.

There is a more serious charge, which may be brought against him, than that of speaking gratefully of those who may not themselves like it. It is in saying so much about himself; but it was a task imposed by the nature of the work, and not a matter in which he had any choice. Egotism is at all times an odious habit, though it is but a habit after all: could it have been avoided in an autobiography, it certainly would have had no place here, even though the author had possessed the alchemy of converting seeming vanity, into any thing so pure and precious as naïveté. He hopes, however, that he has not offended in what he has said of himself, beyond the good-natured reader's indulgence; for on all occasions he has attempted

to show that he was aware of the light in which egotistical garrulity might be considered, even by the liveliest, awake to its vanity and weakness.

He deprecates the animadversions to which the work is liable for many other faults, besides those which are derived from defects inherent in the author. When it was commenced, he was afflicted to a very great degree, by the infirmity which has probably rendered him an invalid for the remainder of his life. He could neither write nor read the manuscript himself; many of the proof sheets he was unable to correct, and mistakes, which may be observed in them, have escaped detection in the process of hearing the press-work only read over. His amanuensis was a boy, save when some accidental friendly visiter was good enough to take the pen. The errors, however, are less owing to a want of proper respect for the public, than to the circumstances of his condition; for although he complains of being a feeble cripple, and that his "right hand has lost its cunning," his ails are not circumscribed to these afflictions.

His habits were active, prone to motion, and, perhaps, from the sedentary change induced, he endures more than can well be conceived by those who have their impatience in better discipline. His acutest sense of calamity arises from his inability to employ himself in other pursuits than

in those of literature; and he very earnestly prays that the reader may not find he has reason to sympathize with his lamentations on that account. But it is not easy to describe the miseries of being suddenly transmuted from activity, into the passive inertness of wearisome inability to perform, unassisted, the commonest actions. It is only not so dreadful as the state of the Siamese, with the corpse of his brother on his back, but worse than the shackling of the living and the dead together; for, in that eastern torture, the spirit feels not the incarceration which makes the imprisoning flesh more dismal than fetters and chains.

Though, like all men, he has tasted the bitterness of the world, yet in speaking of those by whom he has not been conciliated to regard the human race as better than they really are, he hopes that it will not appear he has indulged in much acrimony. His principles incline him to consider the vices as morbid secretions of the moral constitution—the workings of original sin,—and surely the victims of disease ought rather to be viewed with compassion than as objects of hate and detestation. But no man likes to associate with a snake, and he may, in consequence, at times, have forgotten his creed, and used expressions of resentment that derive no beauty from energy, nor virtue from their accordance with the

errors of humanity. But in sad seriousness he considers the penalties, which society inflicts for aberrations, abundantly known to those who incur them. Their inefficacy to accomplish correction, proves the inveteracy of the disease, which may be either innate, accidental, or chronic. No man can change his appearance by voluntary resolution; he can only improve it a little by discipline: and with the mind it is as with the body, we cannot alter the structure, but its vigour may be increased by training, or its complexion rendered more delicate by study. He would rather remember wrongs with commiseration, than ruminate on vindictive thoughts, both naturally and from principle; and yet perhaps he has not lived so long, without having received some cause to justify more sullenness towards mankind.

The memoir terminates with his last imminent illness, but though it was undoubtedly an epochal event, it has not been followed by such a change in his habits, as it might have been supposed to have produced: it has, however, obliged him to have recourse to dictation; in other respects, as the present work demonstrates, it has not greatly affected his familiarity with the reader.

September 12th, 1833.

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THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

JOHN GALT.

EPOCH FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—Birth.—Removal to Greenock.—Early accidents.—Passion for flowers.—The Buchanites.—A grand procession at Kilmarnock for the Duchess of Portland and Lady Canning.

It is certainly not a very gentlemanly occupation to write one's own life; "my poverty not my will consents" to the egotistical undertaking; at the same time, my actual adventures are as likely to amuse the reader as the incidents of any fiction which has hitherto escaped from my pen.

I have always understood that Irvine in Ayrshire was my birth-place, and that the event happened on the 2d of May, 1779; in confirmation,

my earliest recollections relate to that town. Every year, it is true, I was carried to Greenock for a short time, but my home was in Irvine till 1789–90, when my permanent removal came to pass.

Of this first epoch I do not recollect much worth relating, but memory occasionally carries me back to transactions that must have happened when I was very young, less than two years of age, and yet I have not a very good general memory. Of local circumstances, however, I have never met with any person who had a superior graphic recollection, and what I do remember, appears to me more of a pictorial nature than that catalogue of occurrences which make up the memory of most men. As an instance, when not much more than a year old, I perfectly at this day recal to mind an incident sufficiently childish in itself, but illustrative of this peculiar faculty.

In the kitchen of my grandmother the hearth rose considerably higher than the floor. It happened that a cousin who was about six months older, received with me a present of a little stool. Nothing would serve us but we must sit in our new fangledness upon these stools on the raised hearth. Accordingly they were placed there, and in our glee we began to push one another by the feet as we sat on our elevated platform. In this work somehow the fire, on which stood a tea-kettle,

was disordered, and caused it to spout out; I in attempting to escape from the jet d'eau, fell over the hearth backwards, and the kettle scalded my cousin's legs, producing as may be supposed, screams and uproar. The scene, the cause, and the shape of the kettle are still before me. Other reminiscences of about the same time are as vivid, but the date of none is so distinct. The era is fixed so early as somewhere between my first and second year, because my sister was not then born. Indeed her birth is marked in my remembrance, by a terrible accident of the like sort. She was born in Greenock, and her birth is hallowed to me by the accident. I was then there, and at the time in the custody of some one, standing on the kitchen dresser, caressed and caressing, when the event was proclaimed to "all the house." Whoever had charge of me forgot I was on the dresser, and leaving me there, ran into the passage to hear the news more particularly. Well do I recollect my horror at being so abandoned; I looked over the edge of the dresser as Shakespeare makes Edgar look over the cliff at Dover, and seeing my perilous height, roared and ramped and stamped "as it were a nightingale" till removed.

These two circumstances stand so limned and bright in my remembrance, that I could bear testimony to their occurrence on oath before any judi-

cature, although they have been followed by no effects, further than as proofs of that singular local memory for which I have among my friends been distinguished, and which has ever continued to

" Grow with my growth and strengthen with my strength ".

In the spring of the year 1783 a trivial incident had on me for many years great influence. One morning, as I was playing in the garden, very early, among other things I observed with surprise the heads of the narcissus peering above ground. I have no recollection of the cause that led me to remark the circumstance, but it dwelt on my memory. In the course of a few days after I was taken to Greenock, where I remained some weeks, and on my return to Irvine it was late when we arrived. Next morning, however, I got out of bed by break of day and hurried into the garden, when, instead of the sprouting plants, lo! they were in blossom; and I could not persuade myself that they were not lilies brought from a distance and planted in the beds.

The phenomenon excited my curiosity; from that day and long after I became passionately fond of flowers, and derived inexpressible pleasure from their developement in the culture; latterly the taste gave way to a predilection for trees and shrubs: but an accident afterwards put an end to both.

Soon after my wonderment at the lilies was over, a very odd business occurred at Irvine, memorable in the history of sects. I allude to the rise of the Buchanites, of whom at this early age I became a follower, understanding as much of their creed as the generality of the serious professors. The story is this.

Mr, White, the Relief minister of Irvine, being called to assist at the sacrament in Glasgow, where a Mrs. Buchan had an opportunity of hearing him, so delighted her by his oratory that she wrote to him that he was the first minister who had spoken effectually to her sinful heart; expressing, at the same time, a wish to visit him at Irvine, that she might be further confirmed in the faith.

He showed her letter with clerical vanity to some of his people, who gave her a very welcome reception and considered her as a woman of great gifts. Religion was the constant theme of her loquacity, and her time was spent in visiting from house to house, in making family worship, and in expounding the Scriptures; but some of the congregation began to doubt the truth of the gospel according to Mrs. Buchan. Mr. White, the Relief minister, however, implicitly credited her orthodoxy; but the Relief congregation expressed their dissatisfaction with his ministry, and required her dismissal as a dangerous person. He refused, they threat-

ened, but he remained as firm in his delusion as Mr. Edward Irving himself. By the proceedings which the infidels adopted, Mr. White was ultimately deposed from his office as minister; nevertheless he peacefully delivered up "the keys of the kirk" and preached in a tent.

The curiosity of the public was excited; strange accounts were given of the doctrine and manner of worship among the Buchanites. They usually met in the night-time and were instructed by the prophetess. She gave herself out to be the woman spoken of in the twelfth chapter of the Revelations, and that Mr. White was the man-child she had brought forth. These and other ravings drew upon her and her party the indignation of the populace. The house of Mr. White was gutted by a mob, and repeated applications from the members of the Relief congregation to proceed against her as a blasphemer and "an odious schismatic", caused the magistrates to dismiss her from the town. To protect her from insult they, however, accompanied her about a mile, and forty or fifty followers proceeded with her singing psalms as they went, shouting and saying they were going to the new Jerusalem.

I with many other children also accompanied her, but my mother in a state of distraction pursued and drew me back by the lug and the horn. I have not the slighest recollection of Mrs. Buchan's

heresies,—how could I?—but the scene and more than once the enthusiasm of the psalm singing has risen on my remembrance, especially in describing the Covenanters in Ringan Gilhaize.

From that time, although I have vivid recollections of many things, yet the reader would not care about hearing of them, especially as they are introduced in my novels, but I should not omit an event which has had a singular influence on my conduct through life.

When the present Duchess of Portland and Lady Canning were girls, the executors of their father bought all the lands in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, the estate now of the duke of Portland. The young ladies were brought to see the purchase, and those

> "Wha leather rax and draw,
> Of all denominations", BURNS.

got up the procession of King Crispin for their gratification. It was certainly very grand; the only procession I ever saw in any degree comparable to it was the coronation of King George the Fourth, which, however, in my opinion, was, at this distance of time, no more equal to it than a kitten to a Kilkenny cat. It is time, however, that I should conclude this chapter, for the event to be recorded is too much of an epochal nature to be crammed in at the fag end.

CHAPTER II.

A View of the Falls of Niagara.—A storm.—Predilection for books.—Lieut. Gueliland.—A schoolmaster.—Lord Boyle.—Mr. Eckford, of New York.—Marion Crawford.—Mr. Eckford's death.

KILMARNOCK is about six miles from Irvine, and I was carried there to see the show. In the relation's house to which I was taken, lay a folio which contained many pictures, and among them a view of the Falls of Niagara. It was the wildest sight I had ever seen, and my juvenile imagination was awfully excited.

Between the procession and this picture I was prodigiously interested, continually going out and in; never had any thing produced on me such an effect; I lost all recollection, and totally forgot that I looked "but on a stool", nor could I conceive any thing more wild and wonderful than that view. Often and often since it has risen upon my recollection, and when in after life at the Falls, I fancied myself on the very spot below the town of Manchester on the American side from which the drawing had been taken.

From the time of this visit to Kilmarnock till finally removed from Irvine I have no very particular recollection, except of a storm at sea, of which a description is given in "THE PROVOST"; but I was a soft, ailing, and growing boy. I have no remembrance of the enjoyment of perfect health for several years, and yet I was not ill; a sort of "all-overishness" hung about me, and when not engaged with my flowers I lounged on my bed, which gave me a kind of literary predilection: all sorts of ballads and story-books were accumulated by me, and some of them have left impressions that still remain fresh and unfaded.

This infirm state led me not only to avoid the hearty exercises of other boys, but to seek indoor amusement that was, had it been observed, remarkable in one so young. I remember that there were a number of old women who lived in the closs behind my grandmother's house, and in their society to hear their tales and legends I was a frequent visitor. One of them was the mother of Lieutenant Gueliland, who was flag-officer to Lord Nelson, and killed at the battle of Trafalgar. He was older than me, and I do not recollect him very well, but he was a brave and intelligent officer; his townsmen have erected a monument to his memory in the church, and I have the gratification to record that I obtained for his only sister a munifi-

cent donation from the Patriotic Fund formed during the war at Lloyd's.

Another of them was an old widow, bent into a hoop; she had an only son, but he was gone from her long before my time, and she lived a lonely life. With this friendless aged woman I was a great favourite, and exceedingly attached to her, for she had many kindly qualities that won upon an infirm boy's best affections. She has often since served me as a model; not that her actual state has been depicted by me, but I have imagined her in situations that were calculated to bring out her character. She was very poor, and spun out her low and wintry existence by her rock and tow. I have often assisted her to reel her pirns, and enjoyed strange pleasure in the narratives of her life and privations. It gives me a sort of melancholy pleasure to record that her latter days were tempered in their sterility by the kindness of my aunt and cousins. I have never enquired, even to this hour, if she merited so much regard.

There was another old woman, a relation, that I was also very partial to; her husband was blind, and she herself had some brimstone notions of religion, but much in her circumstances excited at once both compassion and laughter. When many years after I heard of her death, I well recollect saying, in a letter written to my aunt on the occasion, in

the words of Henry the Fifth on the death of Sir John Falstaff, that

"I could have better spared a better man."

She was one of those plausible sybils that juggled in my morning path.

One thing should not be forgotten: owing to my growth and consequent ailment I made comparatively little progress in my education, but I had a very clear idea of what I did learn, and never afterwards forgot it. Among other expedients to counteract my infirmity was being sent in the evening privately to take lessons in reading from the schoolmaster. In this task, which was desultorily executed, I read with him the Spectator and Gil Blas, and as I have never read either since, I am led to conclude that in those conclave instructions I evinced something of intelligence: when I left him he made me a present of Goldsmith's Roman History. Nevertheless my progress during 1788 and 89 was not equal to my companions', and yet the schools of Irvine were particularly good. The present Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Boyle, left the grammar school in the same year that I entered it. He was at that time a very sensitive lad, and our schoolmaster spoke of him with approbation, not for talent, but his sensibility to any matter wherein he conceived himself wrong

or fault was imputed to him. Generally, indeed, my schoolfellows have turned out well, and some of them have meritoriously attained distinction. Among others was the late Mr. Eckford, of New York*. He learned to be a ship-carpenter, and early went abroad with the reputation, even then, of talent; but I recal him to recollection by a very affecting story.

At that time in Irvine were several children from the East Indies, among them a girl called Marion Crawford, with singularly beautiful long black hair, and that composed character of physiognomy which is supposed by the Italians to be particularly characteristic of the Madonna. Between her and Eckford a mutual attachment grew up until it became known to all the town, and was even respected by the schoolboys. Eckford was older than me, but I remember the circumstance very perfectly. Ah!

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Henry Eckford and Marion Crawford were not destined to be an exception to the rule of fortune. He went abroad, and she, poor creature, was lately living forlorn in single blessedness.

This Mr. Eckford became afterwards the grand

* I do not mention names particularly, because I know not if they would like it, but these men belong to the public.

architect and builder of the American navy, and accumulated a vast fortune. I shall hereafter have occasion to mention how we met, but his fortune made him the prey of designing men; and he was inveigled on account of his wealth by a party to join in some public scheme. When I first met him he was then flourishing in prosperity, and had sent his son with a tutor to make the tour of Europe.

Some sinister trick in the management of the company made him responsible for all his fortune; a legislative investigation by the State of New York was instituted to examine the circumstances, and though Eckford lost his fortune he was honourably acquitted. He sent me to Canada copies of the proceedings, and I was glad and sorrowful at the result; glad of his acquittal and sorrowful for his fate.

His son, however, returned to him; but as if misfortune had, after a career of great splendour, marked him for her particular prey, the young man in attempting to save his sister was with her burnt to death.

I saw Eckford after this calamitous event, and we had a good deal of school-boy conversation respecting himself. He had then made up his mind to leave the United States, but had not decided in what direction to move. I mentioned to him

Russia, offering him a letter; but he had decided on no particular place. Afterwards he went to Constantinople, where the dockyards were put under his superintendence, and he was treated by the Sultan with uncommon condescension and confidence. He died, however, soon; his body was carried to New York, where it was interred with particular distinction.

The circumstance which induces me to mention him here was, that among other early recollections he enquired, in the conversation alluded to, if I had any remembrance of Marion Crawford. There was something in the topics of our conversation and his manner that rendered the question affecting; but I could give him no other answer than by mentioning that I believed she was still alive and unmarried. Forty years had elapsed since he had seen her. It has ever seemed to me that there was something pathetic in his enquiry. I have often since thought of it; for he remarked that strange changes happen in life. It was so with himself, for he who had reached the very summit of prosperity was then again as poor as Miss Crawford; but there was a consciousness about him that he was destined to die no ordinary man.

CHAPTER III.

My gardening.—Temper.—Opposition to my studies.—Mechanical taste.—Music.—Schemes and projects.

My removal to Greenock was neither heralded nor attended by comets or eclipses; I forget every thing about it, except that the family took up their abode in a new house which my father had built and my sister still inhabits; attached was a garden, in the decorations of which my taste for flowers suffered no interruption. For several years it afforded me agreeable employment, and I still recollect with pleasure the aspect of the borders when the sun was shining and the air clear.

At the schools if I was not considered a dull boy I certainly made no particular progress. That softness of disposition which arose from languor was perhaps not so remarkable there as at Irvine, for I recollect my experience of increased vigour. It never however acquired at Greenock the epithet of equanimity, such as I afterwards enjoyed in the world, but it does not reflect much honour on the discernment of many about me, that its equal nature was not perceived. Softness of dis-

position does not always index an even temper, nor was mine of this description. It was evenness of mind rather than of temper, with decision of character, slow in manifesting itself, but surprising when it did so. For a number of years I pride myself on recollecting many triumphs of temper, but alas! I can do so no longer, the vicissitudes of life have mastered forbearance, and made me at least as irascible as my neighbours.

My removal to Greenock was to the individual an important era; I felt, notwithstanding my slow progress in school studies, a budding of faculties that afterwards came to leaf, and I may say to some blossom, although the fruit has never set.

The greatest drawback however to be encountered, arose from my mother; she could not endure to see my sleepy nature, and ascribed it to my predilection for books, of which it was but an effect, not the cause. In after life, when she was old and circumstances had changed, she confessed her error; but it cannot be accounted for in a woman so remarkably endowed. My father was one of the best, as he was one of the handsomest men, but he was of an easy nature, with only passable ability, in which however probity was predominant. My mother was however a very singular person; possessing a masculine strength of character, with great natural humour, and a keen perception of the ridiculous in

others. In her prime, as I would call it, she indulged in queer metaphorical expressions, exceedingly forcible and original. In latter life this grew so much into a habit, that her talk to strangers must have seemed often fantastical. The rich ore of common sense, however, which pervaded her observations was always remarkable, and frequently extorted an instantaneous assent to her opinions, while they provoked irrepressible laughter.

Under her superintendence I undoubtedly made great moral proficiency; I can trace innumerable instances of the benefits derived from her advice, but she was angrily averse to my bookish propensities, and until I left the shelter of the maternal wing never ceased to condemn my drowsy studies. The passion for reading derived food from the public library, a selection of books formed with uncommon judgement and taste. The useful predominates in the collection, and to this circumstance, probably, should be attributed my habitual partiality for works of a solid character. I dare not venture to call it better than a habit.

While yet at school I had a bias for mechanics, which an observant master might have turned to some account. Among other things, I attempted to make a piano-forte, alias a hurdy-gurdy, in a box, and was magnificent in shows. The managers of the puppet pageants at Drury Lane and Covent

Garden might have taken a lesson from me in a wonderful edephusicon that I got up after seeing Lutherburg's exhibition. But the most successful of all my devices was an Eolian harp, which was occasionally shown off in the staircase window, particularly when my mother happened to be absent, for its mournful melody put her in the vapours, as she said, and I was obliged to give away the "wind organ" to a schoolfellow.

To these tuneful experiments succeeded the solitary study of music, by an attempt to teach myself the flute. I was led to this by the example of a companion, the late William Spence, author of the "Essay on Logarithmic Transcendants," which Sir J. Herschell afterwards edited, a work of great research, ingenuity, and originality.

Spence, besides being a most delicious performer was a considerable composer, and made beautiful sonatas, which had as much character as the compositions of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. I too was a composer, but never got in practice beyond playing duets with Spence; somehow I always became too agitated: in the overture, however, to Artaxerxes I used to be rather above par, and there was a beautiful movement of Jomelli in which I thought myself divine. Afterwards I heard it performed in London, in the ghost scene of the Castle Spectre, and it affected me so much

that many around must have thought me very silly.

My compositions at Greenock I dare say were bad enough, but afterwards, when I came to London and heard better things, those made there were not utterly despicable. The reader however may judge for himself, as I have subjoined to this work some of my songs that have been published, one of them, "Lochnagar", to the words of Lord Byron, was deemed of such excellence that I heard it grinding on a street organ. The air was given away, and published to some advantage.

Besides these indoor occupations I was a sort of a fisher, but never distinguished. The scene of my reveries was a considerable stream in the moors behind the mountains above the town. It has since been brought round the shoulder of the hill, and being dammed up, it now by a canal gives to the town a valuable water power. Among my fishing dreams this very improvement, in a different manner, was one of the earliest.

The town of Greenock is supplied with water from reservoirs on the heights behind. In dry weather these dams or tanks sometimes become exhausted, and it happened once in my time that one of them nearly dried up. It was observed, however, that a small rill of pellucid water con-

tinued undiminished to run into it. The magistrates on seeing this, on the same principle that the boy in the fable killed the goose that laid him the golden eggs, I suppose, ordered the spring to be explored by digging, when it was discovered to issue from an artificial cave. I explored the excavation myself to a great depth in the mountain, and ascertained that it was a drain to a mine. This led me to examine the place, and on the top of the hill I discovered that a shaft or pit had penetrated the mountain formerly to the drain; afterwards I traced an ancient road on the hill, and something at a lower reservoir like a bridge across a ravine. I never heard or read any account of these works, but the discovery of them set me a hatching, and I brought forth to myself a notable plan, no other than to tunnel the mountain by the drain and lead into it "the Shaws water," for exactly the same purpose as the canal has been since executed. Whether the cost of tunnelling would not have been greater than the canal I cannot say, but the circumstance is mentioned here to show to what objects my mind was early turned. I have never seen the canal.

In the Frith, opposite to Greenock, there is a large sand bank often dry at low water. When it was proposed to enlarge the harbour it occurred to me that this bank might be converted into land,

and I have still a very cheap and feasible plan for gradually doing it, but unfortunately the bank belonged to the crown and was too sacred to be improved. Afterwards, when my friend Mr. Ewing was magistrate, and long after I had left the town, the Barons of the Exchequer were induced to give the bank to the town for a mess of pottage in the shape of a cask of rum; the town has not however yet made any use of the acquisition nor evinced any sense of its value: some day the magistrates under a reformed parliament will no doubt be enlightened on the subject.

In contriving schemes such as these my youth was spent, but they were all of too grand a calibre to obtain any attention, and I doubt if there yet be any one among my contemporaries capable of appreciating their importance.

By the by, while I am on the subject, I may mention another local project, namely, cutting a canal from Loch Lomond through the valley of Arrocher to Loch Long. It might be done at little expense, and open up by Loch Lomond all the heart of Scotland round its banks. I have never heard this project discussed, and it is now much more than thirty years since I formed it, which either proves that the scheme is a very foolish suggestion or that the resident gentlemen are, as they are commonly supposed to be,

not far sighted. But the thing will be done, though I may compare myself to the old lady who advised her husband to take a second wife when she died, adding, with appropriate pathos, "but, Robin, it is what I'll never live to see".

CHAPTER IV.

Attachment to Greenock.—Mr. Park.—Of his accomplishments.—Displeased with him.

I REMAINED at Greenock fourteen or fifteen years. I do not say it was the happiest period of my life, although it is recollected as the longest. I was never there in my element; something of constraint environed me, and although I feel towards the place the strongest local attachment, and those whom I have loved dearest were inhabitants of that town, I think of it in repeating

That months of youth are years of time,
Old hearts in fading bosoms tell;—
On friendships formed in that sweet prime,
Why does remembrance love to dwell?

Why are the ties of riper life,
That pride and reason ratify,
But filmets deemed that snap in strife?
And transient birds that rest and fly?

Few sunny hours in vernal days,
Suffice to build the gentle nest,
Where Hope her fairest promise lays,
And thrive the callow fancies best.

Yet I do not recollect any circumstance which should endear the remembrance of Greenock to me. Those of the inhabitants I knew were no doubt very estimable in their qualities, but not so remarkably so as to make them in any degree distinguished. Upon the whole they were, perhaps, of an inferior intellectual class from what I have often since met with; but they are regarded with a partiality by me that can only be ascribed to the remembrance of young impressions. Towards the memory of Mr. James Park, who was my particular associate, I have ever felt a strong attachment.

He was a greatly superior young man,—far more accomplished than any other person I have ever since known, and I do not except Lord Byron when I say so. He read several languages perfectly,—his poems often approximated to genius, and his prose compositions, if they were not eloquent and original, were highly elegant and sometimes beautiful. Perhaps, had he not been long the victim of infirm health he might have merited admiration; as it is, I cannot think of him but as one of the most amiable persons I ever met with in life.

Of his character it is impossible to speak, but warmly; for although in some things he did not act towards me as I would have done towards him, I still feel that he acted in a manner entitled to

regard. When the cause occurred which induced me to leave Greenock, he did not perform the part I expected; and there was afterwards an incident occurred that did not strengthen our affection.

It was I well knew the constant intention of my father that his children should inherit equally, and that our mother should be independent of us; circumstances with which the world has nothing to do induced him to alter his will, and it so happened that by a misdescription of his property the new will could not be carried into effect, and I as heir-at-law, who was the cause of this change, became the sole inheritor. When the error was discovered, my mother and sister did no more than justice to me in expecting that I would confirm a settlement according to what was understood to be the intention of my father; but my mother requested Mr. Park to write me on the subject. I was then very poor, as I always have been, and to have inherited a patrimony that would have cleared me of debt was no doubt a great temptation. Of this my friend Park was fully aware, and his letter to me was couched in delicate terms as to the dependence in which my mother would be left, hoping I would master my temptation and set my mother's mind at ease. Well do I recollect the feelings which his letter awak-

ened; that he, the companion of my youth, should have thought any exhortation necessary! I am not sure that I acknowledged the receipt of his letter; but I instantly wrote either to my sister or my mother to get a deed prepared as my father intended, and it was executed.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Ewing.—Strange dream.—Subsequent calamities.—One of my first attempts at verse-making.—Miller's Garland.—His pompous language.

UNDOUBTEDLY the spring time of life spent at Greenock was not without sunshine. I ever recollect with great pleasure my connexion with Mr. Ewing. In all the vicissitudes of a very various life, I have never met with a person of such truly sterling worth. His talents were not, in a literary point of view, comparable to those of many that I have seen, but I never saw in any one such equanimity of temper and greater purity of heart.

In latter years respecting this gentleman I encountered a very singular adventure. When in Canada, as a commissioner, I did not enjoy very good health; my sleep was disturbed and unsound, the consequences of a lurking new disease that was not then understood.

There was a general table provided for the commissioners, at which we regularly met, but sometimes when the weather was very cold I breakfasted in my own lodgings.

One morning, the 8th of April, while my servant

was getting ready breakfast I fell asleep, from which I was awoke before the breakfast was ready with something terrible sounding in the ears of my mind. All I could make out was, that some dreadful misfortune had befallen Mr. Ewing, and the impression upon me was so strong that I was unable to eat, and became seriously unwell.

On going to the Board, which met every day, there was only present Mr. John Davidson, of Quebec, another commissioner; the others were walking about till the office-hour arrived. Davidson, on seeing me, enquired how I had slept, and what was the matter with me, expressing concern at my altered appearance. I related to him the terror in which I had awoke, but he made light of it, for he was a man of some humour, and in time it was seemingly forgotten, though I marked the date at the time.

On my arrival at Liverpool some weeks after, I was however told by an old mutual friend, Mr. Hugh Mattie, that Mr. Ewing's family were at the time subjected to a great calamity, several of the children and servants having died of typhus fever. The news produced on me a very saddening effect, and I remembered my dream.

I had not been long in London when I received a letter from Mr. Ewing himself, communicating the intelligence of his poor wife's death of a

broken heart, in consequence of losing so many of her children, and containing a long account of domestic sufferings, which commenced at a certain hour on the 8th of April. A gentleman was with me when I received the letter, which I handed to him, and looking out for my pocket-book, found the date of my visionary terror to correspond exactly with the commencement of Mr. Ewing's sufferings, allowing for the longitude.

This is not all: the presentiment seemed to me very extraordinary, and in consequence, some years after, I composed a tale from it, which was published in one of the Annuals, disguised, of course, in its circumstances. In due time I received the proof sheet of my contribution, and at the same time when it came in I was looking at an old magazine, in which, to my astonishment, was a description of a similar presentiment that had happened to some Austrian officers.

That—

> "There are more things, in the heavens and the earth
> Than are dreamt of in philosophy",

I cannot doubt, and I record this affair as one of those which may excite wonder because it is inexplicable.

Mr. Ewing's uncle and partner, with whom I was in time associated, was one of the fattest men I ever saw. He was a gentleman possessed of

great integrity, though not remarkable for talent; but he must have been a person of many good qualities, for I recollect him with affection; even his foibles have a warm place in my regard. I always thought he treated me with more than common kindness, and his pompous manner I have ever regarded as an innocent infirmity. When a mere boy in the countinghouse, he made me a present of Young's Night Thoughts, recommending it to me by quoting with great emphasis the exordium,—

"Tired Nature's", &c.

It was certainly not a book for a merchant to give to a junior clerk, but it was a proof of his good-nature, and I think now he must have considered me as something out of the way. He was one of the earliest subjects of my muse, and the occasion still makes me smile.

At that time came occasionally to Greenock a blind beggar-man, who went up and down the streets singing a biographical ditty about how he lost his sight. The first verse was—

"In Girven I was bred and born,
All in the shire of Ayr,
Of good and honest parents dear,
Who took of me great care."

It happened that Mr. Miller, when he thought the clerks remiss, used to lecture them left-handedly,

by recounting the great things he did when a young man. I was a particular object of these inflictions, but they made only a ludicrous impression upon me. One day he described, for an admonitory purpose, one of his exploits when young, about shipping tobacco at all the quays, and how tired he was. At the time I was brimful of Plutarch, and had the most ineffable contempt for such labours compared with those of Hercules, but there was something in the toils of Mr. Miller amusing to my fancy, and I made a boyish parody on the beggar's ditty, which I entitled "Miller's Garland". I don't remember much of it, but it was not without humour. The first stanza was the same, with the substitution of 'Keppoch' for 'Girven', and 'Dumbartonshire' for 'the shire of Ayr'. The stanzas describing his fatigue were good; they were—

"And when the hour of dinner came,
So greatly was I tired,
That if a boat had not passed by,
And I the same had hired,
I fainted had, and o'er the quay
My body would have fell,
But luckily the boat passed by,
And saved my soul from hell."

Mr. Miller had, among other peculiarities, a strange passion for the ora rotunda, which used

mightily to amuse me. One morning, after Lord Macartney's fruitless negociation for peace, he was talking to me on the subject, and among other things said that in his opinion "Lord Macartney acted with great judgement and sensibility." I have never forgot the phrase. Another day, when we were extremely busy in the office, a whipper-snapper of a boy came in to get something settled: "Come", said the man-mountain, "when the hurry of the business of the day is over, and it shall be expiscated." But Mr. Miller was not always so elaborate in his phraseology. It happened that a writer, (as attorneys are called in Scotland,) who did our business, was absent one day when a bill was to be protested. Mr. Miller was standing frying with passion at the gate, but I knew nothing of the cause. He however said, "Mr. John, have you seen him?" "Who?" "The stupidest man ever the Lord took the trouble to put the breath of life in." I knew it was of his coz. Nathan he spoke.

But although my hereditary predilection for oddities, was never rightly understood at Greenock, my early years and curious character in James Miller and Co.'s office are bright to look back upon. Mr. Ewing still stands with me as the very pattern of a gentleman in private life; Mr. Miller, for whom I never had a particle of re-

verence, seems to me in some sort as an ancestor that I ought to venerate, and I do so; for with all his foibles he had many excellent qualities. It is curious to remark how much recollections as well as colours change by time and exposure. How many things that on their advent in those days were disagreeable, provoke laughter in the remembrance!

CHAPTER VI.

Residence at Greenock.—Tour to Edinburgh.—Excursion to Durham.—Mrs. Siddons.

If the fourteen or fifteen years spent at Greenock were not so bright as some others, they undoubtedly constituted a large oasis in the desert of my life; and much of my good nature towards mankind is assuredly owing to my associates there. I have met, no doubt, with many more accomplished, but never with better men; nor do I recollect that the slightest shade was ever cast upon any one of them. They had, however, what to me has ever appeared a ludicrous infirmity; namely, a conceit of themselves, above all others of the human race whom I have ever seen. A thousand instances of this weakness crowd upon my recollection as I live over again in this narrative my youthful days; but let me not be thought to calumniate their hearts. Undoubtedly, as a practical people, beneficence was the drift of their actions; but owing to the defect in their heads, they were certainly much addicted to a kind of good-humoured detraction. Malice they were as void of as the

leech that sucks blood from instinct, and sometimes effects a cure when it only thinks of gratifying its own appetite.

Among other things that render my recollections of Greenock light and gay, were several excursions with my companions. The first was with Park and another lad of the name of Agnew Crawford; a sort of walking journey, of which Edinburgh was the apex. We tramped twenty-two miles to Glasgow before breakfast. It would, however, be tedious to narrate the incidents of a journey which are still recollected as expedients to make a light purse supply a voracious curiosity. We were absent nearly two weeks; during which we saw a world of wonders, and made a circuitous tour, which brought us home by Stirling and Dumbartonshire.

I shall never forget a sort of gipsyan expedition we made to Loch Lomond; and another year, when shooting up into manhood, Crawford, Park, and myself, went a walking excursion to Durham, in England, in which, as our purses were better lined, when the weather did not serve, we occasionally made use of a post-chaise. Our course was up the Clyde to Biggar, and down the Tweed to Berwick, where we regularly posted in our subsequent journey; visiting all and more of the border curiosities than Sir Walter Scott has since

rendered so memorable. It was in this excursion that I saw, for the first time, Mrs. Siddons perform, at Durham, and the character was Lady Macbeth. The natural earnestness in the famous scene wherein the lady instigates Macbeth to the murder of Duncan, particularly struck me as the finest thing I had ever seen that was not true. I can recall no recollection of any efforts in histrionic art with which I have been more delighted.

The excursion to Durham was the last of our boyish travels. I made afterwards, however, short visits to Glasgow to see London stars; but no epic adventure beyond the labours of a day.

It cannot be doubted now, that those desultory and random flights had a great effect on the development of character. They were undertaken earnestly, for the acquisition of knowledge; and the reminiscence of many circumstances that occurred in them have furnished me with picturesque topics, and have given me an enjoyment in the perusal of border history and legends which the works of Scott have tended to render always delightful.

But I felt at Greenock as if I was never in my proper element. That soft easiness of temper which so long hung about me was never there correctly understood, and the decisions of my mind, though tardy in being formed, were so suddenly

manifested, that I am sure many thought me a rash and precipitate young man.

But, in saying this, I do not mean to insinuate any disparagement to the discernment of my early friends; probably I was only in the chill of that shadow which is unfelt in a different scene. We hear, for example, of many who seem changed by being removed from home. I am not, however, one of those that think mankind ever undergo any alteration. Men are like the cameleon; they take a new colouring from the objects they are among: the reptile itself never alters either in shape or substance.

CHAPTER VII.

Town library.—Locking-up of books.—A plot.—The recall of the books.—Corps of sharp-shooters.—Rejection.—Resolutions thereon.—Godwin's Political Justice.—Origin of moral sentiments.

ALLUSION has already been made to the public library of Greenock, as supplying me regularly with books. The collection was formed with judgment, for although not then calculated to promote any specific study, it was yet admirably adapted to afford the best information which a mercantile community could require. The original institution did credit in this respect to the founders, and their principles had been adhered to by their successors.

But during the French revolution, when party spirit ran high, the committee who had the management partook of the excitement, and, at their suggestion, at a public meeting, the library was purged in some degree of the tainted authors: namely, Holcroft, Godwin, &c. and the books were transferred from the library-room to the custody of Mr. John Dunlop, the grandfather of my friend the Doctor. From this unheard-of proceeding in a Protestant land, great wrath was nursed in the

bosoms of the young men connected with the library: mine was inflamed prodigiously, and I never spoke of Mr. Dunlop by any other name than the khaliph Omer.

When some time had elapsed, and indignation began to take the form of habitude, I recalled to mind that in the annual general meeting for nominating the committee, whoever happened to be in the chair his nominations were accepted. A plot was in consequence set a-foot, and a gentleman who has since filled the office of chief magistrate was, by the devices of the malcontents, placed in the chair. When the committee came to be named, he took good care that the majority should be of the liberals. I do take my full share of this stratagem, and to make short of a long tale, it ended in triumphantly recalling the heretical books, and raising the rate of the annual subscription to get more. In this affair I was, however, not very ostensible, nor have I ever been, in anything of a public nature in which I was concerned, obtrusive. The effects of the machination are, however, on the minute-books of the library, and it will be seen that my modest and prudent friend, Mr. Park, was set forward on the occasion. From that era, the liberals of the town have, I believe, had the ascendancy in the management of the library.

But although, from this matter of the tainted books, it might have been supposed we were of democratic principles, it was not so; no town was generally more loyal than Greenock; for myself, I have never, in any situation, had much taste for politics, but I have leant all my life to Toryism;—my politics are perhaps better expressed by the recently assumed term of Conservative.

At the time of the library intrigue I was a volunteer, the youngest in the corps. Among the inquisitors who banished the books was the colonel, and he remarked at the meeting to Mr. Walter Ritchie, that the books to be consigned to the custody of Mr. Dunlop were written with so much plausibility, that even he, Mr. Ritchie himself, might be seduced by them.

I happened to be standing near when he made this speech, and though but comparatively a boy, said, "Then surely there must be some truth in them, to have such an influence."

When the second revolutionary war occurred, I had hardened into somewhat more decision of character, and I set about raising a corps of two companies of sharp-shooters, or riflemen, the first of the kind raised in the volunteer force of the kingdom. In this business, though rather conspicuous, I did not press myself prominently forward; on the contrary, the offer of service was first

signed by my old friend, the late Mr. Thomas Ritchie, the son of the aforesaid Walter. I next carried it to friend Park, whose signature may be seen, I think, before mine, if the offer of service is still preserved in the archives of the War-Office.

Some demur on a point of etiquette occurred, and our offer of free service, clothing, and arming ourselves was not accepted. A correspondence ensued with the lord lieutenant of the county, who ultimately wrote that the offer was rejected.

Full of military ardour, and just as good judges, as we thought, of the danger to which the country was exposed as his majesty's ministers, we held a meeting in this crisis, at which some resolutions, proposed by me, were adopted. One of them would have done credit to Don Quixotte himself. It was to the effect, that, having been persuaded of the dangers to which the country was exposed, we had associated ourselves together, and made as liberal an offer as any other body of volunteers in the kingdom; but we rejoiced to hear that our apprehensions were fallacious, and would retire into private life on the assurance of his majesty's government that we had nothing to fear, and would severally exert ourselves in our private stations, to counteract, by all the means in our power, the alarms so industriously spread. At this distance of time, the precise words cannot be quoted, but

the representation is probably still extant: it had the desired effect, the officers and corps appeared in the next Gazette.

This was the last touch of public machination that I practised in Greenock, for I came next year to London.

But to return to the library, to which I will ever consider myself as greatly indebted. The fracas of banishing "the pestiferous books" had the effect, as might be expected, of bringing them into notice, and Godwin's Political Justice attracted my attention: in consequence, I read it. Never pious catholic was more astonished at the effrontery of Luther's Commentary on the Galatians, than I was with the contents of that book. I described it to Park as of the most diabolical kind; and what rendered it to me the more obnoxious was, it seemed wonderfully true and many of the things in it. My account to Park led him to read it also, and from less to more it grew into vogue.

But though I could not refute the arguments of Mr. Godwin, I yet was sure that they were wrong, and that there was some instinctive principle of morality which was earlier exercised than reason. Years after, I became more convinced of this, and ultimately of opinion, that what was wanted could only be found among the affections. This notion, on my first voyage to the Mediterra-

nean, I embodied in the following passage of a poem which I then wrote, called the Education of Medea; and have lived to see that Mr. Godwin's notions on the subject are consigned, with other radical trash, to the midden hole of philosophy. No sensible man imagines now that the world may be better regulated by the deductions of human reason than by the instincts conferred by Heaven.

EXTRACT FROM

"THE EDUCATION OF MEDEA."

"By him inform'd, she learns with new surprise,
How moral Nature forms the social ties.
'From sensual instincts,' thus Kalos would say:—
'Affection flows and virtue claims her sway.
The tender mother, by her babe caress'd,
Part of herself, holds fondly to her breast.
Pleas'd with his lactile food, the infant clings
To his first paradise, and drinks the springs.
With opening ray, his mind discerning soon
That smiling woman yields the soothing boon,
The sex alike his infant transports share,
Nor knows his mother till he feels her care.
The fears and pains that tender care allays,
His filial worship to her heart repays:
In graver kindness, is the father shown,
And hence the reverent friendship of the son.

"'Lo, at the hearth, with playful children round,
Where lays delight, and mystic tales astound,
Justice unsought, the luscious wealth divides,
And Confidence, with open breast, presides.

The quick-revenged and soon-forgotten wrong,
But twine the cords that join the joyous throng.
And love fraternal, ere the world can harm,
Deep in the bosom nestles, close and warm.

" ' The slighter intimates of riper age,
In due degrees, the partial heart engage.
For man, a being finite, frail, and vain,
Can few within his small embrace contain;
And oft, by gusts of furious passion driven,
Breaks from the blest gregarian chain of heaven.
Hence public law; the comprehensive plan,
Drawn from the hearth, would link the race of man:
But curst or honour'd with a double life,
The mental and corporeal still at strife,
We draw the maxims with a false pretence,
Still for the pleasure of the corpor'al sense:
Still to uphold the gorgeous dome secure,
We make the cause that tempts to guilt the poor.' "

CHAPTER VIII.

Monthly society.—Nature of the speculations.—A poem by Park.—An ode.—The Greenock Advertiser.—Contributions.—The editor.—The Battle of Hohenlinden.—Campbell.—The Pleasures of Hope.

DURING this period, some half a dozen or fewer of my companions formed a monthly society, at the instigation of William Spence. We read all sorts of essays about every sort of subject, from the "cedar tree that is on Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall", and afterwards discussed philosophical topics, and then had a supper. But we were not so wise when we broke up, which was after midnight, as when the sederunt commenced at seven o'clock. I was the youngest member, and certainly not the best writer; both Spence and Park were superior; but it is curious to observe how early innate character begins to manifest itself. The essays of William Spence were very astronomical, we thought them profound; they were all about planets and comets, the cosmogony of the earth, the infinite divisibility of matter, and the boundless nature of premundane space; any thing of this world was too gross to enter into his speculative theories.

Park's essays were different; they inculcated propriety and prudence as virtues above all laud, and when ill health afterwards weakened his energies, no man could conduct himself with such a judicious estimate of the effect of his character.

My essays were rigmarole things; with the single exception of an allegory on Indolence and Industry, they were the most shocking affairs that ever issued from a pen. Yet crude as were the studies and the lucubrations of this society, it lasted several years, and undoubtedly had an important influence on the development, if not the formation of the minds of the members. At this day, I must claim for it the merit of having been very wisely conducted, especially when it is considered that it was composed of striplings, and some of them in after life distinguished for the ardour of their minds.

Besides the mental occupation which the library generated and the society stimulated, we began at this period to take a decided predilection for literature. Spence, with his mathematics and music, maintained a mystical predominance; Park and I were addicted to belles lettres and poetry. He was nearly a year older than me, and on my seventeenth birthday presented me with a congratulatory ode, which was as common-place as any ditty in a young lady's album.

This classic tribute set me an imitating, and on

his birthday, which soon followed, a return in kind, beginning magnificently with a stanza that I have never forgotten, for with all its grandiloquent rhythm it was disgraced by a false rhyme. It was thus:

"Twice nine times through the signs
Hath Sol his blazing chariot driven,
And lightened earth's remotest climes,
Since wakened into life you saw the light of Heav'n."

Good God! to think that one was ever so young as to write such stuff!

Some time after this, Park, improving in his poetical predilections, wrote "The Astronomer" on our schoolmaster, who taught us geography, astronomy, and mathematics, and which we deemed a production of infinite merit. I have preserved the manuscript.

"THE ASTRONOMER,

A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO MR. COLIN LAMONT.

"SAGE Orator, whose oscillating tongue
With eloquent vibration doth instruct
The ignorant in mathematic lore;
Geometry, astronomy, or that
Which philosophers geography call;
Whether thy visual nerve thou dost apply
To quadrant, sextant, or that telescope
Whose wond'rous power, reflecting, magnifies
Three hundred times; unfold thy listening ears,
And lay them open to admit the sound,
Or rather, the concussion of the air,

Which I thy humble pupil shall create
By loud vociferation in thy praise.

" But first let me invoke the heavenly Muse,
Urania named, that darting from the skies,
On wings of fire snatch'd Milton to the stars.
No humble theme, O Goddess, claims thy aid;
Inspired by thee, and rapt beyond the clouds,
I mean to sing of vast and high attempts,
Herculeian labours, Lamont, done by thee!

" And first I sing, how follow'd by a crowd
Of young adventurers, whom thou didst load
With quadrant and theodolet, thou climb'dst
To Corlick's cloudy top, where thou didst sit
Like Jupiter on Ida, and surveyed
Like him the subject world beneath thy feet!
How like a god thou look'dst, when on its legs
Thou heav'dst the mighty telescope! Not Jove
Could better wield his thunderbolts, than thou
Could'st wield the sight-invigorating tube.
There with thy famed theodolet, the prime
Of mathematic instruments, thou tri'dst
The space betwixt Dumbarton and that hill
On earth call'd Mistilaw, from whence the eye
All Ayrshire can survey upon the west!

" Descending from this soaring height, the muse
With admiration next contemplates thee
Amid the little circle of thy school,
Indulging all thy philosophic fire.
Well may the muse describe th' accustomed scene:
The scatter'd compasses upon the desk,
The painted globe that represents the earth
Attended by a smaller for the moon;
And for the sun a taper dimly shines.

" Then dost thou tell of motion and of space,
Of mountains and volcanoes in the moon,
Of stars whose distant light has not yet reach'd
This earthly globe, of gravitating power,

Of planets wheeling wide around the sun
Their orbs immense, of suns beyond the sun,
Of comets rushing lawless through the sky,
(Not sky but ether now it must be call'd;)
While comet-like thyself, thou dost digress
Far from the point as comets from the sun.

"Profound philosopher, how dost thou smile
With conscious excellence, and hawk and spit,
And chuckle with thy hand upon thy mouth,
When gaping round thee with profound amaze,
Thy wond'ring pupils question thee again,
And labour to express the half-formed thought;
How vague and undefined compared with thine!

"Wilt thou, O sage astronomer, unbend
Thy doubtful brow, and greatly smiling, deign
To listen to the muse's humble song,
That oft has heard thee with supreme delight,
And fain would recompense thee with her praise?

"But spurning things terrestrial, Lamont, thou
Disdain'st the muse's labours, and each night
Dost wakeful vigil keep to watch the moon,
With sharpen'd sight to spy out her intrigues;
Heaven's Argus thou, to keep her in control."

This he dedicated to me, but there was something—I don't recollect what—in the dedication that made me at the time very angry. From this period the muse of Park grew up into a very well-bred young lady, and he certainly wrote many things of elegance, simplicity, and pathos; among others, "The Sabbath, an epistle to a friend", meaning me, which contains several passages of great beauty. It preceded Graham's Sabbath, and may be still seen in Constable's Edinburgh

Magazine, in which it was published. I have often thought of collecting his works and publishing the best of them in a volume, but it has not been in my power; the design, however, is not given up.

After the jargon of the birthday ode I also continued to improve in my poetical effusions.

It will be recollected that when the preliminary treaty which led to the peace of Amiens was promulgated in London, the crowds in the streets were banished and many of the illuminations extinguished by a terrible thunder-storm. This incident excited my imagination to a degree which did not require Cobbett's comment to increase. Accordingly, on the evening that his paper reached Greenock I was reading Gray's Poems, and sat down full of poetic rapture and wrote the following

ODE.

Rejoice, rejoice! the witchery works,
The hour of horror hastens on,
Death in the pledged goblet lurks,—
The isle of honour is undone!

Hurrah! the ancient sceptre fails,—
Instead, the brand of vengeance sways!—
Hark! the reign of war prevails,—
Buroughs burn and bulwarks blaze.

The halo leaves the royal head,
To helmets grim the mitres grow,
The lawn is dyed with murder red,
And at carousals lewd and dread
Batter'd chalices o'erflow.

Away, away, ye pallid crew
That would the seal of fate unfix;
The vultures hover thick in view
That shall your mangled members mix!

The sun has set no more to rise,
Though through the stormy clouds awhile
His twilight beams may gild the skies
That canopy the blasted isle.

The night of sorrow closes round,—
Stir up the havoc breeding spell;—
Staggering earthquakes reel and bound,
Despair exults, by madness crown'd,—
Hurry, hags! halloo! for hell!

I sent it off by the next post, and it appeared in the newspaper; afterwards I made some verbal alterations. Proud of this exploit, I did not tell Park of it till after he had read it in the Porcupine and praised it, particularly the phrase "battered chalices".

Besides this dealing in staves, we made divers speculations in other literary commodities. When the Greenock Advertiser newspaper was set up we became occasional contributors. Park among other things wrote a very sedate, sensible letter concerning the history of the place, and signed it most absurdly "Juvenis." I replied to it in a quizzical manner, and signed my letter "Senex", tickled with the name he had assumed. My production was quaint and grave, and drew from a Mr. Whitehead, who was afterwards rector of the academy

at Perth, a reply under the signature of "Adolescens", in which he controverted my antiquarian theories, and among other things ridiculed "Senex" for an hypothesis about the bay being called St. Lawrence. "Senex" replied, and put him in a terrible passion by alluding to an expression he had made use of about the saints and a porridge-pot, supposing that the young gentleman had his breakfast in view when he was writing his letter. What ensued was terrific; a warning that all critics and authors should be informed of and lay to mind. We however soon forgot the altercation, for the young heart is plump, and repulsive to disagreeable impressions. We became friends, and many a game at whist afterwards discussed together, to which cordiality the controversy in the newspapers undoubtedly ministered. I do not know if Mr. Whitehead be yet alive.

I should not omit this opportunity to mention that the Greenock paper was established by a Mr. John Davidson, a connexion with whom was afterwards formed by Mr. Thomas Campbell, the poet, in his marriage. Mr. Davidson was a very worthy illess bodie, and he has in my opinion the merit of first shewing with how little intellectual ability a newspaper may be conducted. I say not this in malice, but in sober sadness; for when Campbell wrote his "Battle of Hoenlinden", I got an early

copy, which I sent to Mr. Davidson to be inserted, but he with a sage face afterwards told me, that it was not worthy of a place in his paper. All the world, however, has since differed with Mr. Davidson in that opinion, and indeed it may be said of every opinion that he either then held or afterwards blazoned with his paper trumpet. I wonder if the poor man is still alive. He stands in my recollection as a beautiful proof of the wise ordination of nature, in shewing how little propriety of conduct has to do with the endowment of mind.

Campbell began his poetical career by an Ossianic poem, which was published by his schoolfellows when he was only thirteen. At fifteen, he wrote a poem on the queen of France, which was published in the Glasgow Courier. At eighteen, he printed his elegy called "Love and Madness"; and at twenty-one, before the finishing of his twenty-second year, THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

CHAPTER IX.

Course of reading.—A great victory.—Gothic antiquities.—Ode.—Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots.—Works illustrative of Scottish history.

In the mean time, my reading was extensive and various; chiefly, however, among books of knowledge rather than those of imagination. Not that I had any predilection for works of that kind; but they were indirectly recommended to me by my friend Park, who, I thought, now and then bored me with his maxims of utility. He led the way in our course of reading; but I obtained at last a great victory over him.

The late Dr. Leyden, one of the original writers in the Edinburgh Review, in preparing to go to India, resolved to publish a new edition of Wilson's descriptive poem of "The Clyde," a composition of considerable merit, with a memoir of the author. In this undertaking he applied to the poet's daughter for anecdotes, and as an acquaintance, she applied to me.

Wilson had been grammar-schoolmaster at Greenock, and Park had been one of his pupils, and also a Mr. Hugh Crawford, who was, when Ley-

den made the application, chief magistrate of the town. It was in consequence agreed, that Park and the baillie should draw up their recollections, and that I should arrange with Mrs. Wilson a connected sketch of her father's life.

When the three papers were ready, and sent to Dr. Leyden, on receiving them he returned thanks, and bestowed great laud and praise on my paper, without particularly noticing the other two communications. This made me not a little proud, and still more so to see, when the work was published, that my article was framed, if I may so speak, in his biographical sketch; indeed, with a little enlargement, his life of Wilson prefixed to the poem is mine. With a view to this composition I have tried to recover Dr. Leyden's letter on the occasion; but in the course of time it has fallen aside, and cannot now be found.

Being from home when the Doctor's letter arrived, Park wrote, telling me of the preference my paper had obtained, dolorously lamenting the fate of his own lucubration and the baillie's.

I should not omit to mention a very laughable error of which I was guilty in this affair. When the poet was appointed to the school, the magistrates, for "good and substantial reasons best known to themselves," stipulated that he should forego poetry, and in speaking of the stipu-

lation, I said that it was required in taking charge of the school, that he should cease to cultivate "the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." I had nothing in view save a fling at the boss-headed baillies, but Dr. Leyden took the joke as no jest, and with foot advanced and hand uplifted, declaimed on the Presbyterian bigotry at great length, as may be seen in his book even unto this day.

About this time I had several works in hand, and was over head and ears in the depths of Gothic antiquities, some how prompted by Pinkerton's Dissertation and Mallet's Researches. However, I was providentially rescued by an error of the press, when I transmitted a lucubration to the Edinburgh Magazine, to which Park and I became stealthy contributors. It was a most recondite essay on Polytheism, in which an essential name was wrong spelt; the mistake, though but in one letter, was so absurd, that it brought on such a fit of laughing, by which all my antiquarian vapours were dispersed, and I never could abide to think of the subject with gravity enough to resume it afterwards. The essay, with all its imperfections on its head, is in the October number of the year 1802.

By the way a tale hangs about those occult intrigues with the Edinburgh Magazine. They be-

gan with a dim and distant version of the eighth ode of the first book of Horace, which I attempted to do into Scotch.

This, unknown even to Park, I sent to the magazine; when lo, the editor published the ode in the body of the magazine, soliciting further communications. Of course I was not long of disclosing the secret to Park, and from that time we grew into occasional contributors.

Not being very well, and obliged to keep my room, I wrote a tragedy on the story of Mary Queen of Scots. It was before Graham's Mary Stuart, and I thought it a fine thing; no doubt it was dreadful enough. What became of it I know not.

Being ever in the habit of apportioning my time, not so much by regular subdivisions as by giving to each task a certain allotment, I have had a great deal more leisure than most men; till latterly, since I lost the power of being active. Thus it happened, though my antiquarian pursuits were abandoned, I betook me to the composition of a poem, imitating the style of the Edda. To this work I gave two hours every Sunday evening. Respecting its merits or faults notice will be taken when I come to speak of the publication; but it is necessary to mention here, that two parts of it were sent to the magazine, in April 1803 and Ja-

nuary 1804, and with the manuscript, I mentioned having formed a design of illustrating the Scottish history by tales and poems.

But it was reserved for a greater genius to anticipate me. Sir Walter Scott has done what wayward fortune obliged me to renounce. I shall, however, have occasion to notice a still more singular anticipation. At the same time, it should be observed that I do not propose to mention every work undertook or scheme designed; but only such as had some bias on my conduct and led to effects.

CHAPTER X.

Conclusion of the first epoch.

WHEN the fullness of time was come that I was ordained to leave Greenock, the proximate cause was not known to more than two or three persons, nor will I say it altogether induced me to leave the place, but undoubtedly it precipitated the resolution to do so.

The first revolutionary war had contributed to form in Glasgow a number of purse-proud men, who neither had the education nor the feelings of gentlemen. One of these persons, in some matter of business, wrote to our concern a most abusive letter. It came by the post late in the evening, and I received it in the counting-house.

My blood boiled, and I determined to have an apology. Accordingly, I sent for Mr. Ewing, and declared to him my intention; and having supped at home, I mentioned that some business would call me to Glasgow in the morning. At an early hour I set off; but on my arrival there the delinquent was gone to Edinburgh. I posted

after, and reached the Turf Coffee-house about four o'clock. On sending for him to his tavern, he had gone to Leith to dinner; but where I could not learn. At nine o'clock I again sent for him, as a stranger, and as he was at home he immediately came. On entering the room I told him who I was, and showed him the letter, enquiring if he wrote it. He at once acknowledged it, and said it was done in a passion. "That," replied I, "will not do for me, I must have a written apology for sending such an unmannerly production."

At first he refused, and dwelt upon a man not being able sometimes to restrain his feelings.

At this moment a waiter came into the room for something or another; I followed him, and requesting not again to be interrupted, bolted the door.

My man was a good deal surprised at this, but still refused, and bade me go to law. I made no answer; but taking out my watch, laid it on the table; by the time it wanted ten minutes of ten, and I said firmly,

"At ten o'clock I expect a letter from you, until then we can have no conversation; the door is bolted, and I shall take care we are not interrupted;" leaning with my back against the door. He addressed me several times, but I made no

answer. Before the ten minutes expired, as I had writing materials ready, he sat down and wrote an apology. Wishing him good night, I said that I would not know him again, never having been introduced to him.

After this exploit I had my supper, eating it with no great appetite. At eleven o'clock at night I ordered a post-chaise for Glasgow; but in the course of my journey many things came to mind, and instead of going home to Greenock I diverged to Irvine, and thence apprised my father and Mr. Ewing of my intention to quit Greenock.

My father and mother came immediately to me, and brought with them what I shall ever esteem as a very brotherly letter from Mr. Ewing; but my resolution was fixed, though it was not carried into effect till many months after. This was the proximate motive for my coming to London, where I had neither friend nor acquaintance, a forlorn adventurer as could well be.

On the morning when I bade adieu to Greenock, my father accompanied me in the post-chaise which was to convey me early enough to meet the London mail-coach at Glasgow. The air was bright and calm, but I was exceedingly depressed. During the first stage scarcely a word was exchanged, and while the horses were changed at the Bishopton inn, the usual stage in those days between

Greenock and Glasgow, I walked back on the fields alone with no buoyant heart.

The view towards Argyleshire from the brow of the hill, is perhaps one of the most picturesque in the world. I have since seen some of the finest scenes, but none superior. At the time it seemed as if some pensive influence rested on the mountains, and silently allured me back; and this feeling was superstitiously augmented, by happening in the same moment to turn round and beholding the eastern sky which lay in the direction of my journey, sullenly overcast.

On returning to the inn, the horses had been some time in harness, and my father was a little impatient at my absence, but conjecturing what was passing in my mind, said little, nor did we speak much to each other till the waiter of the inn opened the door for us to alight at Glasgow. In truth, I was not blind to the perils which awaited me, but my obstinacy was too indulgently considered.

The remainder of the journey to London was not distinguished by any adventure; we reached the Bull and Mouth Inn, and rested there till after breakfast, when we adjourned to the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street, resolving so long as my father remained in London to reside there.

My life at Greenock for some time prior to my

departure from the town, and the fatigue of the journey, made me rather unwell, so that till after dinner I felt inclined to stay in the house and go again to bed.

On different occasions I have attempted to describe the feelings of a stranger when he first arrives in London, but all of them are mitigated compared with what I experienced.

SECOND EPOCH.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory letters.—Scarcely of any use.—Discovered a partner.—The result.

I BROUGHT to London a whole mail of introductory letters, the delivery of which afforded me a curious view of human nature. My reception by the different gentlemen to whom they were addressed was various: doubtless the consequence of the degree of intimacy with, or obligation to, the writers of the letters. Some received me with cordiality; others coolly; but several, who had been particularly prosperous, did not evince any very peculiar gratitude for the favours of fortune.

To three or four gentlemen I had letters from different individuals, and in delivering them I happened to observe in what manner they respectively looked at them, an evidence which led me to infer, from this tacit action, something of the value I

might attach to the introductions: nor were my conclusions erroneous.

From those who opened the letters of their business correspondents first, the augury was not favourable: but the result was different when the letters of private friends were preferred; especially when, besides that preference, the subsequent conversation was directed to ascertain on what footing I had stood with the writers. According to the degree of my intimacy was the friendliness of my reception.

When I had delivered all my letters, and received many invitations to dinner, it became very distinct that none were likely to be of any use in furthering my views, and I concluded that every thing depended on myself. The discovery was not exhilarating; on the contrary, it made me for some time morose; but when I had thought better of it, the mood changed, growing a little sterner than previously, and more systematic than my former acquaintance could probably have supposed.

Finding no assistance to be derived from others, I began to look about for myself, and discovered a most suitable connection; a Mr. M'Lachlan, from our part of the country. He was a delicate young man, endowed with many qualities that

made him interesting; ingenuous in his disposition, and possessed of much to make him an agreeable companion.

A copartnery was in consequence formed, and its success equalled our most sanguine expectations; but it had not been long established when Mr. M'Lachlan became restless, and then proposed to spend a short time with his friends.

The excessive warmth with which my consent was received surprised me, and was increased to something like amazement at the suddenness afterwards of his departure.

He had been engaged in business before we came together, but as sufficient time had elapsed, I believed all his transactions were closed. Scarcely, however, had he left town, when my attention was excited towards them, and I learned that he had not paid off, but had only renewed his bills. This discovery led to inquiry, and it was soon ascertained that he was insolvent, not to a great amount. The bills, however, were paid, and I wrote to him what had been discovered.

His conduct, when he knew I was acquainted with the fact, and what was done, was truly exemplary. He immediately returned to town, evincing himself in all respects possessed of the integrity and qualities for which he had been

at first trusted; but the concealment could not be overlooked, and accordingly he was at once told, that though our connection should continue, yet, save in the counting-house, we must be strangers.

For twelve months we never exchanged words except on matters of business, but at the expiry of a year, as he had amply satisfied me, I proposed the renewal of our former intimacy, nor was there ever after occasion to rue the reconciliation. His death prodigiously affected me; I deemed him fortunate in the event, and his father wrote me that his last words were an expression of good wishes for my welfare.

Mr. Park was acquainted with the whole transaction, and his letter expressed what he thought of it.

"Almost immediately after sending off my letter on Friday, I was informed by your brother of the favourable state of affairs; with what satisfaction I need not attempt to say. This event gives me the more pleasure, as it is so clearly the result of your own management and perseverance, as Mr. M'Lachlan makes no difficulty in declaring, that he is entirely indebted to you for the preservation of his son, and that it was your representations alone that determined him to the step he has

taken. I trust that matters are now in such a train that though they may give you some further trouble, they will never again occasion such vexation as you have experienced for some time past."

I ought to mention here, that when Park was informed of my embarrassment, he made me an offer of all his ready money; but, fortunately, I did not require it. It was spontaneously proposed by himself, and belongs to those traits of friendship, that I delight to recollect, and enjoy few pleasures more than in acknowledging.

CHAPTER II.

Six months in London.—Change of Character.—My first publication.—Gothic poem.—Battle of Largs.—Criticisms.—Mysteries.—Diplomacy.—Suppression of the poem.

DURING my first idle six months in London, my time was spent by day in seeing sights, and by night in the theatres or in reading, save when I happened to be engaged. This routine, though dull, gave me a lively impression of the disconsolate condition of him who has no friend in Babylon. But the irksomeness sharpened my turn for observation, and having more leisure at my command than I had ever before possessed, the effect was obvious, insomuch as to draw from Park, with whom I regularly corresponded, some notice of the change: he thought it was to my advantage, for he says in a letter written in little more than three months after our separation, "Your improvement is apparent even in your letters, and I had designed to mention it to you, even if you had not yourself introduced the subject. You have several passages which I am confident any man of taste, who did not know you would pronounce to be written by a person habitually

eloquent. As I have not room for examples, I shall only bring to your recollection one sentence in your last letter, where you describe Impudence gaining admission into the temple of Fortune, by 'elbowing here, and creeping between the legs of *statlier* Ability there,' an expression worthy of Burns in his most indignant moments."

My letters were delivered to me by Mr. Park's brother after his death, and I flung the parcel into the fire, but I hope there is no idle vanity, *now* in referring to any commendation that implied praise to my youth. I was then an aspiring young man, "the world was all before me," but that is past. If there were blossoms, they have come to no fruit.

Helpless, forgotten, sad, and lame,
On one lone seat the live long day,
I muse of youth and dreams of fame,
And hopes and wishes all away.

No more to me with carol gay,
Shall mounting lark from pasture rise,
Nor breezes bland on upland play,
Nor far fair scenes my steps entice.

Ah, never more beneath the skies,
The winged heart shall glowing soar,
Nor e'er be reach'd the goal or prize,—
The spells of life enchant no more.

The burning thought, the boding sigh,
The grief unnam'd that old men feel,

> The languid limbs that withering lie,
> The powerless will's effectless zeal;
> All these are mine, and Heaven bestows
> The gifts, but still I find them woes.

When I look back on the period alluded to, many things obtrude upon recollection, little heeded at the time, but which no doubt contributed to the change. Indeed from the event that hastened my departure from Greenock, there must have been some visible modification of character about me; for I remember that Park one morning, when speaking to him of Forsyth's Essays, as remarkable compositions, enquired which I thought most of, and when I mentioned, "On decision of character," he said, gravely, that he was sorry to hear it, for he had been afraid to direct my attention to that paper, as he thought it calculated to encourage a bias of mind in me, which should rather be repressed. But although decisive, I was not rash, I only seemed to be so, for it was not my disposition to disclose resolutions till they were to be carried into action; they were not the wiser, however, by being so considerately formed; I only know that rashness never belonged to me, even while I acknowledge myself the tool of impulses.—Park did not suspect the existence in me of a constitutional quality, which in latter years has had great

influence, namely—a self absorption, which has very much the appearance of absence of mind, it is in fact, however, intense earnestness. But as I may probably hereafter publish the few, but beautiful relics and letters of Park, no more need be said on this subject here.

Our correspondence consisted, if I may use the expression, of an exchange of thought. I have recently looked over his letters, and they forcibly recall the spirit of our conversations: they are, perhaps, the finest specimens extant of communications not intended for the public eye. They shew too truly how often I stood in need of his advice, reminding me of what Alfiere says of the preceptive friendship of Count Balbi to whom he owed so much.

In little more than a month after the letter just quoted, I resolved to publish my Gothic poem of "the Battle of Largs," from sheer want of something else to do. Specimens may be seen, shockingly printed, in the Scot's Magazine for April, 1803, and January, 1804; notwithstanding friend Park's opinion of it, they, however, display considerable power and originality. But as a proof of the freedom which prevailed between us, I will give his sentiments at full length, and the good natured reader will, I hope, not be offended with the prolixity.

" 2 November, 1804.

" The appearance of a letter from you, out of the regular order, gave me a very agreeable surprise, but my emotion was increased tenfold when I saw the contents, and learned you were so soon to make your *debut* in the literary world. Since matters are this length, I am sorry for the dissuasive against publication, which I addressed to you in my last; but I assure you it was more seriously expressed than meant. * * * * I do not wonder at your anxiety about a proper preface. I consider it as the most important part of a book, as it is what the reader generally first looks to, and thus often determines its fate on the bookseller's counter. The one you have written does not altogether please my taste, and as criticism is a very tedious thing, and takes up a great deal of room, I thought it would be easier for myself, and also more satisfactory to you, to attempt something according to my own ideas, which you will find within. I turned and polished it with all the care I am master of, as a neat conciseness is the proper style of preface writing. Do not scruple to alter it to your own taste, or even to reject it altogether if it does not please you; if it should furnish you with only a single hint or expression, I shall think my pains well bestowed. I left out the pro-

mise of notes to a second edition, partly because such intimations are apt to hurt the sale of the first impression, and partly because I think they have somewhat the air of beseeching public favour.

"I agree with you in thinking an inscription or a dedication improper in an anonymous work. If my name, which you kindly hint at, were prefixed in this way, it would at once disclose the whole secret to all our acquaintance. * * *

"I shall not, therefore, waste time on the sonnet, but proceed to an examination of your introductory verses. 'The Roman lamp,' line third, may do, but I do not like 'the Grecian fire,' which in this place has no distinct meaning. 'Pine clad cliffs' is rather a harsh combination of sounds. The four lines beginning with 'Solemn hymns' are admirable, particularly the third line—

"Bugle blasts of chivalry and war," &c.

But those which follow are so very much inferior, that I would exclude them altogether, nor do I think they are at all needed. To save time, I shall set the poem down with the alterations I would suggest, that you may see how it looks.

"Unheard in secrecy's low vaulted cell,
The lonely Muse attuned the sounding shell,
No temple's echo to her voice replied,
Where awful shades with memory reside.

Yet through the clefted rock's romantic form,
Kindling the clouds that drifted on the storm,
The setting sun would dart a fiery light,
And milder moonshine tinge the gloom of night;
The solemn hymns by holy organs pealed,
From ancient abbeys half in trees concealed,
And bugle blasts of chivalry and war,
From the high battlement resounding far,
Swelled on her ear, and blending in her thought,
A mimic strain of ancient rudeness taught.

"This is sufficiently long, and appears to me to comprehend every thing that it would be proper to say on the occasion. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again about so interesting a business, let me know particularly how soon you will be published, the expense of printing, &c. By the way, you ought to be very careful in correcting the press, as the printers are apt to neglect accuracy in their attention to elegance. Try if you cannot make a better line for 'milder moonshine,' &c., if not, it will do well enough."

In the next letter, Park says, on the same subject,—

"14th November, 1804.

"I am glad that the preface met your approbation; but you are surely not in earnest when you talk of acknowledging such a trifle. I am of your opinion with regard to ———, and will, therefore, take the first opportunity to make him

promise silence. How soon will you be advertised. I could wish that the moment your book is ready for publication you would send me a copy by the coach, as I shall be all impatience till I see it."

What ensued I do not recollect; but I was in Scotland, and find the next letter from Mr. Park, dated the 16th of February, 1805.

"I dare say you are surprised, and I doubt not, in a state of hot displeasure, that I have not answered your letter sooner; my apology is, that for nearly a fortnight past I have been from home, chiefly in Edinburgh, and only returned yesterday evening. I have some alarming intelligence for you from that city, no less than that the arch critic (Mr. Jeffrey) has ordered your book from London, for the purpose of being brought to trial before his dread tribunal. Moreover, Constable has discovered the author! I supped at his house the night before I left Edinburgh, when he took occasion to mention the Battle of Largs as a new publication, and asked me if I had seen it. Alarmed at the question, I endeavoured to turn it off, by saying that I had seen it advertised as the Battle of Largs; but I found it would not do. * * * As I clearly perceived from his manner, that he knew the whole secret, I thought it best to make a voluntary disclosure, for the sake of obtaining his promise not to mention any thing of the matter. He made me this

promise very readily, but I am a little doubtful whether he will be quite scrupulous in keeping it, especially as the communication was rather extorted than confidential: he said however that he would do what he could for promoting the sale, and I believe his influence in this respect will be of advantage; his opinion of Highly is that he is a slow man, and not well calculated for doing a work justice as a publisher. I need scarcely add, that whether the book will be reviewed or not depends entirely upon the editor."

In a letter of the 26th of February:—

"Now for the Battle of Largs; your observation on my want of diplomatic address in the negociation with Constable is I think unmerited, for after considering the whole affair at my leisure, I could not find that I could with propriety have acted otherwise than I did, nor do I now see that any good can arise from writing to Constable on the subject, as all and more than you have suggested I said to him in my conversation with him."

It does not appear that after this letter any thing more was said by Mr. Park respecting the poem, further than that by way of illustration he thought it only poetical in passages, and that the freedom of my prose style shewed more ability; but I rather think from something mentioned in a

letter afterwards that I must have early communicated to him my intention to suppress the work. I do not recollect by what motive I was induced to this determination, but he congratulates me on the resolution, for I wrote a great deal of rhythmical trash, though occasionally not all bad.

CHAPTER III.

An amiable trait of human nature.—Anecdote of Lord Erskine.—Mr. Archibald Thomson, the engineer.—Singular instance of gratitude.

EXCEPT business in the forenoon and study in the evening, the time passed with me in London in an even tenor; and I still regret how much circumstances, and of late my lameness, have prevented me from associating so intimately as I have wished with early friends. I ought not, however, to omit noticing my experience of one of those agreeable instances of the amiable in human nature which has always kept the world to me, bad as others say it is, sweet and relishing.

Soon after coming to London I had, at the request of a friend, endeavoured to recover payment of a bill. Something in the letter, now forgotten, induced me to call myself; it was on Mr. Archibald Thomson, the engineer, an honest, simple, and ingenious man, the inventor of the machinery for making ropes. At that time he was in a course of experiments by orders from Messrs. Pitt and Dundas, and he very frankly told me that just at the time he could not pay the bill, but said that

as soon as possible he would do it, and that till his experiments were completed it was protracting the period of payment to molest him. Something in his manner interested me and I consented to give him indulgence, but said all depended on the good-will of the person who was the holder of the bill. I would not, however, be the instrument of putting him to any trouble.

The incident had nothing remarkable in it, but after a long period had elapsed I saw him with surprise enter my room.

The object of his visit was soon told. He was acquainted with Lord Erskine, at that time chancellor, and had spoken with him respecting some flaw in an agreement with another party. His lordship advised him to get a statement of his case drawn up, requesting him to bring it himself, when he would give him the best advice in his power. In consequence he came to me to whom he related the particulars. Struck with the incidents I at once promised to draw up a narrative of what he said, requesting him to call next morning. When he came it was ready, for my only endeavour was to make the case as plain and concise as possible.

From me he went to Lord Erskine, whom he found at home, and who immediately received the

paper. On opening it his lordship said it was not drawn up by a professional man, nevertheless it might be to the point, and accordingly he perused it thoughtfully, and as Mr. Thomson afterwards told me, expressed himself pleased with the document, advising him what to do.

A very considerable time after I met Thomson in a coffee-house which I was in the habit of frequenting, saying that he had come on purpose to see me, and mentioned that he felt he had been much obliged to me, at the same time was anxious to show his gratitude.

"I have come to tell you," said he, "that a proposal has been made to me to make a steamboat for the Thames, [there was none on the river at that time,] and to offer you one of my shares if the project goes on."

Greatly struck with the circumstance I expressed myself much obliged, but declined of course a gift so disproportioned to the service. Never, however, could I think of him afterwards without experiencing a peculiar feeling, his conduct was at once so extraordinary and good.

I became afterwards intimate with him to his death, and have ever cherished a more than common respect for his memory. Nothing I had done was more than one man should do for another;

moreover I afterwards learned he had come to me to state his case at the suggestion of a mutual friend.

One of his observations when speaking of his case was so true, and yet so simple, that I have never forgotten it. In allusion to the little reward he had obtained for his ingenuity, he remarked, as if it were a thing springing from the will, "What is the use of my inventing."

Not aware of the particular result of the controversy in which Lord Erskine was his friend, I cannot say how far it was entirely successful, especially as the parties with whom he was at issue were my own acquaintance, and I did not choose to inquire; but I shall ever remember with particular pleasure the naïve honesty, combined with a singular mechanical genius, in this unpretending man.

CHAPTER IV.

Studies in London.—Family histories.—Metaphysical observations.—Crimes and punishments.

I DID not relax in my endeavours to fill my mind with that kind of knowledge which might prove useful in the mercantile profession, but still for recreation, as the bow could not be always bent, I amused myself with *belles lettres* studies. On these Park, who was well acquainted with my pursuits, gave sometimes more advice than was always requisite. He seemed to consider excellence in literature as of a more sacred nature than ever I did, who looked upon it but as a means of influence; indeed it is but few authors who are very enviable; it is a poor trade.

Notwithstanding I have put together many books, and become so various an author, it has been rather in consequence of the want of active engagements than from a predominant predilection for the art. I would, no doubt, unless my time had been fully occupied with business, have still been an author, but would have followed the promptings and impulses of my own taste instead

of thinking of what might be profitable. All the time I was in Canada I never thought of study, wholly wrapped up in business, it seemed to furnish a theme for literature, to which distinction in letters was something inferior. It has been only when I had nothing else to do, that I have had recourse to this secondary pursuit.

My studies while in business were truly exemplary, at least I never met with any companion who employed his leisure better. I made myself master very early of the Lex Mercatoria, not merely by reading it through, but by studying it as necessary to my progress in the world. I composed a treatise on the practice of under-writing, as sanctioned by the existing laws and the decisions of tribunals: chagrin at the cloud which overcame my prospects induced me to destroy the manuscript. I composed also a history, to the time of Edward III. inclusive, of the ancient commerce of England, a work of research; and wrote likewise a history of bills of exchange, for although always a desultory student I now and then read in veins and strata, pursuing particular objects with ardor, directness, and assiduity. I say not this in vanity, but in proof of the ambition with which I was actuated—a man whose purposes of life are passed may be allowed to say so much with impunity!

But besides literary lucubrations, different designs were on the carpet; for I soon took a distaste to mere pastimes, not however in any degree secluding myself, though ceasing to relish parties which offered only amusement. In this state of preference for serious inquiries I count myself singularly fortunate, in having formed an acquaintance with a Mr. James Hamilton, who, in addition to superior qualifications for business, united a remarkable taste for family history and heraldry, with a bias for the finer workings of the mind such as is rarely met with. In his society and in his house I have passed my happiest evenings. His wife possessed many amiable qualities, but above all the admirable tact of perceiving what was agreeable to her husband, and the good sense to endeavour to procure it. With them I was for years at home; nor is it the least of my losses to deplore the death of the one and the absence in a foreign country, probably for ever, of the other.

From Hamilton, without regular study, I am conscious of having derived a competent knowledge of families, their descents, and connexions, and rare recondite things of heraldry that make me seem learned in that hieroglyphical language to many who affect to have studied it more. If ever this work should fall into his hands, he will regret to hear that a friend, who must ever remember

him with emotion, is three parts already dead, and whose adventures are now closed.

But although I still consider Hamilton as one of the most accomplished of my early friends in London, I felt that with him there was not all that confidence which endeared the recollection of more youthful companions. In his house, however, I learnt an invidious lesson. He was naturally hospitable; had frequently parties; and being in business his guests were often of a mixed kind, who in themselves furnished food for observation. I was in consequence led occasionally to observe some of the characters at his table with no common scrutiny. The result was an inference which subsequent experience confirmed.

It appeared to me that those destined to rise higher in the world had about them something which indicated their superiority. It could not be described, but every thing about them shewed as it were that they panted for a higher element; a second class were quite at their ease, and I concluded that they found themselves in their station; but the third were altogether persons whom an inherent awkwardness marked as out of, and above their sphere, to which they were destined to sink.

This sort of semi-philosophy did not occur however to me suddenly, I was long of making much progress in it, but at last it served to explain

many phenomena, and made me so sharp-sighted as seldom to make a mistake. But this power of discriminating character, which is an attainment that study may acquire, is not much calculated to increase a man's enjoyment. One does not like to think disparagingly of others without some better reason than their manner of behaving themselves in society, especially in a time when the destinies of the world seem averse to any improvement in the condition and circumstances of man.

The world, at the time I made this remark, was beginning to develope to me its real peculiarities, and the phantasies with which the youthful imagination invests things, to vanish, as the mists of the morning dissolve before the rising day. Mankind became more individualized, and though there was perhaps no diminution in my collective estimate of the race, some rose higher and others fell lower in my opinion: manners appeared to be more an index to fortune than a consequence.

At this time, also, I know not now from what cause, I entered upon a curious course of observation in which I made some proficiency, at least it is now allowed that the discrimination of character is among the most remarkable of my pretensions. I cannot describe the course of the study nor how the effects may be turned to any account, but still of their truth there can be no

doubt. It appeared to me casually that the fortunes of individuals were wonderfully alike, that is to say, each person in his fortunes did not so much resemble another person as in the sameness obvious in the incidents of his own fate.

When a man was prosperous his prosperity seemed to extend to all about him, and when the reverse, his domestic circumstances partook of the disasters that blighted his public fortunes. The old adage, "It never rains but it pours," was confirmed.

In metaphysical researches of this kind my attention was often engaged, and if other and more serious cares had not intervened, I would probably have been able to reduce the fruits of these inquiries into something like a system: the use of it is however not very clear. But no one questions the utility of the sublime mathematics, though it very seldom happens that mathematicians can tell the use of them. The cares of business, however, before my theories were ripe, began to derange my philosophy.

I should not, however, omit to mention an occurrence in this epoch that has had a great effect in colouring my mind from its original hue. The structure of the mind was not changed, but certainly its complexion; and when I state the cause the reader will little think it was adequate

if he is an ordinary man, and if extraordinary, he will regard me as strangely affected. I allude to the impression which an article in the Edinburgh Review made on me, respecting the works of Filanghieri, the Neapolitan.

CHAPTER V.

Crimes and sins.—How considered by legislatures.—They are diseases. Effects of the French revolution.

WITHOUT any previous consideration, excepting the work of Beccaria on Crimes and Punishments, always to me unsatisfactory, I stumbled by a sort of accident on the enquiries of Filanghieri: and few intellectual productions have excited me so much. He appeared to have discovered a right road to truth, but was not bold enough to pursue it. With much that he affirmed and deduced, I was willing to go hand and glove, but he seemed afraid of committing himself by stating what he thought of crimes and sins.

After an agitating view of his philosophy I began to frame a new doctrine for myself, by which sins seemed the bases of crimes, although there were crimes of a very deep die, of which the original sins were comparatively not deemed heinous. From this distinction, I inferred that crimes were proscribed by the laws of society, but that sins were things against the system of nature, and that legislatures never thought of interfering with them, but left

their punishment to the re-action of nature. The conclusion was opposed to the doctrines of Beccaria; inasmuch as crimes and sins came to be regarded as the offspring of diseases or constitutional secretions, which made punishment necessarily nugatory. I agreed with Moses, however, no bad authority, that putting to death was the only way of getting rid of malefactors. In a word, that punishment for example, showed but a shallow knowledge of human nature, and that it would be just as wise to expect a man could be cured of the scrofula by punishing another more afflicted with that malady, as to hope that a criminal could be won from his propensities by showing him others incurring the penalty of malpractices.

Whether this view was sound or insane, I have not since attempted to enquire, but the influence of the doctrine has had a surprising effect, in at once softening pity for the guilty, and increasing sternness for the infliction of punishment. As we confine madmen, we incarcerate delinquents: they but differ in their diseases. However, it is perhaps fortunate for the world that notions of this kind are not common, nor have I been able to discern how such a morbid inference may be drawn from the reflections of Filanghieri. I say morbid, but I think the contrary, for it appears even now, that humanity is more consulted in the

mitigation of punishment than a wise policy derived from the nature of man. Our diseases or offences are manifold, and society is not willing to touch more of them than is requisite for keeping the social community in order; we are in society, held together by ties more slender than we are willing to believe. The dissolution of the social order by the French revolution has given a lesson that has not yet been sufficiently studied.

CHAPTER VI.

Free trade.—Differ from the government plans.—An incident with respect to Upper Canada.

In this period I was indefatigably industrious, but still greatly regret my misspent time, for the industry was but barren toil. Nothing came of my work, and the buds were blighted on the point of beginning to disclose.

In addition to the studies mentioned in the preceding chapter, I paid attention to the science of political economy, by endeavouring to acquire some knowledge of its principles. But I very soon discovered that they were perplexed and embarrassed by the subdivision of the earth into separate nations. The existence of that subdivision seemed to me to present insurmountable obstacles to the establishment of that right commercial system to which the French merchants alluded in their famous "laissez nous faire" to Turgot, and that we were in consequence only allowed instead of a science the consideration of that policy which political circumstances required; still I conceived that we could more nearly approximate to it than we had done.

I have since been very proud of this anticipation of public opinion, and may now speak of it soberly as a sound practical view. The inference was entirely my own, and the voucher of the historical fact was published in the Philosophical Magazine at the time, long before public attention was drawn to the subject.

My pursuits, especially with respect to the free trade question, made me ready when the discussion arose, to take a part in it with more maturity than most people, and accordingly in my little circle I was soon known as the opponent of the Huskissonian charlatanry. I use the word because no other presents itself to me at this moment which so fully expresses my opinion, at the same time I really believe that he possessed some hazy honest glimmerings of truth. It only never appeared to me that he understood what he talked about, and no clearer proof may be adduced than such a total occultation to him of the system of nature, as to imagine any measures of human legislation could suddenly alter the ordinations of Providence. Why, the Christian religion is in its nineteenth century, and though there can be no doubt of the excellence of its morality, mankind are not yet arrived at such a state of improvement as to be practically ruled by it. No doubt trade is in a state of perfectibility as well as man, but even the

coffin of England will be rotten before the world can be in a condition to abrogate the usages of commercial policy. Huskisson's doctrines were supposed by himself to be founded on science, and yet every line of his precepts was regulated by the maxims of expediency. His insufficient information might have been pardoned, for its effects were doomed to resolve themselves to dust in the next age, but his unstatesman-like dabbling with all that needed only reform, not revolution, is still lamented by thousands, exclaiming, how is it after eighteen years of peace that we are thus dragged by an invisible power into a "lower depth" of insatiable poverty!

But let me not here be misunderstood, for loudly as I would condemn the crude theories of Mr. Huskisson, I do not maintain that all the manipulations, as they may be called, of his free trade policy, were erroneous. The improved knowledge of the age suggested to him the necessity of several better regulations in the practice of commerce than had previously existed, but it marks the dearth of talent in the time that such an individual could have risen among the ministers of nations. It is however time to return from this digression, and to speak what more nearly concerns the object of these sketches.

The reader will recollect what was said of the

view of the Falls of Niagara on the day of the King Crispin procession at Kilmarnock, to amuse the Misses Scot. The scene never faded from my recollection; but the most remote idea of becoming connected with the Canadas, never occurred to me, although various circumstances continued to keep it in remembrance. Among others, a relation, a schoolfellow, went out to that country when young, and by him, as we sometimes corresponded, the province was kept in mind; about this time he came to London, and staying with me I picked out of him all the information I could, respecting Upper Canada; the particulars were afterwards embodied in a paper, which professed to be a statistical account of the country, and was published in the Philosophical Magazine.

As I was then a member of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, I exerted myself to induce the Committee of the proper department to offer a medal or premium for the cultivation of hemp in that country, and the endeavour was successful; but I know not the effect, only I observed in the Gazette, when I first went to the province, an advertisement, which reminded me of the circumstance. Mr. Gilkison*, at my instigation, obtained by the

* By the way it may be mentioned, that yesterday I received notice of his death. He returned to Upper Canada, where he bought half a township to settle on my plan. He possessed some literary talent. I have his manuscripts.

late Earl of Selkirk, in the tenders for hemp, Canadian hemp to be inserted; but still the notion of taking any particular interest in that region never was then conceived by me;—the country became however, more circumstantially known.

This incident is, in itself, not deserving of notice, but as a link in an important chain it merits serious attention; few biographical sketches with which I am acquainted, present, indeed, such a series of transactions, that so well deserve the epithet of fatal, in the philosophical sense of the term.

I have already described the effect which the view of the Falls of Niagara had on me, but what is there said conveys no adequate idea of the impression. It has since struck me as one of those agitating and forcible impulses of destiny, which direct some men on in their course, and to the issue of their fortunes. Mysterious from its violence, and the vividness with which it has ever remained, subsequent events seem to justify me in considering it as belonging to the concatenations of Fate.

CHAPTER VII.

Embarrassments in business.—Go to Greenock.—Return to London.—An interview.—Meeting of the insolvent's creditors called.—Support from Mr. Gemmel.

In the course of the third year of my connection with Mr. M'Lachlan, we found ourselves embarrassed by difficulties that had overtaken a correspondent to whom we were much obliged. We did all in our power to assist him, but his case was worse than we had imagined.

In advance on a bill of lading for bullion which he sent us, we came under large acceptances, but on the arrival of the man of war with the treasure, he suddenly stopped payment even before it could be lodged in the Bank of England. This step was exceedingly exasperating: we received the news on a Monday morning: I went home after reading the letters; broke up my little establishment, and set off by the mail coach in the evening to know how his circumstances stood. Our bills were not then all due, and if it appeared that he possessed the reversion, we were led to believe, his means would be equal in the end to meet all difficulties.

On my arrival at Greenock I was persuaded

that the estimate was not overrated, and therefore applied to his friends to come forward and assist. But in the course of the day I found two thousand pounds of the bills drawn on us had been given to pay debts to relations, and that the other friends were indisposed to assist.

That same evening I went to Edinburgh and procured a warrant of arrest from the judges of all the property of his house that could be discovered in the kingdom; a similar warrant had not been issued since the Union, and as it was served by expresses to every debtor known, I soon had the gratification to learn that all the tangible assets were stopped by this proceeding. A meeting of the creditors was inevitable; in the mean time I heard privately that steps were taking to make the house who had brought us into this trouble, bankrupt.

At the meeting of the creditors I proposed to identify ourselves with the insolvents, on condition that the money from abroad should be given as originally destined to us: a proposition which was readily agreed to, and it was begun to be acted upon; but in this crisis, the Danish islands in the West Indies were blockaded, and another house for which we were equally pledged was brought into jeopardy.

This new and additional misfortune I had not the courage to withstand, and seeing we must stop

payment, returned immediately to London, where I arrived on Saturday and gave my opinion to Mr. M'Lachlan of the situation to which we were reduced. Judge, however, of my astonishment, when on coming along Newgate Street on Sunday morning, I met the gentleman who had brought us into such trouble full in the face. He had arrived that morning from Greenock, and must have come off the day following my departure.

Greatly struck, I peremptorily required him to come along with me to my house, in which there was only a housekeeper to take care of it till I could find a tenant.

The interview at home would have been a good scene in a novel or drama, for although in no very obvious state of excitement, my manners undoubtedly felt the influence of a condensed resolution. I enquired, why he had come to London, where he was going, and why I was not the first person on whom he waited. These were undoubtedly proud and impertinent questions, but the hopes of all my life were at stake as well as the comforts of my father in his old age.

The interrogatives were candidly answered.

I had explained to the gentleman in confidence our new misfortune, and our inability to master it. He therefore said that in thinking of what I had informed him, he conceived that it was best for

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him to be in London when we stopped payment. As to where he was going, he answered, to an agent, naming him, of his particular friends to make arrangements against the event, and till that was done, he did not intend to call.

There was nothing to object to this, but merely in a general way to state that being ruined, I had resolved not to go back to Greenock.

"Then," said he, "as you don't care about the Greenock people, will you let me state that you deceived me?"

No answer was made to him, but I looked at him steadily and immediately after left the room.

My partner and Mr. William Spence, who happened to be in London, were in the parlour, where I joined them in such an evident fluster that they both rose and asked what was the matter.

Unable to speak, but turning round to the window, I saw our strange friend leave the house, and presently becoming more composed, told them what had passed.

With great prudence, as I now think, they made no remark on an occurrence so incredible. I forget what they had met upon now, but we agreed to go to Richmond to dinner, which we did, the impression of the transaction of the morning sinking deeper and deeper.

We dined earlier than common; and during

dinner Spence, in a far off way, began to express his doubts if I had understood the gentleman correctly.

We settled our bill and returned immediately to town, where I insisted on Spence going to the Bull and Mouth, and ascertaining from the gentleman still there, if what I had reported were true. We arrived between nine and ten, and I remained in Newgate Street with Mr. M'Lachlan while Spence went to the inn.

We walked in the street, and in a short time were joined by the others; and the insolvent came up to me and held out his hand in his usual manner, but I did not take it; and turning round to Mr. Spence, enquired if he had told what had been said and if it were correct.

Acknowledging that I was right, the object of our solicitude said he had spoken foolishly. I instantly took M'Lachlan's arm and walked away, who in the course of the walk, confessed that if the proposal had not been acknowledged, it was so extraordinary that he could not have believed it.

Next morning, my mind being made up, I told him how I would act. The first thing was to return to Scotland, and try by calling the insolvent's creditors together, if they would relieve us from the identification of our interests with his concerns, by which I had got the bullion.

"We are ruined as it is," said I, "but this improbable measure may save us; for if we are relieved from this embarrassment, we can fight our other difficulties."

That day Spence used all his powers of persuasion to induce me to forgive the offence, and had so far succeeded, that he took me to the lodgings to which the gentleman had removed. The visit was merely one of ceremony, but affecting to me. The lodgings were much inferior to what I ever expected to see him inhabit, and the tenor of his conversation, though in his usual manner, betrayed his utter abandonment of hope.

When I had made some arrangements that seemed necessary, I went by the mail to Scotland to execute my purpose, and lost no time in carrying it into effect by summoning the meeting of the creditors. The step was novel and excited a good deal of talk.

Some time before the meeting took place, the insolvent arrived from London, and wrote to a friend of mine, Mr. Alexander Gordon, now of Great King Street, Edinburgh, supposing that I was backed in that quarter, stating that I had called his creditors together, and insinuating nothing to my advantage.

This step heightened my indignation into rage, for Mr. Gordon shewed me the letter. In the

mean time I ascertained that the bills of the house at Greenock from abroad were, instead of four thousand pounds or thereabout, upwards of fourteen thousand had appeared. This strengthened my determination, and I saw no alternative but only to make a full disclosure to the most unlikely man in all the neighbourhood to render any assistance, James Gemmel the banker, of Greenock, afterwards of Drumtochty Castle; but he was a just man, and he was so much pleased with the confidence, that he told me he would support us independent of the banking-house till I gave him notice that he could no longer do so with safety; enjoining me, however, to keep it secret.

CHAPTER VIII.

Meeting of creditors.—Attempt at relief.—Failure.—Singular trait of generosity.

THE day appointed for the general meeting of creditors arrived, and a great number were present; about sixty thousand pounds of claimants. As the meeting was called by me I took the chair, and stated that the foreign bills of the house had increased from four to fourteen thousand pounds, and that the assets in property were considerably over-valued, in so much that on consulting my partner we were of opinion that the affair would end in ruin; and the only thing for the meeting to consider was, whether that identification of our interests with their debtors should be persevered in.

"The debtors," said I, "are ruined, and you cannot change their situation; we are still standing, and were we relieved from our connexion with you, we would endeavour to struggle on. We cannot pay you back the amount of the treasure, because it has been applied to pay the acceptances granted on the faith of the consignment, but we will en-

gage not to take any dividends till they amount to the sum we have received, and in fact place you as much as possible exactly in the state in which you stood when the debtors first stopped payment,—if you will relieve us from our responsibility."

To this proposition no objection was at first made, and the insolvent with some of his friends who were present, said nothing. In the end it was pressed upon me to take time, and one influential gentleman proposed to give me seven years; but when he repeated this earnestly, I said aloud that no earthly consideration would induce me to continue the connexion, and that as I saw a vote would not do, I would get a deed prepared, and call on every creditor individually myself; then leaving the chair, the meeting broke up.

Immediately after the parchment was prepared, and that afternoon signatures procured. When I had exhausted the creditors in Greenock, and had obtained a large relief, I went next day to Glasgow, and procured other signatures to the deed. I think the whole was above thirty-five thousand pounds, besides our own debt. The debts were fully seventy thousand, but the difficulty which occurred, in some cases, and the absolute refusal of those who had obtained our bills, in the process of carrying the identification into effect, to relieve us,

decided the business. Though our capital was nominally entire, and a considerable balance at the credit of our profit and loss account, I returned to London, and after settling a few matters, declared our establishment bankrupt.

Whether in this transaction I acted wisely or well, the reader can judge; I think myself, now that I am a feeble and ailing man, my conduct more spirited than prudent, but there was none to advise me, and perhaps even yet I should do the same thing. Our discharge from our creditors followed immediately, and apparently we suffered no other change than the dissolution of our copartnery. Mr. M'Lachlan went to his father.

In these affairs I have to record a very singular incident. Among the letters that I brought with me from Scotland, when I first came to London, was one which my sister procured from the late John M'Taggart's sister,—John M'Taggart of the house of Kymer and M'Taggart. The manner in which he looked at his sister's letter when I delivered it, and three or four times at me when he was reading it, prepossessed me very much in his favour. Like others, he however merely in the usual way invited me to his house at Nott's Green; but the acquaintance continued to be kept up by "nods and becks" ever after. No particular friendship

resulted, only he now and then asked how I was getting on, and there was something in the manner that always shewed kindness.

In the troubles and shocks that preceded our catastrophe, we had, in consequence of bills from abroad falling due on Sunday and payable on Saturday, occasion for a large sum of money, for we could not reckon on our own funds till Monday. At three o'clock we were still a thousand pounds short.

"Well," said I, "the game 's up; our bills must be noted, for we will not pay any now. In our situation a stoppage is ruin."

Between two and three o'clock both Mr. M'Lachlan and myself were becomingly disconsolate, and the worst was that a sum of money he had borrowed on honour must be constituted a regular debt. I do not know how it is, but men certainly sometimes think much in a short space, nor can I describe the process of thought which affected me. At three o'clock I went on 'Change to wait for Mr. M'Taggart, and to ask him for a thousand pounds till our own funds were available.

In doing this I was entirely impelled by the manner in which he had received his sister's letter: the transaction however was a last resource.

I told him exactly how we stood, and what depended on keeping our credit till we saw how the

land lay. Mr. M'Taggart looked at me, and then said,

"I will if I can, lend you the thousand pounds; come away with me till I see the state of my banker's account."

Accordingly I accompanied him to his banker's, where he gave me a check for a thousand pounds, saying,

"Now I trust to your own honour for repayment."

And he took no acknowledgement from me. The money I was enabled to repay as promised.

This little affair could not be forgotten, and it so happened that years after,—I think he was then dead,—a carriage stopped at my door and the servant brought in the name of Mrs. M'Taggart: the whole transaction suddenly brightened in my memory. The lady was shewn into the drawing-room, and I went to her.

It was Mrs. M'Taggart, the authoress of dramas, and since of a very pleasant work called the "Memoirs of a Gentlewoman", her autobiography. She is still alive, now nearly eighty, and she had come to me respecting her dramas. Her name, and the pleasant frankness of her manners, prepossessed me in her favour, and particularly as I took it into my head that she had been married to a relation of my friend. I believe indeed she

was, for, if not in error, I have seen her since in young M'Taggart's carriage, but

" To whom related, or by whom begot ",

was never a question; her name and herself were sufficient recommendations. We are still very good friends, but, odd as it may seem, I have never enquired as to my surmise respecting her having been married to a relation of Mr. M'Taggart's; so averse am I to recall the past, especially in matters that bring up disagreeable recollections.

CHAPTER IX.

Renewal of business.—Farce of the Watch-house.—An occurrence.—My brother established at Honduras.—I enter of Lincoln's Inn.—Go abroad.—Reflections.

I WAS induced, much against my own will and opinion, to renew the mercantile profession. My brother joined me, who possessed very considerable talent, but little given to the weakness of speaking of his deeds. The farce of "The Watch-house," in the new British theatre, was written by him. Being ill at the time, I could not hold a pen, and only in phrases assisted him; but it does not detract from his merit to say, that although some of his productions shew considerable ability, literature was not his forte. He had inherited, however, our mother's relish of the ridiculous and her incomparable occasional Scottish phraseology.

In vain I contended against fortune. The excitement I had undergone would not be subdued; and I was determined to quit commercial business as soon as I could see my brother established. In this juncture, one of those unforeseen occurrences frequent in my life came to pass. Mr. Walter Ritchie proposed that my brother should go out

to Honduras to ascertain if there was any opening there for a new establishment, because, if there were, he had an intention of forming one, and Tom should have charge of it. Accordingly my brother went, and on his return the design was carried into effect. This decided me.

When Tom sailed the first time, being afflicted with a nervous complaint, I was advised to spend a short time at Bath for recreation. On his return, and while the preliminaries for the establishment at Honduras were forming, I entered myself of Lincoln's Inn, and partly for my health, as well as to pass the time before being called to the bar, went abroad.

The Walcheren expedition was preparing, and the Mediterranean packet was embargoed at Falmouth when I arrived there, but when the embargo was raised I departed from England.

It is unnecessary to inform the reader that this crisis of life was not pleasant; I would be justified indeed in stating that it was bitter, but it serves no good purpose to indulge disagreeable remembrances. It could not, however, be disguised from myself that I was about to be born into the scene of a new world, in which there was no reason to expect that my chequered destiny would be changed. But there was at the time a consoling advantage in my prospects; a young man ignorant of the

world, who thought himself fit for anything he was likely to undertake, was not easily daunted.

The study of the law was not at variance with my habits; it required less versatility in the application of the mind than the profession I had supposed myself to have abandoned, not then sufficiently aware that the law requires not only patronage, but a peculiar class of litigious connexions; in fact, the aid of friends is as much wanted in it as in any other calling or business. It was not till enabled to think at leisure of entering Lincoln's Inn, that I saw myself incurring more hazard than at the time I imagined.

One who conceits himself to be at least equal to his neighbours in energy, is very apt to make a false estimate of the chances of life. He sees that men only get forward by their own talents, and it is not till he has obtained some insight of the world that he discovers, although this be true, he is yet apt to undervalue difficulties by attending too much to that circumstance. At the outset of life there is no profession whatever to which the aid of friends, be the individual's talent what it may, is not essential. If he possess superior ability, he will in time, with the precursor of friendship, make himself distinguished, but if he be only an ordinary person he will never rise above his first establishment. At the time, however, of which I am

treating, I was reluctant to believe this; a more accurate knowledge of human rivalry, however, has left no room to doubt the fact, and it has reconciled me to my subsequent desultory life; for afterwards it did not appear within the scope of probability that I could have made my way at the bar to any satisfactory degree of distinction. No one existed on whom I could fasten the slightest claim for assistance, nor could I discern any chance in store to facilitate an ambitious career by the law.

With reflections of this kind, though not of so determined a caste, I bade adieu to England, half desiring that no event might occur to make me ever wish to return, and yet for this morbid feeling I had no cause. Nothing in the world had occurred to make me greatly averse to it; even the extraordinary conduct of my debtor seemed the effect more of a mental aberration than of design, at all events he was not actuated from the workings of his own mind, so much as by the suggestions of one more intimately acquainted with the ways of mankind; he was only a tool in a more skilful hand. Often and often since have I endeavoured to understand, how it was possible for a man, possessed of a fair measure of understanding, to think another could endure such a series of actions, as he developed towards those of whom he had unfortunately been the ruin. But as I had thrown myself like a

die from the dice-box in my London adventure, I felt no fear in this voyage. It would have been, however, rather ludicrous to have braved the storm like Cæsar, with the brag of my fortune; but something like a sentiment of the same kind undoubtedly sustained me.

THIRD EPOCH.

CHAPTER I.

First meeting with Byron.—Land at Cagliari.—Dine with the Ambassador.—Byron's grandiloquent thanks to him.—Byron and Hobhouse wait in the packet to be saluted at Malta.—Guns sulky.—Byron and Hobhouse reduced to a state of beggary.—Relieved by Mr. Chabot.—Hospitality of the Maltese merchants.

On the day of my arrival at Gibraltar, I first became acquainted with the celebrated Lord Byron. The meeting was purely accidental; I was proceeding to the Mediterranean in quest of health, and happened to be on board the same packet in which his lordship embarked for Malta. In my biographical sketch of that distinguished nobleman, I have mentioned the circumstances of our first rencounter, and it is not very necessary to repeat them minutely here, at the same time, they cannot with propriety be omitted, though to those familiar with the original account, it may seem superfluous.

While sitting in the garrison library, a young man came in and seated himself at one of the tables opposite to me. His dress indicated a metro-

politan of some fashion; it was neat and simple, with so much peculiarity as served to show that he was not altogether a common beau.

His face appeared not unknown to me, and I began to conjecture where I could have seen it. It was prepossessing and intelligent, but ever and anon he gathered his brows, a habit which I afterwards discovered might be the scowl of unpleasant reminiscences: his general physiognomy, however, was impressed with elegance and character, but in a much inferior degree to those who have seldom seen him, and who have worked out of their imaginations a being so beautiful, as to little resemble him.

I dined that day with Colonel Wright, the secretary of the fortress, with a large party, among whom was the Countess of Westmoreland, with Tom Sheridan and his accomplished lady. Sheridan, in relating the local news, mentioned that Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse had come in from Spain intending to proceed up the Mediterranean.

Hobhouse had, some time before I left London, published certain translations of classic poems, rather respectable in their way, if poetry not excellent can be respectable, but they are defunct; and Byron's name was in ridiculous odour with me by the Edinburgh Review, and his English Bards

and Scotch Reviewers,—a satire then in some repute, since become famous in consequence of the merit of subsequent productions.

In embarking I recognized the visitor to the library, and he proved to be Lord Byron; while the luggage was hoisting on board, his lordship kept his "state," which made me suspect him of pride and irascibility, while his frowning forehead began to awaken wonder and beget conjectures.

Our passage to Sardinia was calm and pleasant. About the third day Byron relented from his rapt mood, and seemed disposed to contribute his fair proportion to the general endeavour to wile away the tediousness of a dull passage. Of the two travellers, Hobhouse was upon the whole the most agreeable, and told stories with some humour, but, I doubted then, if he were as truly facetious as his friend in those hours when the fit of pleasantry was upon him.

As we approached the Gulf of Cagliari, a strong breeze came from the land, and we had a whole disagreeable day of tacking up against it. Next morning, however, we found ourselves at anchor near the mole where we landed. In the evening, we dined with Mr. Hill, the British minister, and on this occasion, Byron and his companion dressed themselves as aides-de-camp, which to me was a

mystery and a marvel, as neither the one nor the other belonged to the army; and I must say it was a finery that did not augment the sense of either in my estimation.

After dinner we all went to the theatre, which was brilliantly illuminated on account of some court festival. The royal family were present, and the opera was performed with more taste than might have been expected in so remote a place, and under the restrictions which rendered the intercourse with the continent then so difficult.

When the performance was over, Mr. Hill came down with Lord Byron to the gate of the upper town, where, as we were taking leave, his lordship thanked him with more elocution than was precisely requisite, indeed it was something in your "harlotry players'" style, and the formality amused Hobhouso, as well as others. Byron, who really fancied that he had acquitted himself with grace, and dignity, and ora rotunda, took the banter of his friend amiss, and became petulant; but Hobhouse walked on: while his lordship on account of his lameness and the roughness of the pavement, took hold of my arm, appealing to me if he could have said less after the hospitable treatment we had received. Of course, though I thought pretty much as Mr. Hobhouse did, I could not do otherwise than laud

his elocution, especially as his lordship's comfort seemed in some degree dependent on being confirmed in his good opinion of himself. From that time, I was more distinguished by his familiarity, but his uncertain temper, which our residence on shipboard together made apparent, rendered his favour precarious, and not worth the trouble of a man who had any respect for himself cultivating.

Having landed the mail for Sicily at Girgenti, we stretched over to Malta, where we arrived about noon next day. All the passengers except Orestes and Pylades, being eager to land, went on shore with the captain. Byron let out the secret of staying behind to me, an expected salute from the batteries, and sent ashore notice to Sir Alexander Ball, the governor, of his avatar, but the guns evinced no respect of persons, so that the two magnates were obliged to slip into the town at the heel of the evening, unnoticed and unknown. To Mr. Chabot, amongst others, I had letters, and he invited me to dinner along with other friends previously engaged.

In the cool of the evening as we were sitting at our wine, Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse were announced. His lordship's appearance as he entered the room showed that they had met with some adventure, and he chuckled with an inward sense of enjoyment, as his companion recounted,

with as much becoming gravity as he has since brought forward the army estimates, their woes and sufferings, as an apology for begging a bed and a morsel. God forgive me, but I partook of Byron's levity at the idea of such consequential personages wandering destitute in the streets, seeking for lodgings from door to door, and rejected by all!

While the packet went forward to Messina, I remained at Malta. In my voyages and travels, I have given a description of what appeared to me the most interesting things in the island, but it would seem I met with nothing there very particularly attractive, except indeed, the hospitality of the gentlemen to whom I was introduced. I have never been in any town where such a voluntary spirit of kindness exercised itself, except in Quebec.

But although it is rather an abrupt deviation, the name of Byron will procure pardon for what I have to add before concluding this chapter.

It will be recollected, that at this period, it is not quite ascertained that he had begun the composition of Childe Harold, and therefore, every account of him prior to that event must be interesting. Though he had something of the wild and strange of genius about him, he did not loom very large to my imagination; at the same time,

it appears that he interested it, for I endeavoured to give a character of him, which has been since often published; namely:

EPIGRAM.

With title, wealth, and genius blest,
The noble Byron knows no rest;
From clime to clime, he flies in vain,
Nor finds a refuge from his pain.
Is love, rejected love the cause,
Perfidious friendship, or the laws?
Or does the moon control his blood?
Ah no. What then? His books reviewed.

CHAPTER II.

Statistical account of Sicily.—Visits to Mr. Fagan.—Study of Antiquities.—Refused permission to go to Rome.—An eclogue.

At Malta I staid till the return of the packet from Messina, and went over with her to Girgenti in Sicily, not, however, again so well. Afterwards, when the debilitating hot weather was mitigated, I made the tour of the island, and in the course of the journey collected materials for a statistical account. The account of the productions at the end of my voyages and travels is chiefly composed from that inquiry, improved, however, from a more minute survey, procured by the late Mr. Holland, a partner of the Barings, who at a considerable expense, sent a person to make the same investigation. Mr. Holland lent me the manuscript, but the result was neither satisfactory to him nor to me; for although the document was drawn up with great care, and was then, if not now, a very curious and important compilation, and such as exists of few countries, it has never been once noticed. I afterwards made a similar

collection of the products of the Morea, but it was not so satisfactory.

A remarkable incident concerning the former paper should be mentioned. Many years after, my friend Mr. Stevenson, the brother-in-law of Mr. Holland, compiled a work about voyages and travels, I forget the name of it, but I expected he would have noticed the Statistical Account of Sicily, not because it was mine, but because it was truly valuable. But he said nothing of it: not, however, being a man of practical ideas, although I noticed to him the omission it did not surprise me, for I had long before observed that bookish men are not very good appraisers of facts; they have no adequate conception of the cost and care which such compilations require.

During the time I remained in Sicily my health was restored, and with it my love of enterprise.

At Palermo I went often to Mr. Fagan, the consul-general, and sat with him while he painted, for he was by profession an artist. In the conversations with him I acquired some of those maxims as they may be called, of the Roman scafiers, or antiquaries, which may be traced in my works, but it was more of the rules than actual knowledge; that is I could judge better on paper respecting the principles learnt from him than by

examining the objects themselves; for although he had a few giblets of antiquity—the feet and hands of ancient statues—he had not very many. I remember in what manner my instruction in this rare and curious lore happened to commence.

One day I remarked a colossal marble foot in his room. It was very beautiful and very large. I noticed it, saying that it seemed to be the relic of some gigantic Venus. "Oh no," said he, "it is the foot of Juno. I found it among the ruins of Agrigentum, and my opinion is, that it belonged to the statue that was anciently famous there."

"But how do you know," I enquired, "that it is the foot of Juno?"

He smiled and replied, "because," said he, "the ancients never changed the characteristics of their deities; those of Juno, for example, were as well known as those of the Madonna are to the modern Romans, and they carried the rule so far as to impress the peculiarities on every part."

He then explained to me, by shewing the signs by which he knew the foot belonged to Juno, and from less to more I was induced to make a study of the subject, till I could talk as learnedly about gods and goddesses as an Oxford or Cambridge professor, who may know their names in Greek or Latin; but, as I have confessed, I really never ac-

quired much practical knowledge on the subject. It thus, in this very simple manner, came to pass, that I learnt a very abstruse and recondite kind of knowledge, at the feet of a Gamaliel.

Mr. Fagan advised me to go to Rome, and gave letters, with which I went afterwards to Messina, and solicited permission of the British commander to let me go across the straits to Reggio, but he would not grant leave. This was Sir John Stewart, Count Maida.

In my journey over the island, the naif humour of the Sicilian peasantry exceedingly amused me, and an adventure at Cape Passero gave rise to the following eclogue, which, though it has little poetical merit, I have ever thought a true description of a race who are, if not humourous themselves, the cause of it in others.

THE SPANISH DOLLAR.

Behold a street in a Sicilian town,
Which still retains some name of old renown.
That red letica near yon portal placed,
Denotes the arrival of a stranger guest;
But lo! the actors, peasants they appear,
Hear what they say, and reverence what you hear.

" The solar blaze, my friend Antonio, quit,
And in the shadow of this chapel sit,
Hear on my knees lay thy unwashen face,
While through thy tangled locks I raise the chase;

Thine be the reveries of the drowsy joy,
And mine the bliss of seeking to destroy."

"Ah Ludovico! other thoughts excite
My eager scratching than that dear delight.
An English traveller has arrived to day,
And how to serve him all my wits essay.
Three prices for our vile Sicilian trash
The Ingleses pay, and never grudge the cash;
And this mi lord has given, oh best of men!
That Spanish dollar for my leanest hen.
The hen my wife, with salt and Indian spice,
In water stews, but what should be the price
With deep perplexity confounds my brain—
Oh, virgin mother! ease my doubt and pain!
For well you know, if I too much require,
For cooking, dishes, pepper, salt, and fire,
(The thought appals my very heart with dread,)
The unruly Englishman will break my head;
And if but what he freely pays, the loss
Till chance repair it, every joy will cross."

"The case, Antonio, is somewhat new,
But let us take it in a double view.
What! salt and spice, and fire and wife to cook,—
For half a dollar, friend, you well may look."

"But half a dollar, Ludovico, oh!"

"Nay, good Antonio, I said not so;
Hear but my counsel, and you yet may own,
Two dollars more, and still preserve your crown.
In numerous parts, as lawyers charges frame,
Divide the costs, and still before hand claim;
The small half-dollar ne'er will breed a strife,
For pepper, salt, and fire, and work of wife;
Therefore reserve it for the last demand,
And humbly ask it with a beggar's hand."

" Dear Ludovico, so I mean to do;
But how shall I obtain the other two?"

" Ay, there, Antonio, there the puzzle lies,
And plain it is that ne'er the shining prize
You by your own unaided wits would reach;
But let me share and I the art will teach.
Give me that dollar in your hand for fee,
And I will teach you how to gain still three."

" Three, Ludovico! be the silver thine.
Oh! that I could exchange thy brains for mine."

" Well, first, you know, the English must have wine;
To purchase that, a dollar boldly ask,
And fill a bottle from the huxter's cask;
Which, new and weak, no Englishman will taste,
So in the cask it may be all replaced.
Meanwhile your wife, with skilful hand may make
The stew such as no Englishman can take;
And other fare you must of course provide;
For eggs and bread he may be safely tried
A full half dollar, and for fruit you know,
Another ask;—why there you see are two;
And for the third you need not fear to try,
If he antiquities or toys will buy.
A worn tarri to sell, as wondrous rare;
A Punic coin—nay, but the thing is fair;
For our Sicilia was a Punic isle,
And rare that coin is the reward of toil."

" Ah, reprobates!" exclaimed a voice behind,
Aghast they turn, and see with ear inclined,
A full fed monk look slily from within.
All he had heard, and thus reproved their sin:
" Ah, reprobates! to me that dollar give,
Such knaves as you are hardly fit to live.
How now, Antonio, to cheat so willing,
Your famished hen is not worth half a shilling.

Go, Ludovico, sinner as thou art,
How durst thou counsels such as these impart?
Go instantly, this shocking sin to mend,
With your best tales the English lord attend;
For true it is, without his nation's aid,
Our holy church would drive a losing trade."

The peasants yield and slink away; the priest
Seeks the refectory and savory feast.

CHAPTER III.

An English banquet in Palermo.—Character of the Sicilians.—Santo Stephano.—An hospitable archbishop.—Remark of his grace.—His establishment.—A prison for convicts.—Crossed from Sicily to Malta in an open boat.

Some things were omitted in my travels which would have added to the interest of the book; but at the time of the publication I entertained great deference for the opinion of friends, to whom I beheld others obsequious. By their advice, every incident of a personal nature, which did not relate to public characters, was suppressed. But in this work I am not so squeamish; both, in the first place, because I am myself the hero of the story; and in the second, conscious of the offensive odour of egotism which must pervade it, I cannot refrain from raising myself towards the level of others by noticing different incidents which interested me, and have an importance belonging to themselves.

While resident in Palermo, I was invited to dine in the country, and was given to understand that the banquet would be served entirely in the English manner. It was a grand occasion; and besides two princesses, there were "dukes and sic

like fules" at the table. The day was very warm, and the ladies became thirsty; the punch was deliciously cool and refreshing; but my English notions were not entirely prepared for the result, and I saw with equal astonishment and diversion, that the ladies partook of the iced beverage until their eyes were bleezy; but I do not mean by saying this, that the excess, to which the heat of the day was contributory, was at all in breach of decorum.

During the time I was in Sicily, I had not much opportunity of observing the manners of the Sicilians; but what I did see, impressed me with a lively idea of the simplicity of their hearts, and I am still inclined to think them an agreeable people.

In going from Palermo to Messina the waters were out, and the fumeras, or occasional torrents, often raging rivers, in some instances so vehement as to be unfordable; which obliged us to rest till they had exhausted their fury, just as one is obliged to wait with a woman in a passion, till her volubility is spent, before persuasion can be applied to her with effect, either in the shape of rung or reason. In this state was the stream at Santo Stephano, and which obliged us in the evening to go up to the town, that bore in some points a resemblance to the most orthodox descriptions of Jerusalem, namely, in being situated on a hill,

walled round with walls, and "compactly built together."

The day had been wet; but the sun set with a clear face, and the landscape glistened with a watery sheen, insomuch that as we approached the gate, we beheld, seated on the outside, a number of elderly persons inhaling the country air, and among them sable things, that on nearer inspection proved neither crows nor cormorants, but the archbishop and his household clergy. Seeing us ride up the hill, his grace met us on the brow, and in a very Dr. Parrish manner welcomed us, and told us we must expect very poor accommodation in the inn, or locanda, of the place. However, having a very British reverence for one of his grace's rank, and having done my homage, I rode forward alone; when my companions joined me, they mentioned that they had accepted the archbishop's invitation, to stay for the night at the palace, one of them having a letter for his grace. It is but doing justice to his hospitality, to mention, that the invitation was given before that circumstance was recollected.

Having left our horses, &c., at the inn, we went to the archiepiscopal abode, and having dressed ourselves for the evening, joined his grace in a well furnished ecclesiastical looking drawing-room,

not very large. Soon after an early supper was announced, the cooking of which was excellent, and did credit to the rosy glistening countenance of our host. I wonder how a bishop with us would entertain a set of hungry Italians. The incident, however, was not so remarkable on this account, as affording a specimen of that idiomatic difference of manners between the Sicilians and the English which has not been sufficiently described, and which is at least as dissimilar as their national features. I have often intended to write a novel illustrative of this subject.

The only thing I recollect of the conversation was a remark that fell from the archbishop. In speaking of the difference between the churches of England and Rome, he said it was only an "etiquette." His surname had a very Protestant sound; it was Sergeant.

The "gorgeous eastern harlot" was not very audacious in his house; not more than four or five footmen, and these were occasional assistants at an olive mill, which I saw in one of the outhouses in going poking about early in the morning.

Before entering upon my subsequent adventures after leaving Sicily, I ought to mention an incident, on which I have not yet drawn in any fiction, but which I may hereafter have occasion to do; for I

am convinced that it is not in characters only, but in all things, that an author should have natural models before him.

While detained at Cape Passero by contrary winds, in going to Malta, I visited a prison for convicts, situated on a small island—

> "a tower laved by the salt sea waves,
> Within whose horizon no sail appears,
> Save the black ferry-boat, in summer calms,
> Or ship-wrecked vessel in a winter's morn,
> With her dead crew all clinging to the masts."

It was a lone place; the island was rocky, and the country round the cape, though there is a little town near it, bleak and forbidding, in unison with the profitless purpose of the prison, a square building, with ten or twelve cannon mounted on the battlements. The entrance admits only one person at a time, and the inmates are doomed to perpetual imprisonment. When I was there they did not appear to have any set task; and it is no exaggeration to say, they were all such saracen-headed fellows, that it was not pleasant to look at them.

On enquiring at an old woman who was spinning from a distaff for the keeper, she showed me into a neat apartment, and presently a pretty young lady came from an inner room and informed me that her father would immediately attend.

In a moment after her sister entered. Their appearance was unlike the scene around. They were dressed in dark brown calico, trimmed with narrow green riband, in a style of gentility almost fashionable. The captain, their father, soon after entered.

Telling him the fact of my detention and want of amusement, he immediately took me into an inner chamber. In a little grated window two flower pots were placed, and the furniture was neatly arranged; but this unexpected appearance of comfort was soon changed to a far other feeling than that of pleasure. On a bed lay the mother, his wife, dying; and behind her a little boy, who had taken refuge there at my approach. The captain said she had been a delicate woman, and their disconsolate situation had brought on her disease.

He then conducted me to the roof of the building, and but for the shock received below, I would have been amused with him; for he was a little, gabby man, and taking me by the arm, strutted with long strides, like a pair of compasses, to and fro on the leads of the building, and his tongue never lay.

I have since seen the state prison at Auburn, New York, and our Penitentiary at Millbank, but the Sicilian is the worst possible, notwithstanding

that the government might be supposed to be more enlightened on prison discipline than either the American or the British. Indeed, I have something like pride in stating my persuasion, that the Penitentiary of Millbank is on the most philosophical principle of the three. I was astonished, indeed, to observe in the land of Franklin, that criminals, for reformation, were allowed to work in sight of each other; silence, though, they were obliged to maintain. But this is a digression; only I may here mention a curious fact which has not been noticed, namely, that women do not at all bear solitary confinement so well as men, and that the sexual difference requires a different treatment; they "peak and pine" when confined alone.

It was about Christmas that I left Sicily for Malta, in an open boat. The distance is greater than the width of the channel between England and Ireland; but it never once occurred to me that to attempt such a passage in the depth of winter was an enterprise, until luckily I was safe on the marina of Valetta.

CHAPTER IV.

Take passage for Specia.--A storm.—Anchor at Valona.—Albanians. A puppy Turk.—The Secretary's salary.—An adventure.

On my arrival at Malta I took my passage in a vessel to the island of Specia with the intention of passing over to Crete. She was a very fine polacca, and besides arms and thirty-six men, had a madonna in the cabin with a lamp constantly burning before her, so that we were very efficiently protected. But soon after we left the island, a storm arose in which I received no consolation in reflecting that Ulysses and Æneas had encountered similar tempests in the same sea, and that even St. Paul had fared no better. The violence of the wind increased to such a degree, that we were obliged to run up the Adriatic, and to anchor in the harbour of Valona opposite on the Greek side to Cape Otranto, the castle of which is the scene of Horace Walpole's Mother Bunch's fairy tale.

The town of Valona is a wretched place, but I was interested in the appearance of a number of Albanian soldiers whom I saw for the first time.

Their dress seemed handsome and becoming, con-

sisting of a loose cloak made of brown shaggy woollen cloth, and an embroidered waistcoat: they wear their shirts on the outside of their drawers, somewhat in the style of a Highland phillibeg. Few wear turbans, but cover the top of the head with a little red cap, decorated with a tassel, which reminded me of the nipple of a Highlander's bonnet; they had all sashes and a leathern belt, in which were stuck two large pistols and a sword. The belts were fastened with silver clasps broader than a dollar, and many wore ornaments resembling cymbals, at their knees and ancles. One of them had on his vest a double row of nondescripts, which must be called buttons: they were, however, as large as lemons, of the same shape, and made of silver wire neatly interwoven.

In this remote place I acquired by accident some information which I have ever deemed at least curious. Having landed to see the town of Valona, a puppy Turk not more than sixteen, who had apparently just assumed the manly pistol, followed me and began to talk very pompously. To get rid of his impertinence I quickened my pace, but he only became more obstreperous and presented his pistol at my head.—It seems, that two women under the protection of this youth happened to be in the street, and he thought I was hurrying towards them. Next morning the secretary of

the Pasha came on board and enquired about this adventure, for the rumour of the affair had reached the ears of his Highness with all due exaggeration; however, I made light of it as it was over, and nothing further took place.

The secretary in the course of conversation mentioned that his name was Nicolo Papalazarus, and informed me that it was a general custom in that part of Greece for children to add to their baptismal name, a surname formed by combining the profession with the Christian name of their father. The name of his father was Lazarus, who being a priest, Nicolo was called Papalazarus, the son of Lazarus the priest. A matter of this kind is not important, but the custom seemed more rational than the method of individualizing which prevails among us.

He also mentioned that he received no pay for his service, but had a small district allowed to him out of the rental of which he paid the Pasha a certain sum, the remainder was his own. This mode of reimbursing service he told me was the ordinary practice under the Ottoman government: fiefs there had not yet become hereditary. The practice according to my conception probably existed before the introduction of the feudal system into the West of Europe, for according to what he said, military service was not required. It is to

this state of things that the radicals are driving, and every opportunity should be taken to inculcate the great truth that without permanency being secured to property and the power to increase it continued to individuals, there is no likelihood of rendering human affairs progressive.

Remote and sequestered as the situation of Valona is, it appears to have been a spot destined to afford me curious information. In the afternoon the wind being calm, I went to a pastoral village on the shore, and leaving the boat walked unaccompanied towards the hills. I had not advanced, however, above half a mile, when an old Turk, who appeared to be the precursor of a band of fifty or sixty in number, addressed me. My first sensation was not pleasant, but in going towards him I saw there was no occasion to be under any apprehension: he could speak the lingua Franca, which renders Italian so useful in every part of the Mediterranean, and his purpose was to caution me from going alone, as the people of the country were bad and lawless. In the course of a few minutes the band surrounded us, and a young man who appeared to be the leader enquired how I came there alone, I pointed to the boat and vessel, and he civilly went away, but an old man whom I had observed eyeing me very particularly, the moment that his officer had passed on, pulled a purse from

his bosom, and pointing to the silk handkerchief round my neck, offered to buy it. Not, however being prepared to deal with him, but having another in my pocket, I presented it, and he took his leave highly contented; while this was transacting, a wag stole slily behind me, and gave a wild disorderly bellow like a turkey cock, no doubt to frighten me; he then made a great many ludicrous bows and grimaces as if in mockery of our modes of asking pardon for unintentional offences: an effort of humour much relished by his companions.

This trivial incident has ever since had an important influence on me, and if it did not inspire me with a resolution to treat mankind with confidence ever after, it made me sensible that it was at least the safest way to do so. Children, dogs, and savage men are all physiognomists, and flattered by being trusted. From that day I never had occasion to call in question the propriety of acting with sincerity and frankness towards the greatest and the wildest strangers—or if there ever was need to be on my guard, it was not with those who obeyed their impulses more than their reason. I am, however, almost persuaded in this as in many things, that the quality of this confidence is of a constitutional nature, and cannot be adopted by any volition, for I have remarked the same conduct in two of my children. They had not

been in the forests of Canada many hours when they went fearlessly sporting with two Indians with whom they could not exchange words, and remained in the wild wood unseen, and, let me add, without exciting any alarm. The eldest boy was not above twelve years of age. The only wonder was how they made themselves intelligible to the Indians. Had they been accustomed to the country the surprise had been less, but they were fresh from an English school and none inured to the taciturnity and habits of the Indians.

From Valona we sailed, when a light breeze sprang up, for the island of Zante, where I landed, tired of being cooped up so long on board the St. Nicolo, good ship though she was; and having a long walk to the city, I only took with me a small portmanteau which my servant could carry, sending our other luggage on with the vessel to Specia, being assured I could easily get it brought to Athens.

The weather was delightful, and the view of Zante from the summit of a small island on which I first landed was beautiful and inviting. The islet itself was rendered interesting by the romantic circumstance of being inhabited by two old hermits. One of them was sitting on the rocks in the apostolical occupation of fishing, the other was

walking on the sandy shore, as I have elsewhere described them; of their habitation I shall not repeat the description here. I only mention it to shew that I have not drawn entirely from the imagination in my various pictures of anchorites.

From the small island I went over to Zante and proceeded to the town where I staid several days, and of which I have given what was then an interesting account in my Letters from the Levant; with a very warm remembrance of the hospitality of General Oswald and of Prince Camuto who must be now long dead.

From Zante I crossed into Greece and arrived at Patras at midday, when I dined with the imperial consul, respecting whom I have no other recollection than that he was a kind and civil old gentleman, with the massiest silver table spoons of an ancient pattern I had ever seen: they were worthy of gracing the board of him of whom Butler speaks.

> "A German prince he grew so fat,
> That mice, as histories relate,
> Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in,
> His postique parts without him feeling."

CHAPTER V.

Leave Patras for Corinth.—Aspect of the landscape resembles the Firth of Clyde seen from Bishopton Hill.—From Corinth to Tripolizza.—Scheme of counteracting the Berlin and Milan decrees first conceived there.—Meet a descendant of the Paleologi.—The history and extinction of the family in England.—Proceed to Athens.

After dinner I left Patras in a boat hired to take me up the gulf of Corinth, a distance, if I recollect rightly, of nearly one hundred miles. Although many things reminded me that I was really in a foreign country, yet there was a familiarity in the aspect of the landscape, particularly from the shore at Corinth, as if I had seen it "in another and a better world." The mountains were more stupendous, it is true, particularly Parnassus, than any, except Etna, I could have ever seen, and the purity of the atmosphere made every object uncommonly distinct. It reminded me, though on a much larger scale, of the view of the Firth of Clyde from Bishopton Hill; at the time, however, it was not so recollected, but when I afterwards returned, the similarity greatly struck me on seeing again that view.

From Corinth I went to Argos; the country

was lone and desolate till I came within a short distance of the ruins of Mycenæ, when one of the most gorgeous spectacles presented itself which the setting sun has ever exhibited. Not a breath of wind was stirring; the mountains around seemed to be in expectation; and clouds that resembled vast masses of solid fire kindled over the sun and produced an effect which inspired more of awe than tranquillity. Before me lay the gulf of Argos, on the western side of which, bold promontories, like the side scenes of a theatre, extended in successive perspective to a great distance; and on the eastern lay the city of Napoli Romania, with abrupt cliffs near it glittering in glorious magnificence, but the sublime aspect of the heavens and the consideration of being in a country where the moral change was still greater than the desolation I had all day witnessed, gave a degree of solemnity to my reflections rarely experienced; for at that time no symptom of revivication, after a long winter, had yet manifested itself on the Grecian character, and I entered Argos with a degree of emotion which cannot be described.

As I have said something of the journey to Tripolizza in my "Letters from the Levant," it is not requisite here to repeat my interview with the pasha, especially as in the Life of Byron I took occasion to describe it.

It was late in the evening when I arrived at Tripolizza, and the occurrence was to myself greatly influential, for it was there that the idea first occurred to me to form, somewhere in the Levant, an establishment to counteract the celebrated Berlin and Milan decrees. The germ of this notion rose to me in reading an Italian newspaper, from Corfu, that I found in the house of Dr. Teriano, the vizier's physician.

It seemed to me that the scheme was practicable, and that the mis-rule and disorder of Turkey afforded the means of carrying it into effect. The conception was instantaneous, but its feasibility became more distinct, and at last grew the motive and purpose of my travels in Turkey, increasing in strength by inquiry and knowledge as fire is augmented by stirring and fresh fuel. I resolved however to say nothing till the idea was matured by actual observation, for the scheme was so great as to seem wild, and so improbable in execution as to require the evidence of facts. But I again fell into indisposition by which my movements were impeded, and I was in consequence obliged to be more as a mere traveller than was consistent with the energy and scope of undertaking so great an enterprise. The plan, however, gradually filled my mind till it occupied it exclusively, and I built castles in the air of the most

gorgeous description, with a fame on the pediment blazoning with her trumpet.

I stayed two days at Tripolizza, and among other great men to whom I was indebted for attention, was an extremely respectable-looking old gentleman, the primate of the Morea; he claimed to be descended from the Paleologi, and very probably was, at least his rank in the government lent colouring to his claim. It has since occurred to me as something extraordinary, that in the resuscitation of Greece no attempt has been made to recall the ancient imperial line; but there is a secret in all things, the head-quarters of the Hœtoria are in Munich, and I am sure I do no injustice in ascribing to their machinations the appointment of the boy Otho to be king of the Greeks. The present king of Bavaria, when prince royal, was himself a member of the Hœtoria.

It is not generally known that the last of the line of the Paleologi died in England. I sketched a tale once on this subject by supposing one of them to have been the executioner, in mask, of Charles the First, whom I represented as having inspired him with vindictive feelings by insolently treating the fallen fortunes of his house. The manuscript of the tale is preserved, and is derived from the following circumstances.

Constantine Paleologus, the last of the Greek

emperors, had a brother called Tomasio, a soldier of such spirit and bravery that Mahomet II., in speaking of the Peloponnesus, said he had found many slaves in that country, but only one man, Tomasio. After defending the fortress of Salonica with undaunted constancy against the conqueror, when all hope of relief was abandoned, this prince fled into Italy, where Pope Pius II. allowed him a pension till his death.

He had an only son called John, who accompanied his father into Italy, and afterwards married a noble lady of Pisa, where, after the death of Tomasio, they assumed some of the forms and etiquettes of the ancient imperial court. The offspring of this marriage was also a son named Theodoro, who in due course of years also married and became the father of Prospero, the father of Camilio. In the time of Pope Paul V., Camilio rendered himself so obnoxious to the papal court, by adhering to the Greek church, that he was forced to fly with his son, and what became of them was never ascertained. It was believed that they both perished at sea, and with them the imperial line was extinguished. But at Lindulph, in Cornwall, some light is thrown on this interesting historical fact. In the church is a mural monument, ornamented with an escutcheon of brass, on which were engraved two turrets, with the figure

of an eagle with two heads, resting a claw on each turret, the singularity of this armorial bearing to persons acquainted with heraldry is very attractive, and the inscription is still more remarkable; as follows.

"Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologus, of Pisanio, in Italye, descended from the Imperyall lyne of the last Christian Emperours of Greece, being the sonne of Camilio, the sonne of Prospero, the sonne of Theodoro, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas, the second brother to Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name, and last of the lyne that raygned in Constantinople, until subdued by the Turks, who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls, of Hadlye, in Souffolke, gent., and had issue five children:—Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy, and departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of January, 1636."

In pursuing the hint here suggested, I have ascertained that of the children, Dorothy was married at Lindulph, to William Arrundel in 1656, and died in 1681; Maria was unmarried, and buried there in 1674; but of the sons Ferdinand and John, no record is preserved. The name of Theodore would also have perished, but it appears by the parish register of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, that his father's marriage took place there on the 27th

of May, 1617, and there is some reason to believe that he was the first progeny of the union.

On this curious occurrence, I laid the foundation of my story, which induces me, as tombstones and parish registers are held to be good evidence, to reject the claim of the primate of the Morea; it was not, however, polite to dispute it. But it is time to return from this digression to my own story.

Having received from the Vizier Vilhi Pasha a particular introduction to the waywode of Athens, I left Tripolizza and went to that city, as recorded in my Letters from the Levant.

CHAPTER VI.

Athens.—Reside at a monastery.—Meet again Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse.—Unprofitable industry.—Coincidence.—Ode, suggested by the state of Greece.

I TOOK up my residence at Athens in the monastery of the Propaganda Fide of Rome, in which there was only one friar, a most respectable person, and a friend of Emanuel, the abdicated king of Sardinia. My health, as I have already mentioned, was very variable; I was again unwell, and every thing was at odds and ends with me. The weather for several days obliged me to keep the house; but it happened at this time that Lord Byron and his friend were in Athens, and I was induced, by Mr. Hobhouse calling on me, to renew my acquaintance with his lordship. But for this visit, it is very likely, after so long an interval, I would not again have sought their acquaintance; for I recollected once hearing Mr. Hobhouse say, that unless a superior called upon an inferior it might subject him to a repulse. The world generally thinks differently; and I believe it is held to be good manners for an inferior to pay his respects to

a superior. However, this is a matter of etiquette to which I do not attach much importance. Perhaps it has been a fault with me to pay too little attention to things of that sort.

During the time I was obliged to confine myself to the monastery I had only literature for pastime, and having a turn for "poem making", I employed myself in that unprofitable industry; nor was I without a plausible excuse to myself for doing so; verses were things of small bulk, easily carried about, and if lumber, were not heavy. But what leads me to mention my predilection here is the discovery of the curious coincidence before alluded to. Lord Byron was then engaged on the composition of Childe Harold, which he began, it is said, in Albania, and I was also occupied on a poem of the same structure, the Spenserian measure, a pilgrimage to Palestine, containing descriptions of the different scenes which I should myself see; with only this difference from the plan of his lordship's work, that my hero was a kindly tuneful personage, and "the Childe" was, as Byron said himself, "a d——d bad character." My poem was called "Il Inconsuéto." I have lost the manuscript.

In mentioning this circumstance, I deprecate the suspicion of being supposed for a moment guilty of thinking there was any thing but the verse

and theme which resembled the celebrated "Romaunte." The coincidence is very surprising, for I never saw his lordship's production, and though acquainted with mine, he was as ignorant of it.

This is not all: the rape of the temples by Lord Elgin was at that time the theme of every English tongue that came to Athens. While there, I wrote the "Atheniad", a mock epic, in which the gods and goddesses avenge the cause of Minerva. His lordship saw the manuscript. He afterwards published his "Curse of Minerva." But the singular train of similarities does not end here. I was always of opinion, and frequently spoke of it, that another epic could only be a secondary thing; in June, 1810, I expressed this idea in the "Letters from the Levant", which were published in 1813. The passage is,—

"The literature of the Greeks exalts into virtues those qualities which are calculated to make war admirable for its own sake, and praises those exploits which, undertaken for private motives, are justly held to be great crimes. Do you think if a poem of equal genius to the Iliad had been composed in its place, and had been as derogatory to the military character as the masterpiece of mankind is the reverse, that martial glory would at this time have been held in so much esteem? I

think not. It was a happy thought of Milton, to represent the heathen deities as so many devils, who opposed by practical influence the will and pleasure of Heaven. If there can be a new epic poem composed, which shall have charms enough to counteract the spirit of the Iliad, the theme must be something else than war." Don Juan approximates very nearly to my idea.

Whatever the reader may think of these coincidences, to me they are very curious, and shew how insensibly minds accidentally coming in contact may affect each other. But I have a still more remarkable instance to adduce, which shall be duly brought forward, respecting Lord Byron, and it is independent of me. But to resume my own narrative.

Having in another form and in different places given an account of all that particularly interested me at Athens, it would only enlarge this book to repeat much of what I have said, notwithstanding I consider it as not having attracted quite so much attention as it merited at the time, for it did not then fall within the scope of my design to make myself too prominent. Accordingly, in looking over my Letters from the Levant, I find they afford but an inadequate idea of my condition during much of my first visit to Athens. This work

is, however, of a different kind, and it may not be improper here to speak more of myself.

My health for some time did not improve, and those indescribable sensations which are ever attendant on nervous diseases rendered me often very uncomfortable, in so much that all my projects were suspended; and I sent my servant in consequence to the island of Specia to bring our luggage from the Saint Nicolo, being disposed to remain at Athens indefinitely. Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse departed by the Pylades sloop of war, Captain Ferguson, who offered me also a passage to Smyrna, and who had brought Mr. Galton and Dr. Darwine, a son of the renowned medico-poet, with him, but I was in no humour to resume my travels, even if I had been in possession of my luggage. Scarcely, however, was I left alone, when the weather, which had been bleak and cold, changed, and my indisposition again lessened. Still I had comparatively little inclination to go abroad beyond the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, or the Areopagus, and the monument of Philippapus. My reflections at that time and on those places appear to have been competently dull, for among my papers are the following verses, in which my ruminations were probably expressed.

ODE.

I.

With leisure, and a pen at hand,
Who can the muse's will withstand?
Who can resist, possessing these,
And breathing genius in Greece,
To let his idle fancy play
At numbers and the tinkling lay?

II.

While here I range on classic ground,
O'er relics of the long renown'd,
And see the hinds that toil for bread
Blest as were e'er the famous dead;
As happy with their frugal aim
As those that lived and died for fame:—

III.

And while I wand'ring here enquire,
Where the bright sage and bard of fire,
Who glory ray'd in ancient times,
That still illumines distant climes,
Were wont to shed the radiant thought,—
And find them all like hinds forgot;—

IV.

The proud, the strong, the daring fiend,
That ever tempts me to ascend,
Al ash'd relaxes, and content,
Asks with some gentle blandishment,
What boots the crown or laurel wreath
To them that sleep in peaceful death?

CHAPTER VII.

Elgin marbles.—The Atheniad.

I HAVE now to record a transaction not known hitherto to the public, and little to my friends, in consequence of that taciturnity respecting my transactions which this undertaking obliges me to disregard.

During the latter part of my stay for the first time at Athens, Signore Luseri, the agent of the Earl of Elgin, shipped in a Greek vessel part of the marbles which are now the pride of the British Museum. My old acquaintance Mon. Fauvelle, the French consul, made much ado to stop such an atrocious robbery, in order that he might afterwards send them into the holy keeping of the emperor in Paris, and did all he could to frighten the governor, or waywode, from being accessary to the unheard of crime, the mere imagination of which made

> "Each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

of M. Fauvelle. But Luseri was his match.

Luseri's bills on account of the marbles were not honoured by the earl's agents, nevertheless, he kept his knowledge of the fact to himself and ship-

ped off

"The giblets of old idolatry."

But how was the freight to be paid when the ship reached Malta "gave him pause." At the eleventh hour he came to me and disclosed his sad condition.

The dilemma was trying and I frankly confess my commercial cupidity obtained the ascendancy. Here was a chance of the most exquisite relics of art in the world becoming mine, and a speculation by the sale of them in London that would realize a fortune. The temptation was too great. My correspondents at Malta were Messrs. Struthers, Kennedy, and Co., to whom I wrote to pay the bills upon receiving the stones, &c., &c., and I shipped myself on board the vessel that I might see her safely to Hydra, where she was to put herself under the protection of a man of war. Accordingly that evening we sailed with our precious cargo, and next morning arrived at Hydra, from which the vessel was conveyed to Malta. But on her arrival there, the agent for the earl paid the bills, and my patriotic cupidity was frustrated.

It should be confessed that I had a suspicion of this coming to pass, for I could not imagine the agents at Malta of Lord Elgin would refuse the bills after being in possession of the statues. But the transaction merited some recognition, which

the noble earl never made, even though I also *imbeciliated* a mock heroic poem on the Rape of the Temples, in which I was myself so guilty of being accessary in art or part.

This same rape is curious in many particulars. I saw the firman on which Lord Elgin commenced the dilapidation of the Temples, and as I did not understand Turkish, the person who read it to me said it was only to remove a stone; and my Greek servant was on board the ship with the first cargo wrecked on the island of Cytherea, or Cerigo. As for the Atheniad, since the copy for this sheet was sent to the printers, the original manuscript has been found, and in the language of Goody Two-shoes, here it is. The omissions are, of course, not renewed, though they would probably have made it a richer treat. But, independent of the subject, it has some particular claim to attention as a poem written at Athens, (the reader may calculate in what Olympiad,) in the monument of Lysicrates, alias the Lantern of Demosthenes, which, adjoining the monastery, was made use of by me as a study.

ATHENIAD.

Athenia's wrongs, O heavenly Muse rehearse,
And sing the Gods of Greece in English verse!—
Athenia, fairest of the mural fair,
Whose fuming altars fed the savoury air,

Dejected saw beneath th' oppressor's sway,
Her trophies perish and her stones decay.
No joy she knew, but only grief refined,
When far-come travellers paused or look'd behind.
Paused to indulge the sigh for glories past,
Or wondering look'd that stones so long should last.
But this sad solace Fate decreed must cease,
And Mercury flies to end the pride of Greece.

On earth arrived, the form divine obscured,
He seems a mortal man to arts inured;
Cadaverous, crafty, skilled in tints and lines,
A lean Italian master of designs.
He sought Brucides, and Brucides found,
"O Lord," he cries, "my Lord for taste renown'd,
What fame awaits you, were your Lordship wise,
And who that knows your lordship that denies.
Th' Athenian temples long deserted stand,
Their sculptures crumbling in the Turk's rude hand.
Haste, save the relics, bear them to your home,
The lights of art for ages yet to come.
Grudge not the cost, the marbles, countless price
Would buy the profits of rich embassies."

Fired by the scheme, his way Brucides took,
And public tasks, and trusts of state forsook;
With ready gold he calls men, carts, and cords,
Cords, carts, and men, rise at the baited words.
The ropes asunder rive the wedded stone,
The mortals labour, and the axles groan,
Hymettus echoes to the tumbling fane,
And shook th' Acropolis,—shakes all the plain.

From high Olympus gazed the Gods afar,
Indignant gazed that man their wrath should dare,
"Fate," they exclaimed, "that guides the course of things,
And from whose cave, the streams of action springs,
Has justly shown in every age and time,
That Retribution sternly follows crime.

Shall we then tamely see our temples torn,
And o'er the seas the Grecian relics borne;
See that Brucides glorious become,
Like the bold youth that fired th' Ephesian dome?
No, by the Styx," with raised right hands they cried.
Jove nodded, and the oath was ratified.
Appall'd the Heavens, and Earth received the sign,
The sun in clouds conceal'd his face divine;
The winds lamented, and the rain in tears,
Filled the lone traveller on the waste with fears;
Thieves of the dead, though grasping at the urn,
Scar'd by the shower, the scafiers return,
And their abortive toil, the antiquaries mourn.

On war resolv'd, the heavenly powers prepare,
And eager all the work of vengeance share;
To each the part that best befits is given,
So Heaven appoints,—can kings appoint like Heaven?

Lo! smoothly wafted by the breathing gales,
A ship with sacrilegious plunder sails,—
The busy creek of rocky Hydra past,
And o'er the starboard far Le specia cast,
Cerigo nears, while on the distant view,
The hills of Maina rise serene and blue;
Those rugged mountains, where in savage pride,
Still unsubdued the Spartan race reside.
Deprived of all, they independence vaunt,
And glorious live in liberty and want.

True to his trust, and wakeful on the steep,
Æolus scann'd afar the rippling deep;
And by the sapience of his state divine,
Knew the curs'd bark that stirr'd the azure brine;—
Recall'd the gales that gently urged her on,
And bade the winds attend his misty throne.
The winds obeyed. Scirocco came the first,
Pluto's dire son, by Airia desert-nurst;
Languid his eyes, and fleecy white his hair,
He breathes contagion and inspires despair.

At his approach the gay flowers sickly bend,
And birds dejected own the present fiend;
Sicilian youths invoke the god of sleep,
And women weeping, wonder why they weep.
Next Tramontan beneath whose breezy sway
The tides of life in brisker eddies play.
From his bright brow and clear blue cheerful eyes,
Dejection spreads her mothlike wings and flies.
Him fair Hygea to rude Boreas bore,
And left with Fortune on the Lapland shore.
The fickle nymph grew careless of the charge,
And the bold boy ran wand'ring wild at large.
This heard the mother, who in anxious haste,
With stretched hands pursued him o'er the waste:
Still unembrac'd he shuns her stretched hands,
And roves a Libertine in foreign lands—
With him Favonius, but the subject Muse,
By Phœbus order'd, now her tale renews;
Else would she sing what airy tasks perform,
The fire-eyed tempest and the howling storm,
The cool wing'd zephyr of the mountain's brow;
The gales that chace the gossamer below;
The sighs that haunt the rip'ning virgins breast,
Th' exploits of flatulence, th' unwelcome guest.
These she should, pleas'd in lofty strains, relate,
But Gods controul the verse and will another fate.

The winds instructed rush to raise the war—
Æolus fiercely mounts his winged car,
And gaining Neptune's crystal portal cries,
"Lord of the sounding seas, awake, arise.
Mortals profane, th' Athenian temples rend,
And o'er thy wide domain the fragments send.
Deep charged with spoil a ship presumptuous moves,
And vain alone his hate Æolus proves."
Æolus paus'd, the God of ocean heard,
Rais'd his rough front, and shook his hoary beard.
"Why chides the sovereign of the winds," he cried,
And seized the trident resting at his side.

Blow murmurer, blow, squeeze all your bags and blow.
And let the vessel to perdition go."
Æolus fetched his breath, low-bending, blew,
And Neptune rising the dread trident, threw—
It strikes—The vessel founders in the waves,
And aw'd Cerigo mourns from all her caves.

Meanwhile Minerva, who of all the powers
That mourned indignantly their ravish'd towers,
Suffered the most—advanced with keenest rage,
To aim the vengeance, and the war to wage;
Against Brucides' self she urged her plans,
And deeds the goddess did, appear the man's—
Revenge she seeks by various means and ways,
Inspires his pen, and strikes his brain with craze.
Delirious fancies that were never thought,
Helpless Brucides innocently wrote.
From the charm'd pen a strange perversion springs,
He thinks of statues and it writes down kings;
Basso-relievos occupy his brain,
While towns and armies fill the paper plain:
His doom at length the froward pen provokes,
For British statesmen, writing marble blocks.
At home the sages, struck with sad surprise,
Gaze on the page with nostrils, mouth, and eyes—
With mouth apert and nostrils wide and round,
The senseless slaves of wonder still are found.
Thrice and again his paper all peruse,
Thrice and again each sage his neighbour views:
Thrice and again each sage essay'd to speak,
And tears, as statesmen weep, run down each cheek.
"Calls he us marble blocks," at once they cry,
"Yes, marble blocks," the Treasury vaults reply.
"Then let the wretch," they all again exclaim,
"No longer bear a diplomatic name."
With canvas wings the fiat leaves the shore—
The man exists, the minister's no more.

Dejected, homeward now he winds his way,
With slow, reluctant, amorous delay.

Him fair Italia's pictured domes detain,
Nor trophied France invites to stay in vain;
Gay France, that boasts the two best sculptured stones,
Bought with the blood of thousands of her sons.

With fervent ire that though of power bereft,
Brucides still had sprightly pleasures left;
The blue-eyed goddess for her chariot calls,
Proudly the steeds come neighing from their stalls.
The conscious car exults in all its springs,
And o'er the steeds the glittering harness flings.
Minerva mounts, and through th'empyrean drawn,
(Her progress brightening like the solar dawn,)
Down the steep slope of Heaven directs her course
Steers the prone chariot and restrains the horse.
She drives to Paris. In their swift career
The golden wheels like whirling fires appear.
A sage, with astronomic tube afar,
A fore-one sees, and hails the new found star;
Describes its motions, calculates its speed,
And gains, like Herschel, an immortal meed.
So move the gods to man's imperfect glance—
And who could think a goddess drove to France.

Arrived, her chariot in the clouds she leaves,
And in the form of Talleyrand deceives.—
Inspires the Consul, and with skill divine,
Makes her stern purpose politic design.
She bids before his eager fancy stand,
The British throng throughout his subject land—
That idle throng of every kind, who sped
To learn new luxuries of board and bed,
When France in peace and antient nicknames dealt,
And gained repose to plan new modes of guilt.
These she array'd in all the charms that grace
The best and bravest of the British race,
With wisdom, valour, riches, beauty, all
That wins in council, camp, or court, or hall.

" But these," she cries, " O Heaven-sent chief detain,
And soon Britannia must resign the main.
Possessing these, her genius you controul,
For wanting them she wants her life and soul.
Behold Brucides! well his face peruse;
What signs of sense, and long prospective views,
Denotes that moon of flesh, so round and full,
And see that dungeon vault of wit his scull.
Oh! all ye deities addressed in song,
Inspire our chief to keep this precious throng;
But prime o'er all, may he Brucides hold;
A prize more precious than the Greeks of old
From Ilion stole, before the heavenly powers
Resigned to Fate the long beleaguered towers.
So shall Britannia, her palladium lost,
Receive the conqueror and enrich his host."

The hero smiled, that Talleyrand in zeal,
Should still the force of former habits feel,
And pray; but more because the council shrewd,
Shewed an appearance of renown renewed.
Forth flies th' arrête, and every British guest,
With helpless passion bans the dire arrest.
Thus heavenly causes take effect on earth,
And statesmen gossiping proclaim the birth.

Meanwhile refulgent Mars commissioned comes,
With ringing cymbals and resounding drums.
His fervid influence fires the madding world,
Arms scoured shine bright and standards wave unfurled.
St. Stephen's windows, at the dead of night,
Glare on the Thames a dull portentous light.
But fierce o'er Athens' consecrated walls,
The zenith fervor of the Godhead falls.
Oh, Muse divine! rehearse with kindred zeal
What happened there—the battle of the wheel.

In olden times, ere on the banks of Nile
The Gallic warriors fed the crocodile—

Ere Atheist antiquaries banded there,
Discovered temples older than the air,
And proved, by hieroglyphic beasts and birds,
(The patriarchal ancestors of words;)
That earth was never made, nor mortal man,
And time's great clock, ay, without maker ran;
From famed Byzantium to old Athens came,
A four-wheeled waggon of stupendous frame,
With what intent Discord alone can tell;
Discord it was that sent it to Fouvelle.
While yet the axles with the journey glowed,
And the wheels' tracts shone recent on the road,
Spread wond'rous tidings, that th' unwarning French
With blood and water ravished Egypt drench—
Alarmed Fouvelle, the Turkish sabre flies,
And in his shed the cart abandoned lies;
The Turks, exulting at so rare a pledge,
For royal Egypt seized the four-wheeled sledge.
And when Britannia, with triumphant arms,
Restored the land to rapine and alarms,
The Turks to recompense, with generous heart,
Gave to her dragoman the fatal cart.
He, Greek-like, hoping thrice its price to gain,
Informs Dontitos, and bestows the wain.
Dontitos, chieftain of the cords and crew,
That from their frames the sacred sculptures drew.
Hence sprung the occasion, why tremendous Mars
Came down below, and filled the world with wars.
Wars that expelled the Cæzar from his throne,
Made pious Spain three powerless kings bemoan;
And stirring strong, in stomachs proud and high,
Forced Castlereagh at Canning to let fly.

What time Minerva, as the Muse has sung,
Seem'd Talleyrand with shrewd persuasive tongue;
Fouvelle to his Athenian home returned,
But Discord's four-wheeled gift long lost he mourned.
Pensive he walked Ilyssus' sedgy brink,
Ilyssus' stream, that a young drake might drink.

Scans the great columns of Olympian Jove,
And wistful eyes th' Acropolis above.
Reflects on noble enterprises crost,
And his Byzantian cart untimely lost.

One fatal morn, by chance or fortune led,
The wretched chief had left his sleepless bed,
And sadly passing Hadrian's stately arch,
Faced to the right and westward chose to march.
Eventful march ! two oxen there he saw,
Driven by a Greek, a loaded waggon draw.
The unusual sight like magic charms his eyes,
Till captive in the nearing wain he spies
An orphan wheel of his lamented cart.
Surprise with quick electric roused his heart;
Courageous grasping firm his stick, he ran,
Stopped the two oxen, and menaced the man;
The man retreating in amazement, flew
And told Dontitos, for the oxen drew
Relics of Greece and fragments of her skill,
The worshipp'd offspring of Pentele's hill,
Pentele's hill, within whose quarried cave
The travellers ponder and their names engrave.
Dontitos started, seized his hat and cane,
White beaver hat with black cockade so plain,
Which Turks admiring called the moon of power,
And strode majestic from his lofty tower.
Th' approaching chief Fouvelle descries afar,
And bravely meets him half way from the car;
" That wheel is mine !" he points his stick and cries;
Dontitos strove to frown with both his eyes.
" That wheel is mine, I say," Fouvelle repeats;
Dontitos answers—and his bosom beats—
" Your wheel !" " Yes, mine." Dontitos cries, " It may,
But I will write my Lord,"—and turning, walked away.

As pleased the Muse the theme of strife would yield,
As the tired warrior quits the well-fought field
To join his friends and rural home again,
No more a tenant of the tented plain,

Could thoughts like his be mingled with the lay;
Spring's cheerful morn; or summer's jocund day,
Th' autumnal eve, when jibes sarcastic please,
And the long winter nights of tales and ease.

O, gentle Venus! at whose glowing shrine
The bard oft kneeling owns thy power divine,
For once thy triumphs he reluctant sings,
Her face the loth muse veiling with her wings;
But Juno comes,—with interdictions strong,
Forbids the thought, and cramps the sprightly song.

Apollo's wrath alone unsung remains;—
His was to celebrate in epic strains
These great achievements and success sublime,
Things unattempted or in prose or rhyme;
For this he chose th' heroic British verse,
Balanced the lines, and bade the bard rehearse.
Thus wrought the gods in old Athenia's cause,
Avenged their fanes, and will'd the world's applause.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hydra.—Zea.—Scios.—Measure a brass cannon.—Simplicity of the Turks.

At Hydra, I found a vessel bound for Scios, and after examining that very curious island with a view to my purpose, I took my passage by her, for it appeared that the rivalry among the inhabitants rendered it by no means the fittest place for my establishment. The scheme required a certain kind of predominance which could not be obtained in so populous a place, and vessels were continually going to all ports that they then could enter, and might blab those secrets which were essential to the execution of the plan. It required, indeed, only a glance to see that Hydra was not the place; and the objections to it applied to the neighbouring island of Specia.

But though Hydra possessed not those facilities which I was now in search of, it is a very singular island, and during my stay there I was greatly entertained by the scene it presented.

In the voyage from Hydra to Scios, the master of the schooner, or the skipper of the hoy, or the

Carubatchere of Martigan, or by whatever name he may be called, was induced to go into the harbour of Zea, in the island of that name, and to stop a short time.

Every one acquainted with the Archipelago, knows that for its extent the harbour of Zea is one of the finest in that region, or indeed anywhere; it is land locked, a loch as we would call it in Scotland, and in every respect was suitable to my purpose. But the very opposite of the objection to Hydra existed there. The town stands at a considerable distance on the mountain, and the solitude of the place rendered it impossible for any vessel to come or go without exciting observation.

I had no intention of settling on Scios, and merely went to it for the gratification of my curiosity. We arrived late in the evening off the island, and with some difficulty, landed next day.

While we stayed at Scios, the heat of the weather and the fatigue endured in walking about compelled me at last to take refuge in a coffee-house, much frequented by Greek and Frank shipmasters and merchants. And in this place, from a conversation with a Frank stranger, I had reason to believe, if his report was true, that the island of Myconi was the very place I was in search of. His information quickened my curiosity, and I determined to visit that island, but previously to see

Smyrna and the ruins of Ephesus. Accordingly next morning I hired a boat to take me up the gulf of Smyrna, and proceeded thither. In the sail no adventure occurred; but in passing one of the forts I landed and measured the size of an enormous piece of brass ordnance: the circumference of the calibre was sixty-five inches. While employed in this work, the innocent Turks belonging to the garrison gathered round, and it never occurred to me till I was again at some distance from the place, the foolishness of the action. I wonder what would be said, were a Turk here to land on the fortifications of Portsmouth, and measure the size of the guns in the midst of the soldiers. But it quite escaped me that the Turkish soldiers had any thing to do with the matter. I have often thought since, that the enterprise was one of the most fool-hardy and thoughtless of which a man could well be guilty.

While at Smyrna I learned some particulars respecting Scalla Nova, which induced me to determine on making an excursion to that town in visiting the ruins of Ephesus, and in consequence when I set out for the latter place I went first towards Scalla Nova.

CHAPTER IX.

Ephesus.—Cherubims.—Sailed for Samos.—Myconi.—House there.—Malta.—Resolved to return to the Levant.—A note.

At Scalla Nova I staid the greatest part of a day engaged on my commercial inquiries, which, although not entirely satisfactory, contributed to the ripening of my project. I then returned by the ruins of Ephesus to Smyrna. While at the former place I purchased for fifteen piastres a marble Bacchus, as well executed, at least, as any of those monstrous cherubims with wings, who, in the shape of fat children, are still seen perched by our artists of the last age, among the effigies of great men, in Westminster Abbey.

At Smyrna I took my passage for Vathi, in Samos, but as the wind was gentle I had no great expectation of a short passage. The weather was however pleasant, and it was not consistent with my objects to be in a hurry.

On the second day after our departure we arrived in the neighbourhood of the larger of two islands, in the gulf of Smyrna, that have some how or another the name of the English islands,

and I went on shore. I found it inhabited by two or three Turkish shepherds, and engaged one of them as a guide to conduct me to a port on the opposite side of the island, where I was informed several ancient arches and a cistern might still be seen; but they all came, dogs and all.

The ruins consisted of upwards of a hundred groined vaults, supported by rude square pillars, something like those of the tobacco warehouses at the London docks. We afterwards sailed for the port of Foscia, also to inspect it; but neither of these places, though the latter had some advantages, seemed quite suitable for my purpose. A smart breeze enabled us to run for Vathi, where I staid a day, and then sailed in an open boat for Myconi, which I found the very place that had been described to me, and of which I was in quest.

It has a beautiful Christian appearance, and on a point of land close to the town stands a large mansion, erected by Count Orloff, and afterwards the residence of the Russian consul-general, as a part of the machination by which that Semiramis of the north, Catherine II., thought to appropriate the Archipelago to Russia.

Every thing about Myconi was what I wanted, and accordingly I set myself to obtain this building, in which I succeeded. The document grant-

ing it to me by the community is still in my possession.

Having matured my scheme, I returned to Malta as soon as possible, where I found Messrs. Struthers, Kennedy, and Co., apprised by Mr. Kirkman Finlay's house, in Glasgow, of a plan similar to mine, which had been suggested by one of their partners resident at Vienna. So remarkable a coincidence filled me with great astonishment, and the house at Malta having written of my plan to Glasgow, I resolved to wait the reply and not to return to England. This led to my second journey in Turkey, of which I have given some account in my voyages and travels.

As some months would elapse before answers could be received, I went to continue my inspections of the coast round the Archipelago, and to ascertain the safest route to the boundaries of Hungary. In this undertaking a gentleman accompanied me who intended to proceed as far as Constantinople. He had no other object in the journey than to see Turkey, and I did not deem it particularly necessary to make him acquainted with the objects of my solicitude. Something, however, was requisite to be explained to account for the nature of the inquiries I might make, as they were now no longer respecting those objects in Greece which are the burthen of the traveller's

song; indeed some strange conjectures as to the objects of my journey began to be surmised, and it was necessary to throw a tub to the whale. But one circumstance gave me serious uneasiness, and shows how very cautious men in authority should be in what they allow to escape their unguarded lips.

During the time I was at Malta, Mr. Hobhouse had left Lord Byron, and was returning to England with Mr. Adair, the ambassador, who was then going home; and I find by a note that I made on the subject at the time, dated the 5th of August 1810, that the transaction to which I allude was communicated to me by Mr. Hobhouse. I do not recollect the particulars very distinctly, but the circumstance which most molested me was recorded in the following terms.

"Mr. Hobhouse mentioned that at the general's, when only himself, the Governor, Mr. Adair, and Lady Hesther Stanhope, were present, a conversation had arisen relative to me, in which General Oaks, in a particular manner, inquired if I was not sent out on some private political mission; fortunately Mr. Hobhouse and I had met so frequently in the course of my travels, that he was able to give a proper answer to this most foolish and indecorous question. The whole effect of my conversation this evening with Mr. H. is, that a

political mission is ascribed to me, and that some one or another has filled the heads both of the governor and Mr. Adair with inventions calculated to disturb the execution of my commercial design, and to render my journey and future voyage hazardous."

My reason for adverting to this circumstance here, is to point out the danger and absurdity of persons in authority giving heed to such suggestions or surmises. If I had been engaged on a private political mission, viz., a spy, in what would have been the objects of my espionage furthered by talking of them; and if I were not so employed, it is self-evident that it was exposing me to great peril, especially in Turkey, by lending countenance to such a supposition. I certainly did at the time feel both indignant and annoyed at the imprudence of General Oaks, and I see no cause yet to regard with more reverence his loquacity.

CHAPTER X.

Land at Cerigo.—British soldiers in the blue devils.—Hospitalities.—Land among the Mainots.—Negotiations.

We landed on Cerigo, the ancient Cytherea, at the small maritime village of Avlemana, where we found an English garrison, languishing for pastime. The officer was very hospitable to us, and sent a soldier to procure Samaritan ponies to bear us to the capital. It was near this village that the vessel foundered with part of the Athenian marbles.

As I have given an account of the island in my voyages and travels, it is needless to repeat it here; but I can never forget the kindness with which we were entertained at the castle by the officers.

Having hired a boat at the metropolitan village to carry us to the mainland, we proceeded, after two days' stay. It was near sunset when we entered the harbour of Marathonisi, in Maina, on the mainland. The town is at the bottom of a steep hill and has orthodoxly a church with a steeple on the side next the sea, which we had of course great pleasure in beholding, for no town can pretend to be respectable that wants that feature; indeed,

without a steeple, a town is like a face without a nose.

After the usual jealous interrogations we were conducted to the castle, where we were first led into a kind of hall, and saw about a dozen warriors, with women and children, idling away the time. From the hall the guards conducted us up a rude staircase, and introduced us to a chieftain, who was sitting with several other officers. The commandant was not at home, but the chieftain who acted for him, being satisfied of the innocency of the motives which had induced us to land on their unfrequented coasts, assured us that we were in perfect safety during our abode in the country.

When our examination was finished, a Greek from the interior of the Morea, said he would be very glad to lend us his house. The poor man had been a merchant, and having incurred a fine greater than all his means, was obliged to take refuge in Marathonesi. One may admire a hardy and intrepid race, who, like the Mainots, have for so many ages retained their national characteristics, and have preserved their freedom against the Roman and the Ottoman powers; but their habitations are not very cleanly.

When we had taken some refreshment, we went out to walk, and met the commandant, attended by about half a dozen guards. He was hand-

somely dressed in the garb of the country, his long hair flowing in a peculiar style on his shoulders; altogether his personal appearance was transcendantly elegant. My imagination, which from the scene in the castle had become full of the blue and white enthusiasm of Ossian, was surprised with so distinct a vision of Oscar. He came up to us very courteously, and taking off the little red cap which covered his hair, and which he wore somewhat doffed, invited us to a shop door, and treated us to a dram. There was so much dignity about himself, and so much reverence in the treatment he received from all around him, that we felt ourselves highly honoured guests. Being a man of few words, he repeated the assurances of security, and seemed rather hurt when we asked if he would furnish us with guards to Mystra. "The Mainots," said he, "never molest travellers;" adding, that even if we had killed the governor of Cerigo, no Mainot would dare to give us up. He then invited us to take a walk, and ordering his guards to stand where they were, took with him a tall awkward humourous looking fellow, who had been driven from his castle in the interior by his enemies.

The young commandant walked on in silence till we reached the middle of a field, at some distance from the town; a retired place, where he

suddenly halted. The sun was down, the twilight obscure, and he enquired if we had any news.

Perceiving that he was anxious to get correct information, we told him frankly and faithfully all that we knew. Our conversation then turned upon the circumstances of Maina, and I was amused with the shrewd sense of his friend, in reply to a question of mine respecting the martial disposition of the Mainots. "We fight," said he, "just like the French and English, and cannot tell why."

Next morning we embarked for Bathi, the residence of Anton Bey, or prince, to whom I had letters of recommendation. It was about eight miles off, and the description of the castle may be read with instruction and amusement.

Having landed, and ascended the steep on which the tower stands, we were met by a scout on the brow of the hill, and conducted by him into the interior of the fortallice. In the gateway a number of retainers were slumbering. The court-yard was dirty with rubbish and offal, hogs were confined in a corner; but hens, cocks, and ducks fluttered in liberty.

Ascending into the keep by a zigzag stair on the outside, contrived for defence, the landing platform being moveable and serving for a draw-bridge, the

door opened into a hall, where a number of long-haired heroes were sitting on their "*hunkers*," they rose as we entered, to make way for us to ascend the stairs which led to the apartment of the prince. The walls of the presence chamber were ornamented with arms, cloaks, and petticoats, on pegs; a bed occupied the furthest corner, under which I perceived a large antique coffer. Along the sides of the room were ottomans, and on a shelf I saw coffee-cups, bottles, and other articles of the cupboard.

Anton Bey, a strong hale carle, was sitting, and beside him an old priest; he appeared to be about sixty. Opposite sat his lady, with large rings on her fingers, and as the song sings "on her mid finger she had three." On her one side was a most Leonides-looking relation, with a snuff-box in his hand, and on the other sat her ghostly comforter. They all rose up as we entered, and Hardyknute received us with a kind of honest warmth, that military frankness which gains at once confidence; he was in his youth a courageous pirate,—I beg Lord Byron's pardon, corsair should be the epithet.

When we had sat some time he took us to see a statue which he had lately found. During our absence a repast of broiled meat and cheese fried

with eggs was prepared for us, and there was somehow a heartiness in the whole visit that is remembered with pleasure.

Anton Bey pressed us to remain two or three days, and promised us the pleasure of a boar hunt; but neither of us being sportsmen the invitation was declined, and our host seeing our determination to return next morning, gave us recommendatory letters to several of the Turkish governors, his friends. He also sent with us an officer, to be landed at Mavroyuni, to procure horses for us. Mavroyuni was then a neutral state; but Marathonesi, with the heroic-looking chief, was belligerent, and at war with our friend Anton Bey. It was therefore expedient for us to send a minister to the conference, in order to bring the answer, the Bathian envoy not having passports to approach Marathonesi.

CHAPTER XI.

Tripolizza.—Athens.—Drink of the Castalian Spring.—Fatal effect.—Nearly immortalized in Thermopylæ.—Much ado about nothing.—Slingers in Pompey's army.—Larissa.—An ode.—Vale of Tempé.—Thessalonica.

Soon after we had landed, our servant, whom we had sent to Mavroyuni, returned, and about three o'clock in the morning we were knocked up by a band of six robber like fellows, who entered our apartment without apology and urged us to make haste; we then, all bustle, proceeded on our journey, of which I have given an account in my Voyages and Travels.

At Tripolizza I was at home, and we halted there; but my friend, Dr. Teriano, was gone with his Highness to the wars. Having rested ourselves for the night, we proceeded on our journey to Athens, where we remained several days, till my friend had satisfied his curiosity. On our arrival there, I again took up my abode in the Propaganda monastery, where I found my former apartments taken possession of by Lord Byron. His Lordship, however, was absent on some excursion, but we obtained other rooms. At this

time Athens was much visited by the English, and the Marquis of Sligo, Lady Hesther Stanhope, and Mr. Bruce, afterwards of La Valette celebrity, were there. Soon after our arrival, Lady Hesther Stanhope called on horseback at the monastery gate to enquire who had arrived. While we remained at Athens Lord Sligo was very gratifying in his attentions, and Lady Hesther did me the honour of inviting me with my friend to dinner, which was served in the English style, but there were no drinking glasses at the table; she had only two or three tumblers borrowed from the Marquis, who was of the party; it might be to take care of them, as it is said pawnbrokers send their men in London to look after pledged plate in fashionable houses.

From Attica we proceeded to Marathon, and thence to Negropont, then to Thebes, from that to Livadia, thence to Cheronea, and finally to Parnassus; for all which I entreat the courteous reader, in the words of the late Abernethy, to consult "my book."

While we remained at Delphos I drank of the real Castalian spring, but the inspiration I fear was not very efficacious; it may however be read by referring to Eben Erskine.

From Delphi we went on to Zeitun, by the famous pass of Thermopylæ, in which we met with

an adventure. The road from the height into the pass gradually devolves into a deep, wild, and rugged glen, in the bottom of which is a fountain and a large tree of ample shade with a seat constructed round the trunk. At this place we halted, and from a ruinous, blackguard looking house, situated on the cliff above, an Albanian came down and demanded money as we remounted. We refused his demand, and were in consequence nearly *immortalized*, for my companion, conceiving it was a robber, drew his sword; my arms, as they always unfortunately were, happened to be in my trunk. The soldier, seeing me unarmed, let go Munroe's bridle, and flew at me with his pistol, which would certainly have laid me with Leonides, had not Minerva, as Butler says, interposed in the shape of rust; the pistol missed fire, and I gallantly rode away without remembering the distich,

> "He that fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day;"

calling on Munroe to follow, which he did, leaving servants and baggage, "with all the evidences of complete victory, in the hands of the enemy."

We never halted till we got to Mola, on the Gulf of Zeitun, where we were after a time joined by our janissary, dragoman, &c. and baggage, just when I was disconsolately, not without a little lemon in the beverage, entertaining my companion.

The whole affair, as it turned out upon investigation, was inconceivably ridiculous. The blackguard looking house that stood so ominously on the hill was, in plain English, a toll-house, and the demand for money, from which all the ado arose, was the toll, about 1*s.* 9*d.* sterling. It is, however, as Buonaparte said, but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

In the evening we arrived at Zeitun, and next morning continued our journey to Phersela, where we halted for the night. Not far from the village is the ever celebrated plain of Pharsalia, where the fate of the Roman world and the destinies of the greatest people were decided. We did not, however, visit the exact spot where the battle was fought, but I bought from a peasant a bullet from a sling of one of the warriors in Pompey's army; it was of lead, and rather larger than an almond, to which it bore some sort of resemblance. I gave it afterwards to the Countess of Blessington, who probably has it still.

From Phersela we proceeded to Larissa, a considerable town with a number of spires or minarets. The country around is well cultivated, but I have already described it. The city stands on the banks of the river Peneus, and in one particular place, where calicoes on bleach fields were spread around, the scene moved me with a strange sadness, in

which, if I did not weep, I shed the following verses:

TO THE RIVER PENEUS.

Peneus! as on thy green side
A pensive hour I chance to spend,
Where, o'er thy gaily flowing tide
The beeches bow and osiers bend;
And saw, beneath the varied shade,
The ruminating herds recline,
And lengths of woven thrift display'd
Along thy rural margin shine;
Methought that youth was still my own
As when I strayed by Irvine's stream,
And all the cares I since have known
The phantoms of a troubled dream.
Ah! never shall I know again
Those simple hopes of blithesome hue,
The playmates gay of fancy's train,
Such as by Irvine's stream I knew.

At Larissa we were detained some time, and the day was far advanced when we left that Christian looking place. About sunset we entered the song-renowned Vale of Tempé, and had a delightful ride by moonlight to the village of Baba, where we slept. Next morning we proceeded down the valley, and crossing the Gulf of Salonica, arrived in due time at the famous city of Thessalonica, for which it is to be hoped the reader will consult with advantage the Epistles of the Apostle Paul.

It was a part of my project to see this place and to make some arrangements; but I saw without

disclosing my design, it could be rendered completely subservient to my purpose; and accordingly, though we remained several days there, we spent them in gratifying our curiosity with the different objects of antiquity in and about the city.

CHAPTER XII.

Constantinople.—Excursion to Nicomedia.—Stay with a Turkish gentleman.—Ladies of the harem.—A journey.—A bishop.

After leaving Salonica, we proceeded post haste towards Constantinople, riding every day with almost insufferable constancy; a pleasant enough journey, though not distinguished by any adventure worth relating. There was, however, in the course of it a very diverting occurrence, much more so than the affair in the Pass of Thermopylæ, but as Mr. Munroe is now dead, the particulars cannot be related.

At Constantinople Mr. Munroe left me, and I was there joined by Mr. S. from Malta, anxious to co-operate in the design to violate the Berlin and Milan decrees.

Having remained some time at Constantinople seeing the lions, Mr. S. and I proceeded to Nicomedia, from which we crossed the northern limb of Asia Minor to Kirpi, on the shores of the Black Sea.

The country being little frequented we were very

hospitably entertained by the most considerable inhabitants in point of rank in that region. One night we passed in the country residence of a Turk, who might be called a nobleman. The establishment was numerous, and splendid. Indeed, our entertainment deserves particular commemoration, as the ladies of the harem sent us out an elegant supper of many dishes, and did us the honour to enquire if we had any punch and to let them taste it.

The excursion as it may be called, though in its incidents, adventurous, was in no respect contributory, as we had hoped, to the plan of transmitting British goods into the interdicted continent, and we returned with a sense of disappointment, though it proved the advantages of my scheme. It was, therefore, arranged to send about a hundred bales of goods to Widdin, which I undertook to precede at some distance, and to see deposited there till they could be transmitted into Hungary, by the way of Orsova. I acknowledge that the hardships and dangers of the journey were in prospect very daunting, for it lay through a region not much known, and across "mountains high, and deserts idle," moreover it was the winter, and the Russians at war with the Turks, infested the country, as reported on the southern shores of the Danube. Nevertheless, as in those days I had a physical enjoyment in enterprise, on the 4th of

January I left Constantinople. The particulars of the journey are related with becoming modesty in "my book."

At Adrianople I remained several days, in order to arrange matters connected with the serious object of my thoughts, and having been most kindly treated by the French families resident in that city with galas and dances, I proceeded to Philippi, so famed as the death place of Brutus, making as few halts as possible, till I got to Sophia. There I met my friend Vilhi Pacha's physician, for it was then his highness's head-quarters.

I had come from the capital to Adrianople with hired horses, but as I approached the anarchy or army, I was persuaded to avail myself of my firman and post orders, accordingly I arrived at Sophia with public steeds, and was lodged there with Theophanes, the bishop; a man of whose learning and genius the highest report prevailed at haunted Philippi, or as it is called Philipopili. He was considered for his learning and the liberality of his sentiments, then one of the most distinguished members of the Greek hierarchy, and was born in Smyrna, on the 2nd of May, my birth-day, in 1751, and in 1776 he passed into Christendom, visiting in the course of his travels the most celebrated cities. His Latin and Greek were pure and classical, he wrote French with elegance, and read

Italian and German, nor was he unacquainted with the English language besides knowing the different dialects of the Ottoman subjects. His poetry was much admired and he had written a treatise in literary Greek, on the system of Occellos, but in what manner he refuted the argument for the eternity of the world, I cannot pretend to say.

In his person he was a short, Doctor Slop like figure, and in his temper, remarkably testy, in the spurts of which, he, however, was more diverting than disagreeable. Under the cushions of a sofa on which he sat and slept, were stuck innumerable scraps of paper, the memoranda of twenty years. I requested him to show me some of his verses, when putting his hand beneath the cushion at his back, he pulled out an ancient, sullied manuscript, containing the draft of a sonnet and gave it to me: it was addressed to the princess Zepheria, of the Phanar.

When I entered his room, I found on his table a volume of the new Eloise, with one of a new French translation of Clarissa Harlowe, two fit parlour companions for a bishop. To meet with the doctor and him, accomplished literary characters, at the head-quarters of a Turkish army, was an unexpected miracle. In the evening we played at trenta una, which brought out the sparks of his temper with the most amusing brilliancy.

CHAPTER XIII.

Vilhi Pasha.—A vizier's camp.—Fallacy of continental armies.—Incapability of the Ottomans for war.

NEXT morning I paid a visit to Vilhi Pasha, to entreat his protection for myself and the caravan behind me; and it can do no harm to him now to speak freely.

His army in Sophia consisted, as it was said, of fifteen thousand men, and the troops cantoned in the neighbouring towns amounted to not less than fifty thousand. I quote the numbers as they were reported to me, but I think myself, from what was seen, that the multitude certainly did not exceed the half of that number. I have ever since been a great sceptic in the reported amount of continental armies. It would be hazardous to contradict history with respect to the vast forces of the Russians or Austrians, which have from time to time been stated as in the field, to

"Frighten our women, our children, and beaux;"

but I cannot persuade myself to disbelieve the evidence of my senses.

At Adrianople I was informed, from the best authority, that the Grand Vizier's great army was reduced to little more than the number of his own household; and I was assured, not only here, but along the whole track of my journey from Selivria, that notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the Turks in no part of the preceding campaign had near two hundred thousand men in the field, comprehending all within the scope of the war from Widdin to Warna. Reckoning by banerets they had a much greater number, for each baneret is supposed to be accompanied with a hundred and twenty men, and the strength of the force is reported to the Sultan by the number of banerets. Vilhi Pasha appointed one of these squadrons of cavalry to accompany me across the Balkam, one of the passes of Mount Hœmus, and it amounted to no more than eighteen horsemen, with an officer carrying a pennon.

The idea of the head-quarters of the vizier had stood in my mind with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. I had fancied to hear the continual clashing of cymbals, the clangor of trumpets, the neighing of chargers, to see the idle state of banners mocking the air, and an innumerable throng of gorgeous Agas; and on approaching Sophia, actually began to patch up in my mind the visit of Satan to chaos, in order that I might have

an apt quotation from Milton ready when I came to describe so magnificent a spectacle as the camp. But my journey was ordained to chasten me with disappointments. I saw only a multitude of Albanians, wild as the goats on their native mountains; nor were the pistols in their belts more formidable weapons than the horns on the heads of the companions of their youth. Their dress was ragged and dirty; the clouts round their brows, as they walked grinning against the winter's wind, made their appearance more like bedlamites than soldiers. Every thing about them indicated the filth and misery of prisoners rather than the pomp and insolence of soldiers; but it is thus that the circumstances of this impaired and disordered empire are falsely represented.

While at Sophia, a grand salute was fired from five helpless field-pieces of which his highness's park of artillery consisted, in honour of a great victory obtained over the Russians near the confines of Persia, and it was affirmed, and, alas! credited, that three thousand heads of the vanquished were brought to Constantinople. How Vilhi Pasha could give countenance to a tale of such cargoes of carnage, and attach to it the importance of a fact, astonished me as much as if I had been the historian of the Seven Years' War in Germany.

When I saw Vilhi Pasha in the Morea, he appeared facetious, shrewd, and greatly superior in the general cast of his endowments, not only to any idea I had formed of Turks in general, but in respect to a kind of dexterous mode of extracting opinions, to most men I had ever met with. At Sophia he was considerably altered, but he still retained his disposition to jocularity. The colour of his mind, however, was become graver, now and then serious, and directly inquisitive, which, contrasted with his natural gaiety, denoted anxiety and fear. He kept me with him above an hour; and though his conversation was occasionally enlivened with sly questions about the different English travellers who had visited Tripolizza, he often reverted with address to the state of Turkey in our estimation. He evidently seemed to think that the empire was not capable of effectually prosecuting the war: nothing escaped from him which distinctly conveyed that opinion, but his manner, and the tendency of all his questions, from memoranda formed at the time, warrant me in ascribing it to him. He was unquestionably a man of great natural talent, but his head was more political than military, and it is no slight proof of the absurdity of the system of the Ottomans than, that he, so inexperienced, should have been placed at the head of

the main body of the army; for whatever might have been the justness of his notions as to the mode of conducting war, he wanted entirely that habitual readiness in comprehending the details of field operations so essential to success.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Adventure.—Reflections.

AFTER leaving Sophia, the road for three hours lay across the spacious plain on which the town is situated; but as I have recorded in "my book" the particulars of the journey across Mount Hœmus, I may be permitted to omit the details here; one adventure, however, has always exceedingly amused me in the recollection.

When we had reached the lower hills, on the northern side of the mountains, we met a band of armed men, the chief of whom commanded us to alight. He was the governor of Belkofsa with his guards, going to inspect a post in the neighbourhood. We obeyed; and Vilhi Pasha's Tartar sent with me, untied his portmanteau, and presented him with a ring from his master, and a letter recommending me to his protection. Seating himself on the ground, and putting the ring on his little finger, he began to read the letter, when a blast of wind came roaring through the woods, shaking the wintry weight from the trees, and covering us all so profusely, that I began to fear we were involved in the beard of an avalanche;

he however disencumbered himself from his pelisse of snow, and taking his inkstand from his girdle, wrote to his second in command to furnish me with guards as far as Kaaralom, to the commandant of which the Tartar had another ring and a letter. He then mounted, and we pursued our several ways.

The Turkish phrases of compliment are the same on all occasions, as much so as the 'how d'ye do's' of the English; but they are a little more formal, and the second inquiry to a stranger is a hope that he is comfortable. His excellency of Belkofsa was too polite a personage to omit this, so, stroking his beard as he was sitting in the snow as high as his head, he inquired if I was comfortable: I was standing, and the snow was up to my middle.

After this incident nothing particular occurred till we reached Widdin; but if the courteous reader feels the slightest anxiety to be acquainted with what occurred, I refer him to "my book," which, like many other good things existing in this world, is too much neglected. It may, however, be remarked, that, saving the nuisance of guards and the strict scrutiny of the pickets, it was better to travel through the seat of war than in more lonely regions, especially when it was known I was a British subject.

The utmost readiness to oblige was uniformly shown in courtesies towards me. In one place a band, or regiment we would call it, supposed to be of a thousand men, were halted, and the commander alighting from his horse, ordered me to be served with a pipe and regaled with coffee. He was a remarkably fine old man, and two youths who were with him seemed to be his sons. They had come from Asia, and were on their way home. I may be mistaken, but experience leads me to believe that it is the best policy always to accept offered civilities. In the rejection of favours it is difficult not to be rude, where a mutual language does not furnish the means of softening a refusal.

CHAPTER XV.

Widdin.—Inquiries concerning me.—Pasha's dragoman.—Visit to the pasha.—Intrigues.—Visit to the Russian camp.

ALTHOUGH the few days I stayed at Widdin were among the most disagreeable of my life, yet they are somehow pleasant to recollect; and I cannot give a better account of my adventures there, than by transcribing the notes made at the time.

The name of Widdin was left out in my firman, and the omission, as it was pretended, could not be supplied. I think it was done purposely, the fortress being then invested by the Russians; but Widdin was an essential point to which my journey was directed, and to obviate the effects of the omission, before reaching the gate, I sent forward the Tartar which Vilhi Pasha sent with the escort. This obtained for me leave to enter, and I reached unmolested the house inhabited by the archbishop, to whom I had letters of particular recommendation. His palace was at the time used as barracks by the garrison, and he could not accommodate me with lodgings, but the gates of the town being shut for the night soon after I entered, obliged me to remain with him.

In the course of a short time the town-major, as we would call him, had reported my arrival to the pasha, and the archbishop was immediately ordered to the seraglio to give an account of his guest.

The Turk who brought the mandate, having delivered it, spread his mantle on the floor and said his prayers.

While his grace was absent, the pasha's dragoman was in the room, and we entered into conversation. He recommended himself in the warmest manner, and a Greek, of whose mal-practices I was not uninformed. This interpreter had been brought up at the petty court of Wallachia, and had an innate appetite for political intrigue. He was well acquainted with the vendible qualities of several noted personages at Constantinople, and I had some reason to believe him.

He set me down as a spy. Had I worn an uniform I would not have been surprised; but I had nothing more bloody looking about me than a scarlet waistcoat. The artful character of the man's own mind, and the reputation of his friend, convinced me that I should have nothing to do with him. Acute and suspicious, he saw that his offer of services was mentally declined.

What passed between the archbishop and the

pasha can only be conjectured; but I was advised to go early in the morning and pay my respects to his highness.

I was introduced to the minotaur by a shrewd old man, his secretary, who led me through many labyrinthical apartments to where sat

"Semi virumque bovem semi bovemque virum,"

holding a curiously carved wooden baton in his paw.

When the Turk is at his ease, he sits, as all the world knows, cross-legged; but when excited, he draws his knees together, and bends forward with an eager countenance. Into this posture Mula Pasha threw himself when I entered the room—a tall backed, gilded chair was ready for me, covered with crimson, somewhat resembling the Hanoverian chairs of silver some time ago at Windsor castle.

In the course of conversation, it appeared that the interpreter had been with the pasha. I had mine with me; for it is the etiquette on such occasions for the stranger to bring his own dragoman. My promotion during the night had been more rapid than is usual in his majesty's service, being now regarded as a general, and so styled, my red waistcoat testifying to the fact.

In his manners, I found the pasha a rough Turk, but not without some generous qualities; and the visit passed off very civilly.

The town was so full of soldiers, that he could not assign me lodgings in any private house; but he ordered an apartment in one of the khans to be carpeted for me.

In the meantime the interpreter and the Greek, to whom I have alluded and whom I must consider as the invisible machinery of the epic of which I was the hero, had put their heads together and were at work.

Towards evening I received an intimation by my janissary, that it was expected I would not stay more than three days in the town, nor walk about the fortifications. This intelligence was not agreeable; but as I was writing at the time, it did not much trouble me. Before the gates were shut for the night, a message, however, came from the Tartar Aga of the garrison, to inform Vilhi Pasha's Tartar, that horses were ready, and that he must depart immediately.

Two days passed without any occurrence, and a heavy fall of snow prevented me from having any desire to walk abroad. On the third day the weather cleared, when my janissary, who happened to be in the street, came in with great exultation, and called me to see the pasha in a scarlet chariot,

with about two hundred guards around, going to the custom-house, little thinking that this magnificent array was on our account. In the course of a few minutes after came a messenger, with a silver rod in his hand, and ordered the janissary to the pasha. The janissary went with fear and trembling, and returned with the tear in his eye, along with the messenger, sagaciously to inquire if I was not a Russian spy; because, if I were, the pasha had threatened to put his head in his hand, like a melon, for bringing me into the fortress. This was accompanied with an order for my dragoman to attend examination; but the plot had now thickened to such a degree, that I thought it more accordant to the best rules of the drama to hasten the catastrophe, and therefore refused to allow him.

This answer brought the Pasha's interpreter with a consequential aspect; I recapitulated to him, remembering the impression he had made upon me, all the circumstances of the extraordinary course of proceeding adopted towards me, affirming that I had come on no other business than what was already known to the pasha. He went away and returned with an enquiry to account for the omission of Widdin in my firman. With the natural answer, he departed; but almost immediately came back, with a demand for my papers. To

this it was necessary to put on a bold face; I therefore replied to the following effect.

"My papers consist wholly of private letters and passports, which I will certainly not deliver to you, nor to any one else. How do I know that all these impertinent messages really come from the pasha? but if they do, tell his highness that I will attend on himself whenever he is pleased to call me, and satisfy him that I am a British subject; that in the meantime as such I demand his protection for my person and property. If there be any complaint against me tell me what it is, but do not endeavour to pick matter of suspicion out of my attendants. Finally, and once for all, say that I feel myself in the power of his highness, but at his peril let him do me any injury."

Historical truth obliges me to confess that there was very little heroism in this magnanimous defiance. I knew that however fairly and clearly Greek interpreters may reflect the acquiescences of peace and ceremony, they were non-conductors of indignation. The fellow to whom I was speaking would as soon have ventured to have tugged the pasha by his black, bushy beard, as to have repeated a moiety of what I said, and my answer closed the affair. The pasha sent back to say, that as he could neither read nor write, he wished me next day to wait with my papers on his secretary,

which I did, and it is but justice to add, that I had no further reason to complain during the remainder of my stay, and I was informed that as many horses as I chose, to make what excursions I thought proper, were at my command.

During this last visit of the interpreter, my stupid janissary, understanding that the pasha was wanting my papers, and he happening to have a number of packets and trumpery in his saddle-bags, must, forsooth, bring his also out, in order to strengthen the affirmations of our innocence. Among them, to my indescribable horror, was a large parcel for Prince Kaminsky, the Russian commander. I had but one way to take on this frightful discovery, which was, to order him, with the interpreter, instantly with it to the pasha. The three or four minutes of his absence were truly exquisite; however, he soon returned with a blithe countenance, saying, that the pasha was in correspondence with the Russian general, and would transmit the packet without delay across the river to the officer commanding there, and send the receipt when the boat returned, which was faithfully performed.

But in opening my packets, I found a letter huddled in among them to the French minister at Vienna. I was not long deciding what to do with it, and I put it in the fire. Mr. Canning (now Sir

Stratford) was made acquainted with the transaction, and thought, as I had been so treated, I should have given up the letter to him.

An opportunity occurred soon after this fracas, to send to Orsova, where I expected a gentleman from Vienna to meet me; but when the messenger returned, I was informed he did not deem it prudent to come. I will not, however, trouble the reader with my extreme disappointment at finding my plans thus frustrated, myself without money, and a large caravan of valuable merchandise behind me. I actually shed tears of rage and vexation.

While my letters were on the road to Orsova I walked about freely, and with the pasha's permission induced a boatman to take me across the Danube to see the Russian camp. The stream was full of small pieces of ice crashing and tumbling, but as I have since made an excursion in similar circumstances across the vast St. Lawrence, I shall say no more about it here. The Russian commander received me very politely, and conducted me to his hut under ground, in which there was a fire and a pane of glass for a window; he made coffee for me, and was unquestionably exceedingly courteous and kind. He was a young man, not much older than myself, genteely dressed, with an air of aristocracy. After sitting some time with

him I went to visit the camp, which consisted chiefly of cavalry; the men were well dressed, and the horses very good, fastened each to a spear stuck upright in the ground; but the force was quite inconsiderable compared with what I expected to see, it served however to convince me of the awful exaggeration which attends all the military phenomena of the continent. It did not I am sure amount to many hundred men, and Widdin at the time contained, with the inhabitants, it was said, no less than fifty thousand.

Having expressed my sense of the Russian commander's politeness, I returned across the Danube, where I found the blessed tidings from Orsova had arrived.

CHAPTER XVI.

A romantic adventure.—Leave Widdin.—Vexation in a cottage.—The old bishop of Sophia.—A mysterious adventure.—Return to Christendom.—Missolonghi.—Industry in the Lazaretto of Messina.

In the evening, after my return from the Russian camp, I had a number of visitors, and among others an aged Turk, of the finest physiognomy I ever beheld. He would have been beautiful in any picture by Raffaelle. In the course of conversation he mentioned that he was taken, when a very little boy, from Belgrade to an Hungarian nobleman's residence, where he had for a number of years been treated as a son of the family. In consequence, when he came back to Turkey, he had made a vow to return, as far as he was able, the kindness with which he had been treated, and among other things, said that twenty thousand piastres were at my command. I told him how I was situated with the caravan of merchandise coming forward, and the gentleman expected from Vienna having declined to come to Orsova.

With his assistance I might no doubt have crossed the continent, and made the best of my

way to England, but, at least for the present, that project could not be carried into effect; accordingly I received from him next day seven thousand piastres to pay the expenses incurred, and gave a friend of his an order to receive the forty-five camel loads of goods, resolving to return to Constantinople and thence to England without delay, in the hope of there finding general support in my project, frustrated in the particular patronage I had expected.

The following day I left Widdin; a rapid thaw had commenced, and it was noon before I found myself ready to quit the fortress. I shall, having elsewhere sketched the journey, be here not very particular; but, however pleasant in a poetical sense it may be to stray "On the banks of the dark rolling Danube," it was not very pleasant to travel them. The tracks in the snow, which during the frost had been converted into highways, were turned into canals, which obliged us to seek new paths. The streams which had been frozen, but of which the ice by the continual thoroughfare of passengers, had been in many places broken, were full and rapid, and the horses in passing several times plunged up to the belly, to which were added, a lowering sky, a wet night, and cattle that we feared to be obliged to leave on

the road. However we crossed the mountains without adventure; but in a cottage a little on the south side of Kootlofska, I experienced another return of my vexation. In the corner of a house, however, a cask of wine was discovered, which with a little persuasion was broached, and as the rain, or rather melted snow, was dropping a heavy shower, we were glad to partake of the wine—a pan and a fire supplying what the backwardness of the season had denied.

From Sophia, Vilhi Pasha's head quarters were removed, and the old bishop was exceedingly dejected on account of the renewal of hostilities, and the taking of Loftsa with the whole flower of the vizier's army, amounting, it was said, to 13,000 men. It was impossible, without a feeling of peculiar sorrow, to leave that interesting and helpless old man in a situation which even in peace and summer afforded him no pleasure, and where he suffered a living death in the fears of life and the infirmities of age. In proceeding towards Constantinople, after halting at Philippopili, I met with a mysterious adventure, which was never quite explained.

The wetness of the weather had obliged me to take refuge in a country inn, as we would call it, and after I had been there about an hour, a band of travellers, evidently of some rank, came into

the coffee-house. By their dress, they appeared to be travelling Jews, but there was something about their air and mien which shewed more of the soldier than the merchant. I was amused by an inadvertency in their disguise which was certainly overlooked by themselves. Their beards were all too short for the characters they professed to be; and one of them, a young man under thirty, was clean shaven, which at once betrayed them. The "shaven and shorn" individual, seeing me in the Frank dress, came towards me, and presently, to my surprise, spoke French, and we entered into conversation. He was of a cheerful disposition, and mentioned that they had come from Germany.

After some time the weather cleared up and they went away. I was too wet to go, or we should have joined forces. They had not proceeded above an hour or two, when some other travellers came into the house, and I learnt from them that the band in advance were surely French officers going on some secret mission. The person who gave me this information mentioned some high influential names of persons who were in the secret, among others Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan minister. Altogether, there was something in the affair exceedingly incomprehensible, and I mentioned to Mr. Canning, (Sir Stratford Can-

ning,) when I returned to Constantinople, my obscure gropings which these men had caused. He said nothing, but it was very evident to me by his manner that he was acquainted with the circumstance. Some time after, at Smyrna, I was told by the consul that one of the archdukes came along my route secretly on his way to be sent to Sardinia, to marry the Princess Beatrix of that island. This was immediately after a baron of his Imperial Highness's suite, who was with Mr. Werry, left the room. I have often since wondered if it was the Archduke's suite that I had fallen in with, and my inclination is to think it was.

From Constantinople I proceeded homeward by sea, and, among several other places, staid two or three days at Missolonghi, since so famous as the death-place of Lord Byron. The weather was exceedingly wet while I was there, and I could not stir out, in consequence of which I was obliged to amuse myself as well as I could, but the materials were very scanty. However, among other things, the master of the house, where I staid, had a copy of Goldoni's dramatic works, which I read till I was tired; and then, from sheer want of something else to do, took to translating them, and in one day translated the comedy of "La Jealousia de Lindoro," under the name of "The

Word of Honour." The work was afterwards published in blank verse in "The New British Theatre," and is one of my greatest feats, whether considered for quantity or execution. I also next day translated another comedy, under the name of "Love, Honour, and Interest," which was also published in the same work. The genius of Goldoni is not of a high order, but his dialogue is singularly natural. In my version it is on stilts, but still the translations afford, in my own opinion, a passable view of his peculiarities. I translated also several passages of other plays, but completed none save the two mentioned. I allude to the fact merely to shew to what shifts travellers are obliged to have recourse for amusement, and chiefly because Missolonghi is now known to most literary men.

At Missolonghi I embarked in a vessel for Messina, where we were put under quarantine for eighteen days. The room assigned to me was truly lugubrious. It looked into a court-yard, and the area was a burying-ground, which obliged me to desire the porter to get me the last new Italian work. Never was an order more fortunately executed. He brought me the Life and Works of the famous Alfieri. I had seen his "Myrrha" performed, but I cannot describe the delight the volumes afforded; I devoured them; and they pro-

duced an immediate revolution in my taste. Previously it had been my endeavour to be dignified and classical, but on reading the works of Alfieri, a change took place, arising from seeing that defect conspicuous in his compositions. In the midst of some of the finest natural bursts of passion, a recondite expression marred the whole, and the first effect was the following contrite acknowledgement, in an

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

I.

Mother of beauty, nymph divine,
Hail, ever fair Simplicity!
Long far remote from thy green shrine,
Enchanted by the wizard powers,
I lingered in fantastic towers,
Nor felt thy mild benignity.

II.

But now with the dissolving spell
Fly all the forms of sorcery,
And in the gentle hermit's cell,
Restraint—that to thy altar brings
A temperate feast from fruits and springs,
Allays my fevered phantasy.

III.

Still more and more, sweet nymph, inspire
Thy proselyte and votary,
And teach him as he wakes the wire,
Those sacred touches to impart
That suddenly surprise the heart
In thy unstudied melody.

I afterwards translated and abridged the autobiography of the poet, and began those dramatic essays which I afterwards published, and may again republish, for now the nature that I have endeavoured to throw into them is better understood. However, I take great credit to myself for industry in the lazaretto of Messina, having enjoyed there with so much relish those sublime works which are every day becoming better known to all Christendom. It is needless to say here, that the English translations published of the Life, and of the Plays, give no idea of the singular felicity with which they are executed, notwithstanding those blemishes, as I think them, that obscure the sense of particular passages.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sardinia.—A visit from the Russian ambassador.—Go to Gibraltar.—Thence to Cork.—State of crime in Ireland.—Proceed home.—End of the Third Epoch.

WHEN relieved from quarantine, I found at Messina an old acquaintance in General Skirrot, who was kind enough to offer me a passage with himself in a transport, but as he could not exactly say when she would sail, I went forward to Palermo, and thence embarked for Sardinia, where, as my information respecting the island was then very imperfect, I staid some time, and became acquainted with Mr. Joseph Smith, the secretary of legation, a gentleman of considerable taste and acquirements*. He pointed out to me one of Alfieri's particular friends, for that genius was then predominant in my reflections. I exchanged there for the English translation of his Life, the works which I obtained in the lazaretto of Messina.

An agreeable incident happened to me at Cagliari, which had the effect of prolonging my stay

* The article on Sardinia, in my Voyages and Travels, was revised by him.

several days in Sardinia,—a visit from the Russian ambassador. He spoke English perfectly, better than any foreigner I have ever known, and was thoroughly acquainted with all our leading authors. He was the first from whom I imbibed a right notion of the spirit of the Russian government. No doubt there has been some shade of difference always between our respective opinions, for I am perhaps a little prone to think governments should be, as it were, committees of their subjects; but I could not perceive that he has ever greatly objected to this notion. Like all the Russians, however, that I have ever known, and I have known many since of rank and talent, he seemed to consider governments as agents having the improvement of that portion of mankind their subjects, for their trust. The Prince is younger than me, and is now past the active period of life, but I am sure it is no flattery to say, that he is calculated to render much benefit to his country, not by actions, for he is not a man of action, but he possesses great intuitive perception of character, an extent of practical knowledge quite superior, and more liberality of ideas than most men, with a kindliness of feeling that is exceedingly amiable. As a counsellor he would be in his sphere, and one whose advice ought to be held in much esteem, notwithstanding the easiness of his nature, and what may be called

boyish eccentricity. I have introduced freely my opinion of this gentle and good man, because he is one of those whose talents and discernment are only justly valued by those who know them best.

At this time the Princess Beatrix of Sardinia was married, as before mentioned, to the Archduke, and the wedding festivities were going on. I was invited to go to court and to partake of the galas, but for obvious reasons the honour was declined. There was, however, a mask-ball, which was a huge temptation; I had, however, the fortitude to withstand it. In truth, being very dull, I had no enjoyment in things of that sort.

As will be seen in the course of these pages, I have all my life been liable to occasional fits of abstraction, unless particularly roused. At Cagliari, a ludicrous incident of this kind happened when Prince K—— introduced himself to me. The weather was very warm, and I was to dine at the ambassador's; in consequence the process of my dressing was slow, and I was very indolent. I had only got on my stockings and smallclothes, and was sitting in my shirt reading, of all things, Dr. Black's translation of the Life of Alfieri. The room in which I was sitting had a tiled floor, and was swarming with fleas and sand-flies. In reading the book I felt my legs often annoyed by these bloody-minded beasts, and without thinking that I

had on white silk stockings, every now and then committed murder. On the entrance of the prince I was roused from my abstraction, and lo and behold! my stockings were all freckled with blood, and God knows how many lives I had to answer for.

From Cagliari I went with the packet to Gibraltar, where I staid two or three days for the purpose of obtaining some commercial information, and to consider at leisure the local circumstances of the place; in order that if I returned to the Mediterranean, I might not be altogether ignorant of its commercial advantages. But I considered my travels as over; at least I made no particular note of what I saw after leaving Sardinia.

While I remained at the fortress, I was much indebted to the kindness and hospitality of my friend the late Col. Wright, but I did not at this time fall in with any particular character. From Gibraltar I went to Cork, where we were again put under quarantine at Cove. During the quarantine nothing particular occurred; but I got the newspapers regularly, and was naturally led to think of the condition of Ireland. The assizes were then sitting, and by carefully perusing the publication of the different trials, it appeared to me, by notes formed at the time, that much of the rankness of criminality among the Irish was owing

to some defect in the administration of justice; and I find I remarked, that the conduct of Irish juries proved that juries were not fit for all people, and particularly for the Irish people:—an observation of more depth than I was then aware of, and made in consequence of a trial in which I took particular interest as it was reported in "The Cork Intelligencer" of the 10th of August, 1811.

One Thomas Murphy was indicted at the Carrickfergus assizes for uttering forged notes in imitation of the notes of the Greenock Bank Company, "knowing the same to be forged." The teller of the bank, to whom the notes were made payable, was called to prove the forgery; but the judge observed that he was only the payee, and that it would be necessary in this prosecution that the cashier, or person who signed the notes, should be present to prove the forgery. That person not being present, the jury immediately found the prisoner "not guilty." The note which I made on this trial is curious, as it shewed that I thought the judge ignorant of banking business, and the teller ignorant of law. The judge ought to have told him, that although he was only the payee of the note, his name in it was actually written by himself, and therefore he was fully competent to prove the forgery. I have no recollection of mentioning

this opinion to any person, but the correctness of it seems indisputable.

It appears from reading the different trials in the papers, at that time, that crime was very rife in Ireland, and I drew an inference from what I read, that deserves some attention, for I speak of it with historical impartiality, not having for more than twenty years looked at the notes or remembered the occurrence. It is, that from the way the Irish have of combining together, and of supporting each other in opposition to the judicature and government of the country, it is not sufficient to prosecute only the individuals who commit great offences; but that even the districts in which the offenders reside, ought to be mulcted in some way or another,—the neighbourhood ought to be made responsible to the nation for the injuries which its members do to the public. Something in the manner that tithings and hundreds were made responsible for the conduct of their inhabitants in King Alfred's time.

Another curious fact was mentioned, as matter of news only, in the "Cork Morning Intelligencer" of the 22d of August, 1811. It was stated, that one Dennis Murvounagh presented a petition to Mr. Justice Daly, representing, that on the 10th of July, 1811, his son was murdered at Derry-

gonelly; that on the 11th the brother of the deceased applied to Dr. Nixon, a magistrate of the county, for a warrant against the murderers, which Dr. Nixon refused—that on the 13th the petitioner applied to the Rev. William Owens, the next resident magistrate, and was again refused; and that the petitioner applied to Dr. Stewart, another magistrate of the county, and provost of Enniskillen, and was once more refused, and told to apply to Dr. Owens, as he had done before. The judge ordered the petitioner to go to Major Brooks, who would take the information; but when the poor man had assembled his witnesses, the major had gone into the country, and the murderer was going about unmolested.—Where such things are permitted, misrule and disorder only can exist.

Living solitary on board the vessel, and having but newspapers to amuse me, I was much struck with the prevalence of atrocity in Ireland, compared with what I heard of in Turkey, although we speak of that country as in a state of anarchy; and I made another note of what appeared to me at the time a curious instance of the depravity in Ireland to which human nature sometimes sinks. It is that murders are committed there from causes and grudges, of which the English have no conception. In the same paper from which I took

the foregoing anecdote, mention is made of a man having been murdered by his fellow-labourers, from pure invidiousness. He was a stranger in that part of the country, and employed as a stone mason at some new building of Colonel Vereker's, at Tierwhan. I never heard of a similar crime from a similar cause having been committed in England or Scotland, or elsewhere.

These remarks are the nucleus of my notes during the time I was under quarantine. When relieved from that captivity, I went to the city of Cork, where letters from home were awaiting me. After dinner, I set off in the mail for Dublin; next day stopped in that city, to which I had letters, and hired a coach and man to go about with me, to shew me all the objects of curiosity. In the evening, I set out in the mail for Belfast, embarked at Donoghadee, and in due season, as fast as the post, was taken to Greenock; there I remained a few days with my friends, and then proceeded to London.

EPOCH FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

Periodical estimates.—Abandon the intention of studying the law.—Also the Levant scheme.—Publish my travels.—Renew my acquaintance with Lord Byron.

In a work of this kind it is necessary to make periodical estimates of character, and to determine occasionally whether one has been stationary, progressive, or retrograde.

During an absence of between two and three years, I was only sensible of having become more self-sustained. Former intimates appeared as I had left them; perhaps it is always so with those who remain stationary: their topics of conversation were of course different, being influenced by the aspect of the times, but their minds had undergone no change. They reminded me of my companions at Greenock, when I first returned from London. For myself, undoubtedly, I cared less for the circumstances in which I found individuals than I had done before, and had less reverence for condition: the appliances of life had lost much of their effect on me. The world seemed,

however, unchanged as it were in its contour, but every thing appeared invested with a new light.

By my visit to Greenock, I learned from my brother's letters that his prospects had rather faded, and being intent on my Levant speculation, I determined not to proceed in the study of the law—an equivocal determination. Had I sat down in chambers, and addicted myself to literary pursuits, my life would have become more equable and quiet. But the total want of patronage was ever before me, and I saw it might be impossible to claim from my brother that pecuniary assistance which would be required during my studies for the bar.

On reaching London, I resolved to proceed with my Levant scheme, and took the earliest opportunity of ascertaining if Mr. Canning (Sir Stratford) had made any communication on the subject to the foreign office *; as I conceived that communication essential to my project. The result of my inquiries was a negative, which determined me to wait till his letters were received. At the same time I was indignant to observe how little atten-

* I find the following note:—

"2d March, 1811.—Mr. Canning mentioned to me this evening, that he was about to propose a plan to government relative to the Archipelago, and said that he would recommend me to be placed at the head of it. For this purpose he took my address both in London and in Scotland."

tion was paid at the office to an object evidently *important*; and I was not very remiss in making the gentleman I spoke to, understand what impression his indifference made on me.

Some two or three days after, I was surprised by receiving a visit from the now well known Mr. Hume. I knew him before; but not intimately. The object of his visit, though it seemed one of mere courtesy, was to ascertain what I expected from the foreign office towards the establishment of my plan. In consequence I concluded that letters had been received from Mr. Canning, but, finding myself disappointed of support in the quarters I expected, and the repulsive coldness with which the design was received, I told Mr. Hume that I had nothing to ask *.

When I found myself in this state of disappointment, and not very well knowing what to do, I

* I may here mention incidentally that my plan of conveying goods into the continent, by Turkey, was afterwards partly carried into effect by others with great profit. I was, however, surprised to hear Mr. Canning mention that the brother, I believe, of the gentleman whom I was to meet at Orsova, and who by disappointing me I shall always regard as the cause of my scheme not being carried into effect, had undervalued to him its practicability. At this time having abandoned the plan I said nothing, but twenty years after, I remember it with a grudge, for although a very profitable business was carried on, it was far short of the comprehensive project I had formed, and which perhaps I may be induced yet to publish.

resolved to publish my Travels, and while the proofs were going through the press, accepted an invitation to stay with Dr. Tilloch, to avail myself of his assistance in correcting them. With him I staid till the work was finished, and then removed into lodgings, determined in my own mind to follow a very sequestered course of life. I do not say that I thought the gentlemen wrong to whom I made my plan known, but I was much dissatisfied with the whole manner in which the business was received, and the aspect of things around me was not very promising. During this period I renewed my acquaintance with Lord Byron, who had returned home.

Whether it was about this time he shewed me the papers of the first sale of Newstead, I do not now recollect; but remember very well, when he did, that I expressed my surprise that he should think of converting to his own use the proceeds of a property which belonged to the heirs of the family rather than to himself.

One day when we dined together in the St. Alban's Coffee-house, which stood near Waterloo-place, his Lordship was very much agitated, having been on a consultation with his lawyer respecting a libel on his mother, published, if I recollect right, in the Satirist. An expression in the

libel, which he quoted, was, that it would be proved he was the illegitimate son of a murderer. I advised him to take no notice of the libel, for his having been received into the House of Lords was proof enough of the falsehood; adding that it was vexing himself to read such things, and that I never wilfully read anything libellous on my friends.

He became more pacified, and I heard no more of the transaction, though he was in the practice of occasionally calling at my lodgings as he went to the House of Lords, to give me a frank.

There was, however, about this extraordinary young nobleman something that, even while he was agreeable, checked all confidence; for though his temper was not decidedly bad, it was skinless and capricious, and I was not always in a humour to accord that indulgence which he constantly required. Of all men I have ever known, he had the least equanimity, and yet in his felicitous moments he was singularly amusing, often interesting. To me there was an agreeable excitement frequently produced by his conversation, but he claimed more deference than I was disposed to grant. The fault might however be mine, for certainly, in proportion as a superiority is assumed, I have all my life risen against it. This weakness with men of the world may be laughable, but to

those who are only half and half it seems presumptuous: I am as well aware as any man can be, that it sets up the hair on the backs of those who plume themselves on their birth or fortune.

CHAPTER II.

Critiques on my Travels.—My brother's opinion.—Political predictions.—Their fulfilment.

THE publication of my Voyages and Travels was in some sort an era. The volume was rather handsomer than common, and it was printed without the mediation of a bookseller, a mode of proceeding by which I may not have reaped any pecuniary advantage; but my manuscripts are all such scrawled and blotted things, that nobody would read them in their original state. My custom since is to write and print simultaneously, and to go to press when there is about a sheet of *copy* ready.

Of the opinions expressed by the different critical periodicals, I have now no remembrance; for I have had always in private more severe critics than "the executioners in masque," and their strictures have hardened me to endure the animadversions of the others, even when they seemed to think I had offended, as if publication implied an obligation to buy against their will. What the Quarterly Review said, I know not. I have never read it; for being out of town at the time the number was

published, my shoulders escaped the flagellation; but I have always understood it was very bad, and that through mistake I was treated as a whig. The Edinburgh, if this report be true, must have been really better, for I do not remember that it spoke at all of my supposed politics. Upon the whole I was pleased with it, for in those days I was simpleton enough to believe that reviewers possessed more than common acumen and more accurate information than most men. But before the number of the review appeared, my equanimity was put to desperate proof. A friend was sitting in the advocate's library, in Edinburgh, looking at my book, when Jeffrey came in, and turning over a few pages, said, it seemed to show some grasp of mind, an expression that gave me cause to hope the sentence would be mild. I had prepared myself for severity, and this accidental anti-trial judgement discomposed me, for although I had not the information direct myself, there was every reason to believe it correct, and that there was a favourable leaning in that quarter towards me, especially when informed by Park that an application had been made to him to write a critique. However, in the end he had not the courage, and declined it on prudential motives. From that time I gave up all expectation of receiving any hitch of help in literature, more than in

business; but I was mortified, for by this time I had begun to suspect that a good word was as useful to custom in book-making, as in any other trade.

Although the volume of my Voyages and Travels was not received as a phœnix, with any particular laud and admiration from the other birds and fowls of the same element, the reception, as evinced by the sale, was satisfactory, and it still lives though it sleeps, for I sometimes hear of it turning in the curtained obscurity to which it has been consigned. I should not, however, omit to mention, as it was a sort of first book, that I derived particular pleasure from an opinion expressed on it, which I knew was really worth something, for its honesty at least; I allude to what my brother thought of it, for on his judgement I had great reliance. His letter was as follows:

"Honduras, 14th June, 1812.

"I received your letter of 22d January, accompanied with your first publication, the perusal of which has afforded me a great deal of pleasure; and those who have read it, and for whose opinion I have any regard, have returned it to me with favourable reports. It certainly contains much information of places, which, though known to every one by general description, were still to be familiarized by that comparative view with well

known objects at home which gives the most correct idea of places at a distance; but it may perhaps be objected, that some of your comparisons have too much locality to render them generally understood. Your description of the characters, manners, and mode of living of the people you have travelled amongst, is, in my opinion, the best part of your work. I can almost fancy myself as much acquainted with your Turks and Greeks as if I had accompanied you. I do not remember any work where the writer introduces you so familiarly to the natives, and makes an intimate acquaintance of you. You, with all the license of familiarity, do find fault and complain of bad dinners and bad beds, mortifications which seem to have attended a great part of your journey, and to which custom did not appear to reconcile you. * * * In dates and distances of places you are inexcusably negligent. I do not like, either, your mode of dividing the book. Your movements are too rapid to follow your route on the map; you are landed in Sicily, before we know you intended to embark from the country "where the inhabitants still wear skins." Your "political reflections" are ill calculated to awaken conviction to the minds of men made up of "files and precedents," or to alter that grovelling opposition

to the formidable and overwhelming continental system which crushes the impotent attempts that have been hitherto made against it, and which there is little reason to believe will be rendered more effectual, when the only members of administration who might be expected to adopt something more decisive are retiring in disgust."

I did not remember the political reflections at this time, until there was occasion to refer from my brother's letter to ascertain from the book itself to what he alluded; but it was a part of the work to which the Edinburgh Review particularly referred, and adverted to it as deserving of attention. It really appears now, that the predictions have acquired an air of veracity which did not strike me at the time, and there is a passage to which, probably, the reviewer referred, that seems more like reflections after the events had taken place, than anticipations. It is this:—

"The conspiracy of kings against mankind is supposed to have been arranged on or before the 12th of January last (1811); but the very nature of the policy of the British nation will, more than her arms, enable her to overcome this hydra. Her allies are now mankind; and the superiority of a commercial, over a military system, begins to be acknowledged by the most fanatical worshippers of French glory.

"The aim of a commercial system is to maintain the existing state of things, because security is essential to the prosperity of commerce, and without some assurance of permanency in the circumstances under which commercial projects are formed, they are never prosecuted with the activity requisite to success. But the security necessary to commerce does not imply that the existing state of things should be forcibly maintained; on the contrary, only this, that it should not be suddenly altered, for the tendency of a commercial system is to improve the existing state of things, and improvement is not at variance with, but is the food of stability. The military system is illustrated by the condition of the inhabitants of Holland, Germany, Italy, Spain, and wherever the French arms have been carried. The commercial system is seen in Malta and Sicily, and is remembered wherever the British manufactures have had access. But that cruel coercion which has sent from the shores of so many states so many harmless and helpless beings, cannot long endure: each individual victim of that bigotry which persecutes industry even with fire and faggot has his desire of comfort and of distinction as strongly as the infatuated princes of the continent, but it is not in the nature of things that this desire should not manifest itself. It is, however, not against the wretched disciples of

the prophet of oppression that the wrath of mankind should be directed, it is against that nation which for a vain glorious purpose is the innate enemy of all that is just, venerable, and holy; *until France be reduced again to a moderate condition, there can be no moral advancement, no hope of prosperity to the continent of Europe.*

"But in what manner is Great Britain to render her present vantage ground available; by what means are we to receive and embody with our own strength those innumerable individuals over the continent, who long to embrace and to promote our cause; how are the physical, moral, and social qualities of mankind to be so amalgamated as to produce political effects? Only by Great Britain proclaiming her resolution to maintain an insular empire in opposition to the continental system, to avow that all the islands over which her jurisdiction has not yet been extended, are only not hers because she has not found it convenient to take possession of them, and that what she does take possession of she will maintain to the utmost, and consider as integral parts of her empire never to be ceded by treaty, never to be separated but by the sword. Of the utility of such policy we have proof and experience in the state of our relations with Turkey. What protects the remnants of our Levant factories in that paralyzed realm from being expelled

like our other merchants from the rest of Europe, but the known conviction on the mind of the French ruler, that the moment we are obliged to consider the Sultan as an enemy, separates from the Ottoman empire the populous and fertile islands of the Ionian and Levant seas? With this fact before our eyes ought we not to carry our views still further, and to look forward to what would be a decisive avowal of our insular sovereignty, the natural necessary consequence of our maritime power. Nations have not tribunals of justice like men in society, power among them is the criterion of right, and those who deny this principle, doubt the dispensations of providence: the circumstances of the times and of our affairs call on us to look boldly at principles, and to act with decision."

I quote the preceding reflections to show what was then the current of my thoughts. The event has come to pass that was predicted from the nature of things; the insolent French system has been turned into derision, and the apostle of national perdition is buried in the cleft of a rock in the middle of the liberated sea.

CHAPTER III.

Transit trade through Turkey.—Go back to Gibraltar.—Return to London.—Marry.—Adventure with Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke.

About this time I heard that the goods by the caravan of camels, which I had conducted to Widdin, had arrived safe at their destination, and that there was secretly a most profitable commercial intercourse going on in the route I had opened up between Salonica by way of Sophia to Widdin. The news gave me great pleasure, and at the same time excessive pain, for there were many circumstances connected with the project that convinced me I might think good thoughts, but had not the luck to carry them into effect.

In this state of fluctuating feeling, Mr. Kirkman Finlay was in London, and explained to me that his house had some intention of establishing a branch at Gibraltar, Spain being then overrun by the French; and proposed to provide for me in it. This proposition was one, for different reasons, the most acceptable that could be made, for although burning with indignation at the manner in which

I had been allowed to incur danger and vexation at Widdin, I could not conceive that the manner in which I had committed the caravan to the care of a Greek, could be otherwise than unpleasant. But it has been my fortune, however meagre in the results, to bring me in connexion with honourable specimens of human nature. I therefore closed at once with Mr. Finlay, and was ultimately sent to Gibraltar with another gentleman.

The nature of our business was not such as I would have preferred, but in my circumstances it was agreeable, and a connexion with Mr. Finlay's house, with many of the partners of which I was personally acquainted, was of all things, as it seemed, a stroke of good fortune; but I soon saw that in the business at Gibraltar I would be out of my element; for, unfortunately, I never in my life have been able to lay my heart to any business whatever in which the imagination had not a share. Part of the plan received a sudden check by the victorious career in the Peninsula of the Duke of Wellington, and I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say that I repined at his victories. His triumphal entry into Madrid was the death of my hopes, but there was no decent pretext for coming away, so I staid there several months; at last, however, I found myself obliged

by necessity to return to London for surgical advice; and yet it was with me absolutely a struggle whether to endure the progress of a vital disease, or to take this step. At last the love of life predominated, and I came home equally chagrined with the complexion of my fortunes and depressed with my malady. What added to my humiliations was, that a friend who conceived he might address himself freely to me, soon after, in total ignorance of the case, wrote to me a letter, implying great imprudence in my conduct for coming home. Immediately, by return of post, I wrote him an account of the whole affair, and the diseased condition of myself, which I had not revealed to any person but the late Mr. Lynn, the celebrated surgeon, of Westminster.

Returning inclosed the reproachful letter, and telling him that if after what he had said he could verify the imprudence with which he charged me, I begged he would consider our friendship as at an end. It would be great injustice not to say that he very frankly acknowledged the error into which he had fallen, by having listened too credulously to a report which he had received from a mutual friend. It would be too much in the professional style of a novelist to paint the effects of the scene his letter produced, for I could not disguise to myself that, however appearances might in future be

preserved, the confidence of an early friendship was no more. I therefore will not attempt to describe with what emotion I embodied the feelings of the moment in the following verses, but I felt upon me the heavy hand of misfortune to which only I reluctantly acknowledged disease superior.

EPIGRAM.

If 'tis old age to mope alone,
Fortune, hope, health, and friendship gone,
Return'd from viewing many a clime,
And reading but to kill the time,
With wat'ry eye, and bosom cold,
Friends, that were mine,—am I not old?

It happened soon after, that Prince K—— came to London, attended by a nephew of the famous Prince P—— and a Mr. C——, both very agreeable persons. P—— was in indifferent health, but he occasionally elanced gleams of mind very brilliant. With the Prince I was constantly engaged. He was indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, and when able to go about, I did all in my power to assist him. An anecdote deserves to be preserved. One day when going down St. James's Street, he remarked a pair of those zig-zag kind of scissars in a cutler's window, and inquired what they were. I could give him no explanation, so we went into the shop together, and

the man explained their use. When we returned into the street, the Prince observed that, trifling as the incident was, it gave him a clearer idea of the wealth and luxuries of England than any thing he had yet seen. "Here", said he, "is an article of refined luxury, the uses of which a person of my rank never heard of. How many things may your nation spare, before you can be brought so low as the level of the continent!"

I introduced his highness to Lord Byron, and we went with his lordship to the Royal Institution, when Campbell delivered that lecture on poetry in which he describes the ship, and quotes an often repeated passage of Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination." A great crowd being at the door and on the stairs when we came out, the Prince stepped into one of the libraries, and calling for Akenside's volume, read the passage twice over which Campbell had repeated, and turning round met a nobleman, whose title I have forgot, and repeated to him by heart his newly acquired quotation of fully a page.

During this visit to England, he happened to be at Lady H——'s assembly when Lady Caroline Lamb attempted her mock tragedy with a jelly-glass or scissors, for the contumely of Lord Byron. Next morning the Prince told me with much laughter the whole affair, and that he was speaking

at the time to Lord P——. But the poor woman was surely mad. I do not think the sympathy for her was very ardent.

While his highness was engaged on a tour in the country, I was married. The ceremony took place on a Tuesday, but on the Saturday before, I met with a most amusing adventure.

Still staying at the Craven Hotel, who should visit me but the famous Mrs. Clarke, in her carriage. I spoke to her laughingly, and she said that she had come from no less a personage than Mr. Cadell, the bookseller in the Strand, where she had been for my address; and though she declined to write, she invited me to call on Sunday, as she had something very particular to say. What Mrs. Clarke could have to say, tickled my imagination, and I promised to come. She lived then in a street off Baker Street or Gloucester Place, and upon going to the house, the footman ushered me into the dining-room, where a gentleman was standing alone with his hat on. Presently he went away, and the servant, who had taken my name up stairs to his mistress, conducted me into the back drawing-room, where she was sitting with her two daughters, who immediately left the apartment.

She then told me that she had been induced to call upon me in consequence of hearing that my

Life of Cardinal Wolsey was dreadfully abused by Mr. Croker in the Quarterly Review, and she thought I would be glad to be revenged. I only repeat what she said, never troubling myself with thinking whether her intelligence was false or true; but after telling me this, she gave one of her knowing smiles, and said she was surprised to see me so young a man, and so dressed, for she understood I was an old Scotch clergyman.

CHAPTER IV.

Interview with Mrs. Clarke.—Peruse her papers.—Advise her to suppress her publication.—Some account of her.—Her separation from the Duke of York.

Mrs. Clarke then enquired if I had noticed the gentleman in the parlour.—The reply was, "not particularly."

"I wish you had," remarked she.

"Why?" said I.

"Had he his hat on?"

"Yes; why do you ask these questions?"

"Because," replied she, "it was Sir C—— S——, (now Marquess of L——,) and since I once happened to say to him that he looked better and younger with his hat on, he constantly wears it in my house."

After this skirmishing, seeing that I was not for her purpose, she told me that she had been advised to consult me about a publication of her life. "Oh, ho!" thought I, "this is an effect of Croker's criticism," and I determined, in consequence, to use all my address to get possession of her secrets; so I told her, point blank, she was in want of money, and that this was an expedient to raise the

wind. She confessed the truth, and also that Lord C—— had paid her debts of seven thousand pounds, and given her an annuity of four hundred a year, not to molest the Duke of York. To this I replied, that I could give her no advice, unless she allowed me to see all her papers. She consented; and laying an armful on the table, left me to peruse them.

My visit lasted upwards of six hours, in which I read over the papers; and it will be readily credited they were fit for anything but the public eye. When she returned to me, after the perusal, I told her at once that the publication she intended was disreputable, and that her best way, as she had too much in her power, was to try if she could get the money she wanted by hook or crook from the Duke of York, for the publication must not go on. This led us to speak of the letters which were published when the parliamentary investigation took place; and she affirmed that Mr. G——, so well known as the Duke's friend, had purloined the famous epistle about the old queen. She also mentioned some diverting anecdotes of others. I asked what had become of Colonel Wardle. Her reply was characteristic and amusing:—"Oh!" said she, "the wretch has taken to selling milk in Tunbridge, or at Tunbridge Wells."

I could not at the time give much heed to her affairs, but I advised her strongly to suppress the book, and get what money she wanted in any other expedient way. The result was the suppression of her memoirs; afterwards, if I recollect right, she went to some watering place, and subsequently abroad. What became of her I never well heard, but she went to Italy; and one of her *bon mots* on the society in the town where she staid, was reported to me as a good thing, by an old friend, namely, that she did not think fit to associate with the inhabitants, *on account of the laxity of their morals!*

It may be expected that I should give some account of this celebrated woman, nor am I disinclined, for my recollection of her is very vivid.

She had certainly no pretensions whatever to beauty, though there was a life and intellectuality in her eyes sparklingly agreeable. She dressed with what I would call much taste,—remarkably neat, plain, and clean; and generally with a bare head. Her hair was almost black. She possessed great powers of conversation, was often witty, and suddenly surprised you with flashes of shrewdness seldom seen in woman. Her mind was decidedly masculine, and she read books of what may be called the male kind. But it was not by knowledge that she made herself agreeable. On the

contrary, her general conversation had very few literary allusions; her great forte lay in the discernment of character, and in stripping pretensions. She told me, that during her examinations in the House of Commons, with all the apparent presence of mind she was supposed to evince, she was very much agitated.

The scene she described of her separation from the Duke was exceedingly graphic. The first that she heard of his intention not to come again, was delivered to her by a gentleman whose name I shall not repeat, because I am not sure of being correct. He came, however, to her in a hackney-coach, which he left standing for him at the door. When shewn up into the front drawing-room she was sitting near the window, and he immediately began to deliver his commission. She was at first astonished, for there had been no quarrel with the Duke. She then reflected on having a large establishment of servants and no money; but she began, as the gentleman proceeded, to feel a woman's scorn, and when he had completed the object of his visit, instead of making him any answer, she looked out at the window, and observing the hackney-coach, rose and rung the bell. The butler answered it, and with all the gravity that she could assume, she enquired: "What *low* person has

dared to come to my house, and leave his hackney coach at the door? Send it away!"

"Madam," said the ambassador, "*I* came with it, and it waits for me."

"For you!" exclaimed Mrs. Clarke, "then instantly get out; for if you say another word to me, I will order the footmen to toss you in a blanket!" She was by this time in a boiling passion, and the gentleman immediately withdrew.

I inquired respecting the Duke's character, and, to her credit, she spoke of him with much kindness and respect. The two greatest faults she could lay to his charge were a certain *mauvaise honte* that made him averse to strangers, and a love of good eating. Among other things, she mentioned that George the Third made a rich present of jewels to the Princess of Wales, which Rundell and Bridge sent to the house one Saturday for the Duke to take to Windsor. This was a temptation she could not resist. Accordingly, she decked herself with the royal gems, and went that night with them to the Opera. Next morning his Royal Highness delivered them to the king at Windsor.

At this distance of time, I do not recollect a tithe of the anecdotes she told me, but my acquaintance with her continued, and some of her stories respecting George the Fourth were very

racy. Of the Duchess of York she always spoke with respect, but I think she had no particular anecdotes to tell of her, from which I inferred that she knew little about her. Towards Colonel M'Mahon she had certainly something of an antipathy, for although she spoke of him with bitterness, I could never recollect any particular story which she related to his disadvantage. The fact is, that Mrs. Clarke did not possess that extraordinary fascination which posterity may suppose from the incidents in which she was engaged, but she was undoubtedly clever, with a degree of tact that either in man or woman would have been singularly acute.

CHAPTER V.

Death of my brother.—A legacy.—A lawsuit.—Hastening on the end of the world.

Soon after my marriage, at least there was no influential incident between, I was visited with a great misfortune in the death of my brother. The intelligence came unexpectedly, and there was no mitigation to the stroke, unless it could be described as such, that having resolved to be no longer an adventurer, but to endeavour to confine myself to a very sequestered lot, it did not occasion, as it might have done, any pecuniary inconvenience. This is necessary to be stated, because the course of proceeding adopted towards his effects did credit to my father's goodness of heart, and I venture to think no disparagement to mine.

By the event of the death taking place in a colony, the old gentleman was the heir, but there were circumstances at that time which rendered him delicate in his proceedings towards Mr. R——, who had been so friendly in the crisis of his sons, and, in consequence, if he ever caused any investigation

of my brother's affairs to be made, it is more than I knew, or have since heard of, or have any reason to believe. I only state the fact, with a comment which I feel justified in making, that this course was adopted from motives of gratitude, notwithstanding the importance at that time of any addition to the narrow means of the family.

It is no doubt true, that in the loss of a very promising young man there was quite enough to grieve for, without any pecuniary consideration; but still I do think that the transaction was exemplary, and I record it as an instance of the confidence and kind of feeling which in the family we were taught to cherish; nor was it solitary, but a link in a series which has never been broken, and which has recently proved as strong as ever. In the latter occurrence alluded to, as I had no part, it would be irrelevant to speak here; but there was an early transaction which, though ludicrous, was pregnant with a serious lesson, and which arises fresh on my recollection, tending to shew how my father's children were taught to regard matters of money as secondary things.

Some distant relation of my mother died, leaving such sort of chattels and "hainings" as might be expected to her kin. As my mother had a salutary abhorrence to bugs, she verbally gave her share to my aunt, who went to law with some of the other

relations, in which she came off victorious; or, as she announced in her letter to me on the occasion, by "overcoming principalities and powers", she not only established her right to a larger portion of the furniture, but to a share of what in Scotland is called "the lying siller."

On hearing that there was money in the case, my mother, in her droll peculiar way, began to insinuate that she had never given the money, but only consented not to take the furniture; a sinister pretension that set all the children up in arms against her, and my father taking part in the argument, we fairly got the better of her: the gift was fully confirmed, with exultation, every one rejoicing that we had worsted the old lady, which was not easily done, for her shifts in difficulty were quite extraordinary.

Once, not long before her death, when I happened to be at home on a visit, she made a long complaint to me of my sister, who was in poor health, running, like more of the family, after public societies; among other indiscretions, she had become secretary to a ladies' branch of a society for converting the Jews. At this moment my sister came into the room, and endeavoured to justify the proceeding; but the old lady put an end to the altercation by attacking the society itself. "A society," said she, "for converting the

Jews! it's dreadful to think—a hastening on of the end of the world."

I must not, however, continue these domestic stories, even though they naturally rise from the remembrance of circumstances connected with what to me was an important event. I say important, not for its visible results, but for that cold vacancy which it has ever since left in my bosom. The death of a friend is at all times an affliction which cannot be thought of without sorrow; but a peculiar anguish barbs the grief for a brother that you had been taught to love from his birth, and whose qualities in riper years you could not but esteem—even in old age you remember his childhood. Infirm and ailing as I am, deprecating death with art, the image of mine comes back with hopes now withered: with him they bloomed.

CHAPTER VI.

Excursion to France.—Stop at Rouen.—Paris.—Conversazione.—Royal performance at the Theatre.—Brussels.—Holland.—The Imperial Russian Princes.

At the first restoration of Louis XVIII. I visited the continent, actuated by a wish to find inducements to remain there; the public has nothing to do with the motive, especially as it was an abortive scheme, and I was soon led to forego my intention, nor was the journey in its incidents such as to deserve particular commemoration.

I took my departure with another gentleman from Brighton for Dieppe immediately after the capitulation of Paris was known in London, but instead of proceeding direct to the capital, I stopped two days at Rouen, chiefly to see the state of the cotton manufactories in the suburb of Deville, established by Mr. Raul, who was then the Sir Robert Peel of France, and who had been greatly prosperous under Buonaparte. Having particular recommendations to that gentleman, by whom I was kindly received, I had free access to inspect all the works which the French deemed so

wonderful, but found them, after having recently seen those of Glasgow and Manchester, very insignificant, nor was there anything in the antiquities of the city to me particularly interesting.

We then proceeded to Paris; but there also, either I was not in a humour to be entertained with sights, or those I did see were not striking, and accordingly I viewed the curiosities rather as a duty than as an enjoyment.' 'There were to my taste too many military shows, and a constrained civility exerted by the inhabitants that could not be concealed. It was, indeed, as the old women say in Scotland, a judgment-like time; a moral chaos, affecting enough to see, but not pleasant.

I one day dined in the Palais Royale with a very small party; but it was striking to be merely accidental. It consisted of a gentleman from Canton, another from the Crimea, a third from St. Petersburgh, a fourth from America, and two British subjects, all of whom I had known before.

Having letters to the two chief Librarians they did me the honour to invite me to something like a conversazione, which was held in the Royal Library; but the party was not brilliant. One incident, however, at that time, was certainly impressive.

When Louis XVIII. went to the theatre with the Duchess of Angoulême for the first time, the

play was one of the series on the story of Œdipus; I forget which, but when the old man on the stage pathetically addressed Antigone, the king rose and embraced the Duchess. No doubt there was something of stage effect studied in the scene in the royal box, but it could not be witnessed without emotion. An universal sob was heard through all the theatre at this part of the performance, and I acknowledge myself to have been affected by an exhibition extraordinary in its circumstances and calculated to be profoundly touching.

From Paris we proceeded to Brussels, where we were persuaded to remain several days, my friend having fallen in with some acquaintances. We then went forward and spent the afternoon with the English officers in garrison in the citadel of Antwerp, and thence travelled to Holland. On the road we were joined by my particular and regretted friend, the late General Sir David Stewart of Garth. The circumstance which prevented him from being with us at Amsterdam is not recollected, but an occurrence took place at the theatre there, which is as deeply impressed on me as the scene of Louis XVIII., indeed it should be more so, and I ought to cherish the remembrance with particular satisfaction.

It happened that the two young imperial princes of Russia attended by a suite of veteran officers,

came into the theatre. The present Emperor Nicholas and the Arch-duke Michael took their places in the stage box, and at the distance of the second from it, a very fine old gentleman came in and sat down by me. We entered into conversation, and the greatness of England was the topic. After some time the stranger rose and went to the princes and returned with them, and I had the honour of a long interview, in which the present Emperor took a more distinguished part than his brother, but they both struck me at the time as very intelligent superior lads, particularly the Arch-duke Nicholas, who appeared to me to possess one of the most gently regulated minds I had ever met with. The nature of our conversation led me to express a wish that he would go to England, and his reply was, I think, for his situation, appropriate, to the effect that it might be a pleasant journey, but it depended on the will of the Emperor.

In this interview I had constantly in remembrance George III.'s visit to Dr. Johnson, and conducted myself accordingly. The princes and their suite being in plain clothes it was not proper particularly to recognize them, but although I did know them I stood during the time of our conversation and never forgot the difference of our ranks. When the Emperor Nicholas was afterwards in London I met

him at Charing Cross, and he seemed by his look as if he recognized me; a friend was with me who noticed the circumstance likewise. But it is not necessary to enumerate the different distinguished persons I have chanced to fall in with during the course of my life, I only make an exception in this instance because I was unknown to the parties, and yet there was something like an implied compliment in the interview.

CHAPTER VII.

Talk of a third theatre.—A tragic event.—The Rejected Theatre.—New British Theatre.—Performance of The Appeal.—Sir Walter Scott's play.

About the year 1813 and 14 there was a great talk among the play goers anent the propriety of establishing a third theatre in London, in which the representations should be more classically conducted than the shows and pageants which had usurped the place of the regular drama. The inferiority of the performances was universally admitted, and imputations of blame on the taste of the managers were very generally repeated. Like others I was tainted with this heresy, and with some apparent reason; it was said that no attention was paid to the merits of rejected dramas, and certainly it was as difficult to obtain a proper hearing of a piece as to procure a place under government, without interest.

In acceding to the prevalent notion, I had some experience of the fact myself respecting the difficulty of obtaining a candid hearing of a new piece, because being now more inclined to the quiet cultivation of literature than formerly, I had offered

to both theatres, the tragedy of "The Witness", and it was returned to me with a rejection, although the state of the manuscript gave me reason to believe that but little of it had been read. As the piece had some novelty of conception in the principal character, and occasional flakes of poetry strewed in the dialogue, I thought this treatment, which the clamour for a third theatre seconded, very unworthy, and accordingly waited on Mr. Colburn and proposed to conduct a monthly periodical to consist entirely of rejected dramas, and to be called The Rejected Theatre.

He being infected with the prevailing epidemic, adopted the suggestion, and I in consequence prepared my WITNESS and other dramas for publication; believing from the general rumour, that there would be no lack of brilliant materials to attract attention to the work.

The first number was successful; it ran through two editions in the course of a few days; but although the tragedy was much praised in the weekly papers, I was not blind to the fact, that the success was more owing to public curiosity than, perhaps, to the poetical merits of the piece.

In the second number there was evidently a falling off in the interest taken in the publication, and Mr. Colburn proposed, that instead of the Rejected Theatre, the work should in future be called

the New British Theatre, by which new pieces, not offered to the play-houses, might be inserted, and the blushes of those who were authors of rejected pieces veiled. The suggested alteration in the title was plausible, though not according to the idea upon which the original work was projected. However, as it afforded to myself an opportunity of bringing out several pieces of my own, I acquiesced in the proposed change, and if one may judge by the character of the contributions afterwards, it was really judicious; for it would absolutely not be within the range of belief to describe the sad efforts of genius which were afterwards sent to me.

The New British Theatre contains the best selection that could be made; and supposing what passed under my eye to be a fair specimen of the unknown dramatic talent of the age, I have no hesitation whatever in stating that the managers were completely vindicated in alleging that the decay of the drama was not owing to them, but to the wretched productions they were compelled to bring forward. No doubt they were partly correct, but still they were not justified in pronouncing a veto on any piece unperused. I say not this in spleen, for I am well aware that every dramatist believes himself to be a little, not much, superior to Shakspeare; I freely confess, however, that

I did think my own lucubration deserving of a better fate, because it was afterwards performed as "The Appeal" several times at Edinburgh, once in my own presence at Greenock, many times, under the name of "The Force of Conscience", at the Surrey Theatre, and was even honoured by some country strollers with a dreadful exhibition in a barn. For as I deem the performance of a tune on a street organ to be the criterion of popularity in music, so I hold a dramatic representation in a barn to be the ultimate appeal to the taste and judgement of a discerning public.

But though this is said in melancholy mirth, I yet contend that my bantling was very ill-used; many persons who stand in matters of taste well with the public, would have given it a good character. To be sure there has been one thing very equivocal about it. When it was performed at Edinburgh, the prologue, as I have since understood very lately, was a joint production of Mr. Lockhart, and Captain Hamilton, the author of Cyril Thornton, who, with the diffidence that belongs to all parents of surreptitious gets, fathered it on Professor Wilson, according to the then notorious maxims of mystification peculiar to the "VEILED ASSASSINS" of Blackwood. The epilogue was written by Sir Walter Scott, and is not only very beautiful, but the only piece of humorous poetry which, as far as I am

aware of, ever flowed from his pen: he wrote me not to mention the circumstance, as he would be pestered with applications; perhaps some of my critical friends may say that he was ashamed of being accessary to the perpetration of such an outrage as the performance of a piece which the two grand London houses had rejected. But the Baronet was a fellow-sufferer, for the sapient managers of Covent Garden, at which the late Mr. Terry was then acting, could not think of risking the representation of such a piece as "the Legend of Aspen", for that I believe was its first name. Long after, it was published in one of the Annuals, The Keepsake, and contains a scene worth fifty pieces of Fanny Kemble's patch-work, with all her samplers to boot.

Seeing by the nature of the contributions to the New British Theatre, that it must be a failure, I cut and run: in fact, there was not one drama remaining unpublished of all the deplorable progeny that solicited admission into the almshouse.

But in sobriety I must say that if any opinion might be formed of the pieces actually rejected by Drury Lane and Covent Garden from those offered to me, it is no wonder that the theatres are ruined. It is not in jocularity I state this, and I know not how dramatic talent is to be revived; perhaps its excellence belongs to an epoch in the history of

a language, a semi-barbarous period, which has gone past with us never to be recalled, like the beauty of the teeth and ringlets of those elderly gentlewomen, who are tottering in desperation to hide their false locks and irreparable faces in oblivion and the grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hector a cento in the New British Theatre.

THE New British Theatre, however, contains one drama, the neglect of which does anything but reflect honour on the taste of the age. Not having a copy of the work I had almost forgot it. The piece of which I speak, is a cento from the Iliad, compiled from the translations of Pope and Cowper, and is without question an elegant and impressive tragedy. I had no interest in it besides patching it together, but it is at least equal in the beauty of versification, to any drama in the English language. My only claim to participate in the production, is in changing the rhymes of Pope to blank verse.

This total neglect is truly inconceivable, but its fate reminds me of the story of the Roman actor.

Once a player acquired great fame at Rome for his extraordinary mimickry of the squeaking of a pig. One of the auditors stimulated by the applause, said he would let them hear something much better on a certain day, and invited them to

come, which they accordingly did, but when the actor appeared wrapt in a mantle, the audience outrageously hissed him for presumptuously attempting to rival the other.—"What judges you are of pigs' squeaking!" cried he, throwing his cloak aside, and showing a real animal whose ear he had secretly pinched.

But I claim no privilege to be severe on the taste of "the swinish multitude," for I have been myself always too indifferent a judge of what is likely to please the world in books. If I hit the nail on the head at any time, it is purely accidental, for I ever see the productions of friends through the medium of friendship, and those of strangers with great indifference, unless indeed they chance to please, which, for the sake of the world, I am sorry to say is not often the case; I would rather act, as a relation of mine did as a referee, than the judge afterwards appealed to. Being called to decide which two of the same degree of kin was the right heir, awarded a moiety of the inheritance to each; a decision which gave no satisfaction, for the younger of the two cried out, that they could not be both alike in their pretensions, and so to settle the business they went to law: and the judge found the one who would have assented to the award entitled of course to the whole. I would rather adjudicate to the extent

of the half of what might be morally wrong, than run the risk of giving an award for the whole, which might afflict, being legally right: or, to speak to the point, I am much of the late Lord Braxfield's disposition, as evinced in his reply to an advocate, who, in speaking of the excellence of the judges whom Cromwell sent to Edinburgh, said, that the justice of their awards had never been called in question. "De'il mean them to do justice," said his Lordship from the bench, "they had neither kith nor kin in the country." But to make an end, conscious of being a bad critic, my opinion of a book is worth little; for if the book is bad, I have not the heart to tell the author so, and if, on the contrary, it is good, it does not require my praise.

CHAPTER IX.

Caledonian Asylum.—A sordid transaction.—Go to Greenock.—Return to London.

HAVING settled myself as it were in my sphere, I sought nothing but an even tenor in my ways. In this situation, I undertook to assist in raising the funds which were afterwards employed in building and endowing the National Caledonian Asylum, which stands a little to the north of Pentonville, in the fields. In this business nothing was more gratifying than the first labours, but their enjoyment was gradually diminished, and particularly after the battle of Waterloo; to me, however, they must always be interesting. At the institutary dinner, one of the most splendid ever given in London, at which upwards of seventy musicians were employed, and above two hundred and seventy servants in livery attended, a great sum was raised. The subscription exceeded five thousand pounds, and the annual subscriptions were about four hundred.

The stewards' fund for the dinner yielded a large profit, and my friend, Mr. Hamilton, who

took charge of it, was highly pleased with the result. I know not now, because I wish to forget the transaction, how much he paid in of the surplus of the steward's fund to the hospital, but it was a considerable sum, not less, I think, than six hundred pounds. In the mean time, it was determined to publish by subscription the music performed at the dinner. As it was curious, we supposed it would sell well at a guinea, especially as some of the songs were by the first poetical characters of the age. And the members of the committee and directors were subscribers to the publication.

As secretary, I employed Chappell, the music-seller in Bond Street, and a proper composer to arrange the airs. From some indolence, as I conceived it, the composer was long about his task, and more than twelve months elapsed before the publication was ready. In the meantime the battle of Waterloo had been fought. Men had ceased to think of warlike enterprizes, and the subscribers to the Caledonian Asylum were incorporated by act of parliament. So that Mr. Chappell had only his claim against the members of the committee. The directors felt the altered circumstances, and refused to recognize the debt, which amounted to two hundred and seventy odd pounds; on the pretext that I had no resolution of the

dinner committee, to show that I was, as secretary, authorized by it, but I pointed to the subscription paper.

I informed Mr. Chappell of the dilemma, and he was advised by his lawyer to bring an action against the Caledonian Asylum for the amount of his account. It was clear that, after the debt had been contracted, the association had been incorporated, and therefore could not be legally liable.—He subpœnaed me as a witness, but, as a member of the committee, I might have required my acquittal of the debt, before I gave evidence, yet I gave my testimony, fully aware of that circumstance, and it was decided of course that the corporation was not liable.—Knowing that the music seller had no chance of succeeding against the committee, immediately after the trial, and before leaving the court, I told him that if he would give me time enough I would assume the debt. To a proposal of this kind he immediately acceded, and I afterwards paid him out of my own pocket. I have never since looked near the Caledonian Asylum, except once to see the building; for of all sordid things that ever I knew, it has appeared to me that this was the meanest. But the times were altered in which the project originated, peace prevailed, and "Pharaoh knew not Joseph."

After the first blush of prosperity with the Caledonian Asylum was over, a proposal was made to me from Glasgow, to procure a London guarantee for shipments to Jamaica destined for the Spanish colonies. The proposition was exceedingly feasible, and my old friends Messrs. R——, I——, and Co. were induced to grant theirs. Accordingly, the scheme was matured, but before it was carried into full effect, the revolt of the Spanish colonies became inevitable; however, I removed to the neighbourhood of Greenock with my family, although conscious I was no longer fit for the place, and of seeing a breaking up on all sides of the system on which the plan was formed. I lived a sequestered life at Finnart, near the town, and practised as much as possible the manners I recollected to have prevailed in the place; but of all my life, that residence at Finnart was the most unsatisfactory.

Convinced that the scheme would end in smoke, and yet not in a condition to communicate the apprehension to any one, I accepted an offer made by the Union Canal Company, to go to London to attend a bill for them, to which they anticipated a strenuous opposition; and being once more in the metropolis, I felt no inclination to return. This distaste was not occasioned by any thing that I had met with, but a consciousness of being no longer the same sort of

individual that I had been in former days; for I received every attention that could be expected, but the change which time and the world had made, no longer rendered me susceptible of those gratifications that had once endeared the place to my remembrance. It was not changed in any aspectable form, but my tastes had undergone a great alteration; I had become much more simple in my habits, and secretly "fashed" at many things in which the tastes of an earlier period might have found pleasure.

CHAPTER X.

Reflections.—Agent for the Canada claims.—Correspondence with the Treasury.—Interview at Fife House.—Arrangement.—Not carried into effect.—Go to Scotland.—Answer from Canada.—Further proceedings.

In the course of my chequered life I have often met with sudden and unexpected turns of fortune, such as the religious call interpositions of Providence, in so much that I have comparatively felt little daunted by the gloomiest indications; indeed, the sentiment awakened by the dreadest aspects has been ever more allied to provocation than fear, and I have always experienced something akin to what is advised below:

> "When evil falls, and you see all its scope,
> Trust to the native courage of your breast,
> And such auxiliar aid as fate may send,
> To master the misfortune: trust yourself,
> And trust your destiny, for such begets
> That self-possession which endures the shock
> Of rough adversity, and lifts the man
> Above the waves and currents of the time;
> But when the matter hangs in dread, and may
> By strength or enterprise be yet repelled,
> Then call your friends, take counsel, and take aid."

In the former of these predicaments, I was com-

pelled to throw myself on fortune, when the most unexpected occurrence gave me new life.

I received letters from Canada appointing me agent for such of the principal inhabitants as had claims to urge for losses during the invasion of the province by the armies of the United States. Mr. Ellice (the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, now Secretary at War,) was to be my colleague, but, as a member of the House of Commons, he did not choose to act, and another gentleman, retiring from business, found he could not. I was thus alone in the business.

After a good deal of verbal communication with the Colonial Office I was referred to the Treasury, and in answer to my application there, received a very dignified evasion. It was couched in language at once guarded and appropriate.—An answer to this letter, seemed indispensable, though it was drawn up in terms evidently intended to close the business. After pondering on the subject for some time, I thought it admitted of one way of treatment.

The Lords of the Treasury had evidently not rejected the case, and, accordingly, after the maturest consideration, I drew up an answer, in which I was not bird-mouthed in using every argument that could at all be employed, even to the contemplation of the colonists becoming rebels.

This impudent or magnanimous epistle brought a reply, in which Lord Bexley suggested the propriety of writing to Lord Liverpool to fix a time for an interview, when Earl Bathurst and himself would be present. Accordingly I sent a note to his lordship, and an early day was fixed.

When the time arrived, Mr. Ellice went with me to Fife House, for though he had declined to act, his aid and advice were most efficient. At the interview it was agreed that a loan should be raised for the liquidation of part of the claims, and it was understood that I was to raise the money. A despatch to the effect of this arrangement was to be sent by Earl Bathurst to the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and as I had soon occasion to go to Scotland, it was settled with my city friends to have the money forthcoming when an answer would be received from the province.

When the answer came, stocks had fallen to about seventy-four, and as the memorandum of the interview was now read, it appeared that the money was to be raised at five per cent. without the responsibility of the United Kingdom. This was ridiculous to attempt, both from the state of stocks and the unknown condition of the province; however, I went to Sir Thomas Reid*, at Ewell, and got from him a letter stating that

* Of the house of Messrs. Reid, Irving, and Co.

there was no chance of raising the money on the same terms as it might have been done before. This letter I gave to Mr. Wilmot Horton, and explained my belief that the arrangement would now be of no effect. He then proposed a new one, to which I acceded, and the business being apparently settled, I went to Scotland, where, soon after my arrival, I wrote a note to Mr. Horton, requesting a copy of the dispatch sent to Canada. This in the course of a post or two was transmitted, and I had no reason to doubt that all was now adjusted.

Being sick of a life of adventure, and having before me only the education of my children, I resolved to remain in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Without, therefore, troubling the reader with details, I was induced to fix my residence near Musselburgh. In one respect I considered myself extremely fortunate. The house and grounds were not large: they had belonged to the late Lord Eskgrove. The battle of Pinkie had been fought on the spot, and Pinkie house, with many agreeable traditionary objects were around and seen from the windows, circumstances highly interesting to one who indulges so much in his imagination. The neighbours were also very social; and altogether it presented many inducements to entice repose to one who had suffered painful vicis-

situdes. Judge, however, of my astonishment, when the answer was due from Canada, to receive from my correspondent a copy of the dispatch from Lord Bathurst, published in a Gazette Extraordinary, as if a victory had been gained, in which the whole transaction was erroneously represented. I compared it with the copy sent me, and in that copy all the principal matter of the dispatch was omitted*.

As soon as possible I went to London, where I found Mr. Horton on the point of going to Leamington. The interview took place at his own house, in Montague Square, where I shewed him the Gazette Extraordinary, and the copy of the dispatch, which he had ordered to be sent to me. He made no observation on the subject, but his manner betokened how much he was surprized at the discrepancy; as the matter however could not now be postponed, I declared my intention not to return to Scotland till the business was settled.

He proceeded to Leamington with his family, and I went to him by the coach.

On going down, I met there with Mr. Robin-

* I have not the professed copy of the dispatch which was sent to me, but in the way it was written, the first eleven lines were omitted, and the whole of the last paragraph; I cannot therefore say exactly now in what the difference consisted, for I gave back the original paper, but a copy of the Gazette is in the Appendix, and, as far as my recollection goes, the omitted parts are in italics.

son, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and after the arrival of Mr. Horton, several conferences respecting the liquidation of the claims were held together.

Mr. Robinson expressed it as his opinion, that if the province of Upper Canada would undertake to pay the half of the civil expenses of the province, the United Kingdom should undertake to discharge the claims. An arrangement substantially to this effect was agreed upon, and I returned home, where, before any thing could be carried into effect, or be depended upon, I saw it was necessary to institute inquiries respecting the resources of the province, for which time was requisite.

I accordingly wrote to my correspondent on the subject, and though tingling with vexation at the absurd light in which I had been so unaccountably misrepresented in the dispatch, published in the Gazette Extraordinary, saw no alternative but only to submit to an afflicting mortification.

CHAPTER XI.

The arrival of an Indian chief.—His business.—The Duke of Northumberland interested in it.—He sends Colonel Talbot to the Colonial Office.—The promise of the business being amicably settled.

Soon after, being appointed agent for the Canada claimants, an incident occurred which has never ceased to amuse me.

An Indian chief and a relation of his were deputed by the Six Nation Indians to London to procure a charter for the lands received from the British Government, in lieu of those they had abandoned after the American war of independence.

To understand the state of the question between these Indians and the British, it is requisite to remark, that in no respect whatever did they owe any allegiance to our government, neither as inhabitants of a soil that we had usurped in the usual Christian manner, nor as subjects of a country we had conquered by our arms; they were entirely distinct from us, nor owed nor acknowledged obedience to our laws.

They consisted of the relics and the children of the Aborigines who inhabited the Mohawk tract

in the state of New York, and who left it at the close, as I have said, of the American war. They were recompensed for their services to the cause of George III. and for the fidelity of their alliance, with what was deemed an equivalent, in a tract of land measuring six miles on each side backwards from the mouth of the river Ouse to its source.

By the acceptance of this gift, as it may be called in common parlance, they did not conceive that they had compromised their national independence, but only that in abandoning their native haunts for a new region, they had made an exchange. I believe our Government of the day thought the same.

Subsequently, by little and little, the British authorities forgot the principle of alliance, or confounded it with that of allegiance, until the Indians came to be regarded (never on their part) as British subjects: doubtless their condition, in the opinion of the philosophers of Europe, may have been thereby improved, but they did not think so themselves.

In time, however, they so approximated to civilization, as to render them gradually likely to come under the British yoke, and in consequence it was thought desirable to obtain a charter for their lands; but, in total oblivion of their origin and connexion, we treated them as already

British subjects. It is true, except in undermining the wild liberties of their savage state, they had not much cause of complaint, nor did they complain.

It is impossible to conjecture by what motive the British Government was actuated in the refusal of the charter; it might be in consideration of their unfitness to come under the British law, or from the difficulty to determine to whom the charter should be granted. The chief, in right of his mother, seemed to be the proper person, for his father, I have understood, was only a war chief, and that the children inherited the superiority from her. The people were not exactly in a feudal way, like the vassals that occupied anciently, for example, the domains and country of the Duchess of Sutherland, but were in something after the manner of those under the law of tanistry which formerly prevailed in Ireland. Be this however as it may, the time was supposed to have arrived when a charter should be obtained, as a preliminary to bringing the Indians settled at the Ouse or Grand River under the British dominion.

The case was very undefined with the British Government, which was falling into the error of arrogating to itself a supremacy over the Six Nations, to which it had neither claim nor right.

The chief who brought letters to me was John

Brant, a son of the famous Brant who is painted with such inordinate colours by Campbell in his Gertrude of Wyoming, and I was in consequence induced to call upon him and his friend and to invite them to my house. Brant himself was very interesting; a full blooded Indian by descent, he was strikingly peculiar, but with the sedateness of his race he united uncommon mildness of manners.

In the course of conversation I enquired what other letters they had brought with them. After mentioning several city names Brant informed me that he had one for the Duke of Northumberland, whose father had been much attached to his, but said that the old Duke being dead, he did not think it would be worth while to deliver the letter.

"You are mistaken," said I, "I do not know the young Duke's character, but a letter to him should have been delivered first. The gentlemen in the city are very good, but they are in business and your case is not in their way,—but what progress have you made?"

He then told me none, and showed me a parcel of official roundabouts which he had received and sent to Earl Bathurst.

I could not give him advice off hand how he should proceed, but said, "It strikes me that these diplomatic notes will never do; they are foreign to your business and to your character. I will, how-

ever, think of your case; in the mean time go to the Duke of Northumberland with your letter; he will receive you very well, for all these sort of people are very agreeable in their manners, but observe him sharply and let me know what you in your Indian way think of him."

Accordingly that same day Brant and his companion waited on the duke, who lived at that time in the white house in St. James's Square now inhabited by my friend Mr. Hudson Gurney. The report to me of their reception was very guarded, and I could make nothing out of them, but only that they were pleased and that his Grace had asked them to dinner.

"This looks well," was my remark, "you will go, and I beg you to observe him strictly and really to let me know what you think of him, for much will depend on that report as to whether I may be able to be of any use to you."

On the morning after the dinner I called on them early to know the result. Brant said little, but his companion spoke as if highly pleased with the duchess; the duke, however, it appeared had given them both strong assurances of exerting his best power to facilitate their mission, and Brant, with the emphatic manner of an Indian, added that "his Grace was sincere." It would not be easy to explain his metaphysics, but he had evidently

entire confidence derived from the manner in which the duke had spoken.

"Now", said I, "something can be done, but unless you entirely commit your case to me and implicitly follow my advice, I can be of little use to you."

Both Brant and his friend then assured me that they had determined to trust me, and that whatever I advised to be done they would not shrink from doing.

This was a compliment that inwardly made me very proud, and I requested writing materials. I well remember the occasion, for their breakfast-table was not cleared. While matters were getting ready, I told them that Lord Bathurst was not the proper person to address, for he might not have time to attend to their business, that it should be Mr. Horton, adding,

"It will require all your Indian fortitude to do what I conceive must be done. Mr. Horton is one of the best men living, but his mind is sullied with official rules and maxims, and the other trash of files and precedents, which impair to himself its native purity. He believes he can think ill of others, because he is naturally ingenuous, but he is mistaken, and the only way of getting his good will is to put him in a passion, in which he will probably be very outrageous, but his paroxysm will

be succeeded by contrition, in which he will think that he has used you ten times worse in his anger than even he can do. Now I will write you a letter nominally to Earl Bathurst, but really to him, which, without containing one word that an Indian might not say, will be so contrary to all etiquette, that it will make him dancing mad."

Accordingly, drawing the materials towards me, I scrawled a proper tomahawk epistle to the Secretary of State, telling him that he had no business with what they did with their lands, and that by all law, Indian as well as European, if the king had not the Indian lands when he granted them to the Six Nations, he was bound when he did acquire them to fulfil his grant. This allusion was made, as it had been stated as an argument to curtail the grant, that the lands of the Six Nations had not been purchased at the time from the natives. This curious letter I presume is still in the Colonial Office.

Brant made a copy of it, and it was delivered in. Soon after Mr. Horton was, as may be supposed by those who know him, neither to bind nor to hold at receiving such an improper document, and forbade the deputies the office, from which they came to me very much disconcerted.

The machination was however working to effect, and I advised them to go to the Duke of North-

umberland and tell him what had happened in consequence of their letter, and to beg his aid.

The Duke was disturbed at their story: with faithful adherence, however, to his promise, and evincing the correctness of the Indian's remark on his sincerity, he sent down Colonel Thomas Talbot, of the Talbot settlement, the brother of Lord Malahide, to smooth down the official back of Mr. Horton; and in the long run, by the interposition of his Grace, all controversy between the Indians and the Colonial Office was peacefully appeased. They returned to America with the assurance that their charter for his Majesty's grant of land would be made out.

Brant, who was my next neighbour when I was in Canada, and frequently at my house, told me that at the council of their nation, when the tomahawk epistle was read, all the assembled chiefs gave a particular solemn nod of approbation; each, like Jupiter in the Iliad,

> "Shook his ambrosial curls and gave the nod".

But to return to my own narrative.

CHAPTER XII.

Courtesy of the Colonial department.—Party spirit in Canada.—The secret resolutions of the Commissioners.—Character of correspondence.—Origin of the Canada Company.—My case.

WITH the exception of the strange difference between the copy sent to me of Earl Bathurst's despatch, and that in the Gazette extraordinary published in Upper Canada, there was nothing in the advocacy of the claims remarkable. Delay was unavoidable, and perhaps it assumed sometimes the appearance of procrastination, but I am perfectly convinced, that when it did so it was purely accidental. This much it is but right to state; for although I was never engaged in a more unsatisfactory business, it is but common justice to admit, that in the Secretary of State's office, I found every courtesy, even in circumstances where the nature of my correspondence was such, that I could not myself have endured it.

At that time I was not aware of the virulence of party spirit in Canada. Never being a political man, the dissensions there did not attract my attention; I looked on them in some sort as borough squabbles, at most as a puddle in a storm. But it

seems that party feeling was allowed a predominance in the matter of the claims highly reprehensible. One day, in Lord Bexley's library in Downing Street, when the papers of the claims' commissioners were produced, I observed accidentally, with tacit indescribable amazement, that among the rules of decision which the commissioners prescribed for themselves, was one, I think the tenth, in which they agreed that the claims of persons suspected in their political principles should be rejected. Such an atrocious determination, amounting to a forfeiture of goods, or a fine without trial, was so repugnant to my notions of British justice, that it left a deep impression, not in favour of the provincial authorities.

Afterwards the letters of my correspondent added to this stern sentiment. They overflowed with observations which the rule laid down by the commissioners seemed to justify, and in consequence, as it was my duty as an agent to represent what was said to me to the colonial office, I was obliged to frame my letters accordingly. This I did in as mitigated terms as I could, but still strongly to the detriment of the provincial authorities; of them personally I knew nothing, nor was I aware of the enmity which political differences had engendered. At last my remarks drew from Mr. Horton an animadversion on my insinuations. I had been sen-

sible myself of their nature and wondered why they were allowed; but his complaint was decisive. A letter full of vituperation had been lately received by me from Upper Canada. I obliterated the name, and sent it, with all the post marks, privately to Mr. Horton, trusting to his honour as a gentleman, that after reading it he would return it to me, and acquit me individually of the imputation of addressing the colonial department unguardedly, though my duty required me to make harsh accusations. He returned the letter, and I believed was satisfied I acted only as the organ of others, and had rather softened than hardened the communications I was compelled to make.

This statement is necessary, though it may appear at first sight, making rather too much of a matter of private business, but without disclosures which have the air of being extraordinary, it will not be doing justice to the reader, either to think he can rightly understand many things to be developed, or properly appreciate the difficulties I had to encounter, and for which some degree of sympathy is expected. Had I possessed the good fortune of a friend to have seconded my endeavours, the result might have been different; however, it is only what it has been, that is to be described, and if consideration for myself is not obtained, there is now no help for it; my object is

to deliver a plain, unvarnished tale, and if it do not entitle me to put forth the pretension of having encountered obstacles of no ordinary kind, I can only reckon this anticipation among the other fallacies to which I have been inured.

After my return from England, I was just beginning to resume the habits into which, with something like weariness, I had composed myself, when an unprovided for occurrence compelled me again to become an adventurer. As it is always with reluctance that I broach upon any domestic topic, I may be pardoned for saying I saw before me no alternative but to return to London. Accordingly I prepared for that object with all the equanimity I could muster.

In the mean time, Bishop Macdonell of Upper Canada, visited me, and in the day he spent at Eskgrove gave me all the information I required respecting the crown and clergy reserves of the Canadas. From this circumstance the Canada Company was ultimately formed, but as I have drawn up a narrative of its history as correct as my recollection could furnish, in the year 1830, I shall quote the case here. It was intended as a ground of petition for remuneration, and was submitted to some of the shrewdest men in this country, who thought the claim well founded, but when afterwards laid before the Earl of Ripon,

then Secretary of State for the Colonies, with a view to obtain the consent of the crown to the object of my petition, his Lordship thought the claim inadmissible; as however he assigned no reason, I am not content with his decision, though I have submitted to it, in the mean time, by not proceeding to Parliament; indeed, what avails it troubling friends, when the crown withholds the preliminary sanction.

Perhaps, in some respects, instead of giving the case, I ought to have re-written the narrative here, but it is more conclusive to state what I intended to lay before Parliament, because, as the matter was drawn up with the hope of investigation, I am not aware that a better course could be adopted, especially as I still think that, in the declaration of inadmissibility, I have but received "scrimp justice." I beg, however, not to be misunderstood, I do not complain of any ill-usage, but merely that my case has not been investigated. If it had turned out that I was entitled to no brokerage, or commission on the sale effected, or the money put into the coffers of the empire, then I would have submitted becomingly to the award; but the mere arbitrary refusal of a minister, as it appears, is not sufficient, in my opinion, to extinguish legitimate charges against transactions indisputably of national benefit and authorized.

THE CASE of JOHN GALT, petitioning for Remuneration from his Majesty's Government, for selling certain Crown Lands in Upper Canada.

THE petitioner having sold certain Crown Lands in Upper Canada, applied to the Secretary of State for the Colonies for remuneration, and having been refused, he afterwards applied to the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, who of course took the same view of his case as the Secretary of State had done. The petitioner, in consequence, determined to pray for an investigation of the claim in Parliament, and having prepared a petition, he transmitted it to their Lordships, soliciting the sanction of the Crown to its being presented, as it involves a money question.

The petition is as follows:—

To the Honourable the Knights and Burgesses of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The PETITION of JOHN GALT,

Humbly sheweth,

That your petitioner, as agent in this country for several thousands of the inhabitants of Upper Canada, sufferers in the late war with the United States, in soliciting indemnification for their claims, which have been admitted and in part paid by his Majesty's Government, was led to examine the resources of the province:

That having ascertained that certain lands in every township were reserved for the Crown, he pointed out these lands to his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies as capable of supplying, if sold, ample funds to pay his constituents;

That he was directed to try if he could find purchasers for the same, and did so, and with great zeal and assiduity effected the terms of sale, by which the Crown Reserves to the value of £348,680 4*s.* 6*d.*, were disposed of, payable by instalments:

That in this business he was solely actuated by an expectation that the proceeds of the sale would be applied to liquidate the claims of his constituents; but when the sale was arranged, he was then, and not till then, informed that the proceeds were to be otherwise appropriated, as they since have been, to pay the civil list and pensions in the colony:

That he conceives he is entitled to remuneration for having procured so large a sum of money to be paid to his Majesty's Government, especially as no part whatever has been assigned to his constituents:

That he has applied several times to his Majesty's Government for remuneration without success; he therefore

Humbly prays,

That your honourable House would be pleased to appoint a Select Committee to investigate his claim, in order to ascertain whether he be entitled to any and what remuneration; and in all other respects to deal with his case as your honourable House may in its wisdom and justice deem fit.

And your petitioner will ever pray.

1st January, 1831. JOHN GALT.

The grounds of the petitioner's case are these:—

By an arrangement which had been made for a final adjustment of the claims referred to in the petition, the petitioner was led to investigate the resources of the province of Upper Canada, and part of the result was communicated to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Wilmot Horton, purely, exclusively, and with no other intent or aim, than that the reserved lands should be sold to liquidate the claims of his constituents, as will appear by the following extracts of letters addressed to them respectively:—

JOHN GALT to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

"Eskgrove House, 16th Dec. 1823.

"Sir,

"Bishop Macdonell, of Upper Canada, to whom I have given this letter, is possessed of so much true information respecting the province, that I am persuaded you will find it of great importance to any future financial measures affecting that country, particularly in what may be required for the liquidation of the military claims under my care, to confer with a gentleman of his knowledge and ability. * * * * I entertain the hope that you will see that there is no lack of funds in the province, to meet, not only the claims of my constituents, but all the other civil expenses, if the reserved lands were properly rendered available.

"I had intended to address you on this subject, and to suggest the expediency of appointing a commission to examine the state of the reserved lands, with a view to render them productive, by sale to the treasury of the colony; but the fortunate circumstance of the Bishop's

arrival here, on his way to London, renders this unnecessary, as his information will show, that without having recourse to any new taxes in the province, my constituents may be indemnified.

"The Reports of the House of Assembly, relative to the Crown Lands, are, probably, in the Colonial Office, but, if not, the Bishop has copies of them.

"I have the honour to be, &c."

JOHN GALT to J. R. W. HORTON, ESQ.

"Eskgrove House, 16th December, 1823.

"Dear Sir,

"Bishop Macdonell, who will deliver this, having lent me the Reports of the Committee on the Crown Lands of Canada, I see ample means of satisfying the claims from that source if the business were properly taken up. I have, therefore, called the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the subject, for as the obstacles to a final settlement have chiefly arisen in the Treasury, I consider it a duty which I owe to my constituents to leave no suggestion untried until I shall have procured them justice." * * * *

"Respectfully yours, &c."

These letters show that the petitioner advised and suggested the sale of the Crown Reserves to constitute a fund from which the claims of his constituents might be liquidated, and the other civil expenses of the province provided.*

Some time elapsed before the petitioner received any reply; at last the following letter reached him in London:—

MR. WILMOT HORTON to JOHN GALT.

"Downing Street, 6th February, 1824.

"Dear Sir,

"I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 16th December last, in which you suggest the Crown Lands as affording the means of satisfying the Canadian claimants. * * * * In reply, I have to acquaint you that Lord Bathurst is desirous of receiving the specific proposition submitted by you to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. * *

"&c. &c."

* By the result, it must be allowed, that the public has been positively benefited to a large amount. Mr. M'Adam's case was not so strong; he himself states that he was "unauthorized," and it was in his own profession as a road-engineer that he effected those improvements for which he obtained his parliamentary reward.

This letter shows that the principal Secretary of State had requested a plan of sale. It proves that his Lordship requested some service to be done, and it induced the petitioner to believe, that the intent of such service was with a view to indemnify his constituents. Accordingly, the petitioner deeming the request of Earl Bathurst important, especially as Mr. Horton had, six weeks after his suggestion, considered it of such consequence as to write to him in Scotland, he returned the following answer—the letter having reached him in London.

JOHN GALT to J. R. W. HORTON, ESQ.

"18, Downing Street, 16th February, 1824.

"Dear Sir,

"Your letter to Scotland only reached me here on Saturday. The suggestion to Mr. Robinson respecting the Crown Reserves in Canada, was founded on what I mentioned incidentally in conversation to you and him one day at Leamington, when speaking of the effect of the American claim to the navigation of the St. Lawrence, namely, the obstacles which the Reserves are to the improvement of the country. Agreeably, however, to Lord Bathurst's request, I will prepare a more detailed view of what has occurred to me, and it is some encouragement to do so, that I find my ideas approved of by those who are best acquainted with the state and interests of the provinces. In a word, without some change as to those Reserves, the trade of the Canadians can never compete on equal terms with that of the Americans, on the same waters, and with the same sort of produce.

"I am not sure, if among my papers I have all the reports of the committees of the provincial parliaments relative to the Crown Lands; but as they are no doubt in your office, I hope, should I require to look at them, you will give me permission. It is the last only that I may not have. * * *

"I have the honour, &c."

The petitioner was accordingly supplied with the maps and papers requisite from the Colonial Office, and prepared a plan for the disposal of the Crown Lands, which he transmitted to the Secretary of State in the following letter:—

JOHN GALT to the Right Honourable EARL BATHURST.

"18, Downing Street, 17th February, 1824.

"My Lord,

"Agreeably to your Lordship's request, communicated by Mr. Hor-

ton, I have now the honour to enclose the outline and principles of a plan for the sale of the Crown Reserves in Canada, founded on the suggestion which I threw out to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is proper, however, to remark, that my original idea was with reference to a general measure, and that I have been induced to confine the plan to a specific object, in order that it may be applied, if adopted, to the remedy of an immediate and growing evil, and that its merits may be subjected to the test of experiment on a small scale, before being tried with respect to the greater contemplated.

"I have the honour to be, &c."

This letter was followed by another.

JOHN GALT to the Right Honourable EARL BATHURST.

"18, Downing Street, 21st February, 1824.

"My Lord,

"In supplement to the 'Outline and Principles of a Plan for disposing of the Crown Reserves in Canada,' I take the liberty to suggest, that as the plan was with reference to a specific object and experimental, the execution should be restricted to a determinate quantity, say 500,000 or 1,000,000 of acres, and that the situations of the lots should be fixed and described as if they were parts and portions of the estate of an individual.

"Your Lordship will have observed, that, by the notes appended, I rest my principles on the Reports of the Land Committees of the Lower Province, but my object was chiefly with reference to the Reserves of the Upper. I ought, perhaps, also to add, that I contemplated the execution of the plan to be effected in this country, under the control of and in connection with the Colonial Office.

"I have the honour to be, &c."

These letters show that the service requested by the Secretary of State was performed.

Subsequently the petitioner was authorized verbally by Mr. Wilmot Horton to ascertain if it were practicable to find purchasers for the reserves in this country. He accordingly applied to Messrs. Hullett, Brothers, and Company on the subject, and they returned the following answer:—

MESSRS. HULLETT, BROTHERS, AND COMPANY, to JOHN GALT, ESQ.

"Leadenhall Street, March 31st, 1824.

"Dear Sir,

"We have reflected on the idea you communicated to us yesterday, relative to the formation of a company for purchasing and bringing into cultivation the Crown Reserves in Upper Canada, and have no hesitation in stating our opinion, that there will be no difficulty in raising the necessary capital for the purpose, provided the Government will grant those lands at a moderate price, and engage to employ the money thus obtained in making roads and canals. Under such an arrangement the country would derive considerable benefit, by increasing the cultivation and population, at the same time that the parties advancing the capital would find a corresponding advantage in clearing the lands, and letting or selling them to settlers.

"We remain, &c."

The petitioner transmitted this letter to Mr. Wilmot Horton on the same day, and an interview in consequence took place between that gentleman and Mr. John Hullett, at which the petitioner was present. Mr. Hullett again stated, that he would undertake to raise the requisite capital, provided Government would give the lands on such terms as would afford a fair prospect of reasonable returns, and further the necessary means for incorporating the company; adding, however, that he was not possessed of sufficient information respecting the state of the Canadas either to satisfy himself or those with whom he might have occasion to act.

Mr. Horton gave an introductory letter for Mr. Hullett and the petitioner to apply to two gentlemen of the Council of Upper Canada, then in London. Upon this introduction, certain queries were put to them by the petitioner in writing, and were answered by them. In the mean time application by the petitioner was made to different other parties acquainted with the province, also in writing, and to the same general effect.

Another meeting then took place at the Colonial Office with Mr. Horton, Mr. John Hullett, and the petitioner, at which Mr. John Hullett stated, that there were satisfactory grounds for proposing the formation of a company to his friends, but still the main basis would

be the terms on which Government would grant the lands with a royal charter, to be followed by an act of parliament, with an assurance that the money arising from the purchase would be employed within the colony.

Mr. Horton replied to this, that Government would sell only two thirds of the clergy reserves, intending to keep the remainder for glebes, &c.; that Government would also, probably, retain certain portions of the crown reserves for the sites of forts and other public works; that the money would undoubtedly be appropriated to the benefit of the colony: but Government would not be pledged to any specific appropriations; and that with respect to the price to be paid for the lands, he thought it would best be determined by commissioners respectively appointed by the Crown and the Company, and he proposed that the principle of an anterior date should be applied, suggesting, that the valuation should be regulated by what uncleared lands were in each district sold for on or before the 1st of January 1824. Mr. Horton also stated, that Government would be obliged to stipulate that the tenants should have the right of pre-emtion, and that with respect to the charter and act of parliament, there could not be the slightest objection, &c.*

The result of this meeting was, that the Company should be proceeded with.

After several personal interviews with the private friends of the petitioner and of Mr. Hullett, a provisional committee was formed on the 14th of May 1824, and that circumstance communicated, with certain proposals by the petitioner, to Mr. Wilmot Horton, requesting that an interview might be appointed with Earl Bathurst, for taking the proposals into consideration with the committee, for the basis of the Company.

On the 15th of May certain other additional proposals, contingent on the first, were drawn up, and likewise communicated by the petitioner to Mr. Wilmot Horton for Earl Bathurst.

On the 21st of May Mr. W. Horton transmitted to the petitioner certain observations in writing made by Earl Bathurst respecting the

* These notes are from memoranda preserved by the petitioner at the time; but a more circumstantial record of what passed is probably still extant, for Mr. Horton had generally a shorthand writer in the room.

first proposals, and suggested that these proposals should be revoked and others amended in accordance with the views of his Lordship sent in.

The proposals, modified accordingly, were sent in.

A meeting of the provisional committee on the 1st of June in consequence took place. A copy of the minute of the proceedings at this meeting was transmitted to the Colonial Office.

On the 7th of June, to prevent misunderstanding, the petitioner had an interview with Mr. Horton,—a minute of which, agreed to by Mr. Horton, and in the writing of a clerk in the Colonial Office, has been preserved.

In the mean time the petitioner was actively employed in sounding his friends with respect to the formation of a Company, and a meeting with those who assented to take an interest in it was held, and a deputation appointed to wait on Earl Bathurst.

On the 26th of June the meeting with his Lordship and the deputation took place; and it was suggested, that instead of the proposed valuation by commissioners, a specific price should be offered; and, accordingly, the deputation adjourned, and the following, dictated by the deputation, was sent in:—

JOHN GALT, from the COMMITTEE to EARL BATHURST.

"18, Downing Street, 28th June, 1824.

"My Lord,

"I am instructed to state that the committee of the proposed Canadian Company, considering, in reference to the conversation which their deputation had the honour of holding with your Lordship on Saturday, the obvious difficulties which commissioners would find in adjusting a standard of value, it being quite manifest that the value of lands in Canada is more matter of opinion than deduced from actual dealing, concur in the propriety of abandoning the intention of settling the price by commissioners, and beg leave to make a specific offer, which shall have at once the effect of saving expense, controversies, and delays, while it will enable the Company to be immediately organised. Indeed, the difference between the speculative value which the Canadians put on their lands, and the merchantable value, is so evident, when it is considered, that there are about 16,000,000 of acres located, with a population of not more than 40,000 families, that it is not necessary to insist further on this point. But adverting to the fact, that a great

many of the reserves have been denuded of their timber, by which their value has been deteriorated, in as much as the materials have been removed which would have assisted in defraying the expense of clearing, the committee are persuaded, that under all the circumstances, and the prospective advantages of the Company to the colony, your Lordship will accede to a principle which will allow the payment to Government to be commensurate to the practicable operations of the Company.

"The proposal therefore is, that the Company shall engage, for a period of fifteen years, to take up annually, not less than 800 lots, or 160,000 acres of the crown, and of the half of the clergy reserves in Upper Canada only, for which Government shall be paid 20,000*l.* per annum certain; but for all above that quantity, which, in any year, the Company may find it expedient to take up, an additional sum shall be paid at the same rate, (say 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre.)

"If your Lordship is pleased to accede to this basis, the Committee have authorized me to say, that they are ready to prepare the requisite detailed proposals to give effect to a contract, and also to make the necessary arrangements for establishing the Company without further delay.

"I have the honour, &c.

"JOHN GALT."

This letter, after some correspondence, for which see Appendix, led to a renewal of the original plan of valuation by commissioners, and some of the parties who had agreed to concur in the formation of a Company withdrew from the association—a clear demonstration in two respects; first, that no Company for the purchase was then formed; and, secondly, that the petitioner was acting as a broker in seeking for a purchaser.

Afterwards the basis of a contract was established, and then the prospectus for the formation of a Company was prepared; but this prospectus was not issued without the sanction of the Secretary of State; and it happens that the original draft of it is preserved, with corrections made by Mr. Wilmot Horton; and also a memorandum is preserved in that gentleman's handwriting, containing alterations suggested by Lord Bathurst *. When the prospectus was sanctioned, the petitioner

* It is necessary to explain how it happened that these scraps have been preserved. The petitioner had discerned a visible reluctance in the Colonial

conceived his labour at an end. The trial to form the Company was then to be made; accordingly, he addressed a letter to the Secretary of State as to the claims for which he was agent; and to this letter he received an answer dated the 6th of August 1824, stating, "that the money to be paid by the Canada Company was not considered by His Majesty's Government to be applicable to the relief of the sufferers by the late war with the United States."

Had the proceeds been applied as he expected they would be, the commission which would have accrued to him from the payments to his constituents might have been deemed sufficient for his zealous and successful endeavours; but to take from him so many months devoted to incessant exertion to procure information, and to furnish it to others, that he might effect the sale, constitutes the ground on which, he ventures to say, he has established a claim. But this is not all. It is true, that he was subsequently elected Secretary to the Canada Company; but that circumstance was in itself precisely similar to the case of a man who, having executed for one party a piece of business, undertakes the work of another party. And to show how consistently the petitioner acted throughout, as soon as he was elected, he wrote to Mr. Wilmot Horton on the 13th of August 1824, the day subsequent to the formation of the Company:—"From this time I must consider myself as entirely embraced in the interests of the Company, and no longer free to offer any further suggestion to Government unauthorized by the directors." All the petitioner's subsequent transactions (except as commissioner) were on the Company's account; and this statement exhibits the grounds on which in reason and equity he conceives himself entitled to remuneration for the service done to the state.

To conclude, it must be manifest from the foregoing,

First, That the petitioner was actuated throughout the whole busi-

Office to appear ostensibly connected with the proceeding until the bargain was concluded, by which he was much embarrassed, and obliged to act with greater delicacy than a public mercantile negotiation seemed to require. His most confidential communications among his friends in which the term "Government" was used, were not approved, and in consequence merely, that if the negotiation should be broken off on the part of the Secretary of State, he was induced to preserve every paper that might be useful in showing that he was not acting from himself, but with the confidential sanction of the Colonial Department.

ness, until the Company was formed, by an expectation that the money to be obtained from the sale of the lands would be appropriated to the liquidation of the claims of his constituents.

Secondly, That the destination of the money to another purpose, while he was engaged in attempting to effect the sale, ought at least to have been communicated to him; for it cannot be alleged that a Secretary of State has the right to tax any man's time, labour, and ingenuity, without his consent.

Third, That the petitioner was requested in writing by Earl Bathurst to furnish a plan of sale, which he did; that he was verbally requested by the Under Secretary of State to try if purchasers could be found; that, in proof of this, until purchasers were found, the Secretary of State was officially consulted before any one point was determined with the merchants; and that even the prospectus upon which the money was to be raised, was not permitted to be issued until it had received the correction and approbation of Earl Bathurst by Mr. Wilmot Horton;—all circumstances of the common kind which take place between a broker and a seller.

Fourth, That a service was performed,—the sale of two million three hundred and eighty-four thousand four hundred and thirteen acres for three hundred and forty-eight thousand six hundred and eighty pounds four shillings and sixpence, thus:—

Crown Reserves, 1,384,413 acres, at 3*s.* 6*d.* - -	£242,272	5	6
1,000,000 acres in lieu of Clergy Reserves, which could not be sold for the same amount of purchase-money	145,150	5	0
Currency of Upper Canada	£387,422	10	6
Sterling	£348,680	4	6

Of this sum sixty-five thousand pounds have been actually paid as follows:—

In the year ending July 1827	£20,000	0	0
In the year ending July 1828	15,000	0	0
In the year ending July 1829	15,000	0	0
In the year ending July 1830	15,000	0	0
	£65,000	0	0

And the balance is payable as follows:—in 1831, £16,000; in 1832,

£17,000; in 1833, £18,000; in 1834, £19,000; and £20,000 yearly thereafter until the whole is paid.

THE QUESTION therefore is,—has the Petitioner any right to expect remuneration for having suggested the plan of sale, and accomplished all that he was requested to do, sanctioned and directed, as he was, in every step and stage of the proceedings by the Secretary of State?

N. B. It is unnecessary to narrate the transactions subsequent to the election of the petitioner, but it has been remarked, that perhaps Government considered that circumstance as being sufficient recompence; an opinion to which the petitioner never can accede, for his time was to him quite of as much value as the emoluments determined on by the Company, and it was in consideration of other circumstances that he accepted the Secretaryship at all. It has also been remarked, that his having been appointed one of the Commissioners for the valuation in Canada, was another bonus, but in that too he was appointed by the Company. Were these observations valid, as applicable to his claim, it should be shown that he was in any degree whatever indebted to the influence of the Colonial Office either for being Secretary, or Commissioner, or Superintendent, of the Company.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

Since the foregoing was put to press, the petitioner has received the subjoined letter, which serves to show that the price which was determined by the Commissioners for the Canada Company to pay, greatly exceeded what Government could obtain when sales to any considerable extent were attempted. It is, however, only applicable to his case, as showing that the advice given for the sale of the lands, was calculated to be, as it has been, advantageous to the public interest.

Letter from the Honourable THOMAS CLARK, a Member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, to JOHN GALT, Esquire.

St. Paul's Hotel, London, 9th February, 1831.

"Dear Sir,

"In answer to your query as to the price at which the escheated lands for non-payment under the late assessment law in Upper Canada

sold for during the last year, my papers respecting these sales being at Liverpool, I cannot now make you an answer so particular as I could wish, but will write you more minutely when I get there, and for which place I intend setting off on Friday next. I can, however, in the mean time say, that myself, in company with Mr. Street and Mr. Dickson, were the principal purchasers, and bought many thousand acres, in different districts, the average price being about sixpence, Canada currency, per acre for uncultivated lands. Large tracts, in a body, in the Gore and Newcastle districts were sold for four-pence half-penny per acre.

"Mr. William Gilkison, of Upper Canada, is now in town; he was there at the time of the sales, and can give you further information, if required.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your's very truly,

"THOMAS CLARK."

"John Galt, Esq."

To this case were appended several letters, which are in the Appendix, because it appeared to myself, that, possibly, these letters might be regarded as affording a ground for supposing that I was not acting in the service of Government, notwithstanding the evidence which showed that I was as much employed in what was done, as any broker or agent is in the city employed and authorized for the sale of articles which he effects, and for which he claims, and is paid, his brokerage or commission.

EPOCH FIFTH

CHAPTER I.

The Canada Company.—Original view.—Embark in the Romney man-of-war.—Journey through the State of New York.—Civilities of the Americans.—Reach Upper Canada.

THE Canada Company, although I have to deplore my connection with it, is an institution which only calamity can prevent from obtaining great prosperity. It was not, however, my original intention to have anything further to do with it, than to provide the means for the payment of my principals, and to resume my position in Scotland; but when the government destined the money to other objects than that which induced me to take so much trouble, I was persüaded to unite myself with the Company.

For the business, I was, perhaps, not unqualified, for the settlement of colonies had been with me long an object of study, in which, without being able to assign any reason for the bias, I had from boyhood ever a hankering.

When the arrangements were completed, and the capital of the company raised, the Romney man-of-war was appointed to convey the commissioners, for determining the value of the land, to New York. Some preparations were, however, necessary before she could sail, and we were delayed in consequence several days at Plymouth. I shall ever remember our stay there with great pleasure, and particularly he hospitalities of Lord De Saumarez, who was then port admiral. I had, however, an individual reason for being delighted with Plymouth, particularly in seeing and being upon the break-water; for I happened long ago to be dining with Mr. Rennie, the engineer, on the day it was agreed to erect it, and the incident is impressed upon my memory by an odd circumstance. At dinner we had a hare served which had been caught in the bottom of the London Docks by the workmen, and sent to him. The incident interested my fancy, and next morning I sent to Mr. Rennie the following impromptu, suggested by the occasion.

IMPROMPTU.

When time matured the plan of fate,
That gave imperial Rome her date,
Devouring vultures hovering came,
An omen of her warlike fame;
But signs of other aspect shew
What Jove will on your work bestow.

Yes, when he bade the timid hare,
Astonished to the docks repair,
The sign propitious proved it plain,
The coyest commerce of the main
Should wondering there be found at last,
To aid Britannia's rich repast.

In due time we sailed. In the course of the voyage I recollect only two occurrences, one of them exceedingly ridiculous, and the other a natural fact, worthy of serious investigation. What I allude to in the first place, arose from the ship being new, and being under-rigged, had a practice of rolling. One night a gun got loose in my cabin, and I lay in my cot, not venturing to get out for dread of the gun, raging like a bandit in a melo-drama; it was some time before it could be fastened. The other incident was a sort of natural mystery. Before reaching the American coast, or being within soundings, the water of the ocean became suddenly warm, above 70° one day before dinner. It occurred to me that we might be approaching the land, and accordingly I predicted we should soon be in soundings. This was a lucky hit of sagacity, for while we were at dinner the lieutenant of the watch reported that we had reached soundings.

Some of the commissioners, of whom I was one, got on board a pilot-boat at Sandy-Hook, and

made the best of our way to New York in a waggon, across Long Island to Brocklyne. We immediately went to an hotel, and spent an evening, of which the contrast of a long voyage certainly augmented the pleasure.

Next afternoon we embarked in a steam-boat for Albany, and I take this opportunity of mentioning a very hospitable circumstance that might be judiciously imitated elsewhere. The custom-house officers passed our luggage without examination, and in fact every facility was given to us that could possibly be desired.

In sailing up the Hudson to Albany I met with an agreeable incident. My travelling habits and a disposition to inquire the characters of those around, induced me to take my place at the public supper-table. The other commissioners "kept their state" in another cabin, which the captain assigned to them with due respect to their national prejudices. My seat at the public table turned out most fortunate. A gentleman sat down beside me whom in the course of conversation I found was a Colonel Hamilton, the son of the celebrated general of that name, the friend of General Washington, and the same who was shot in a duel with Burgh.

I had been at school with two of his relations, one of them Mr. Walter Hamilton, the author of the Indian Gazetteer, so that a sort of intimacy

was at once formed, especially as it was in my power to give him some account of his family, at Grange, in Ayrshire. He made me acquainted with the characters of many of his father's friends: he had himself been with the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, and had seen a good deal of the world to supply agreeable topics of conversation.

In consequence of meeting this gentleman I resolved to stop a few days at Albany; my colleagues, Colonel Cockburn, the present governor of Honduras, and Sir John Harvey, went straight on to York, and Mr. M'Gillivray and Mr. Davidson, the other commissioners, proceeded to Lower Canada. The legislature was sitting, and in both houses I was allowed a seat within the bar. While in the upper house Burgh happened to come in and passed quite close to Colonel Hamilton; but I remarked he was not noticed, and had something of a blighted appearance. In the course of the day I received an invitation to dine with the governor of the State, the celebrated De Witt Clinton, to whom I had a letter. The dinner party was numerous and gentlemanly. The chancellor, and some of the judges, with the leading members of the bar, and the most eminent characters in the legislature were there. The impression of the company was much superior to what I expected. In Mrs. Clin-

ton I met with a woman of great energy; she was a very Madame Roland, with many original traits of character. In one characteristic she had an instantaneous claim on my respect, for in appearance she much resembled what I recollected of my own mother, and singularly enough was dressed exactly in the same style; the resemblance was increased by the same straightforward shrewdness. I sat on her right hand, but nothing occurred to show that she possessed equal humour to my mother, certainly not that grotesque sort of phraseology, which, in her, was almost equal to wit. Mrs. Clinton, or Lady Clinton, as she was called by the common people, was a shade graver. I owed the cordiality of her treatment to an impression which had been produced by the "Annals of the Parish."

Next day I had another sort of entertainment that to me was still more racy. Among my letters I had one from Mr. Ellice to a Mr. Baron Blucher, an old friend of his father's, of Dutch origin. The appearance of this antique gentleman was exceedingly prepossessing and primitive. He invited me to dinner, and told me that his hour was one o'clock, but he would make it three to give me more leisure. All about him seemed like a vision of antiquity. The wine glasses were tall and very old-fashioned, like those that may be

seen in the picture of the burgomasters in the Stadthouse of Amsterdam. They had long stalks, with a white worm, of a screw form, within, and I am quite sure I do not greatly overstep the truth when I say that the whole apparatus of the table was at least as ancient as American liberty.—His manners and sedate shrewdness were also of "the olden time," and I have often since wished that I could have an opportunity of describing at more length such a respectable specimen of the past.

Among my excursions from Albany, Colonel Hamilton borrowed a carriage from some of his connexions and took me to see the falls of Cahoes, on the Mohawk river, the next cataract in size to the Falls of Niagara. We then crossed the river by a covered bridge, and went to the thriving town of Troy, in which I could see nothing classical; but we were ferried across to the Albany side in a team-boat, that is to say, a boat with wheel paddles like a steam-boat, but driven by horses *.

* Team-boats are very ancient, and their paddle-wheels are the models from which those of the steam-boat are taken. Mr. William Symington, in his demonstration of his father being the inventor of steam-boats, now of such incalculable benefit in navigation, mentions that the substitution of wheels for oars is as old as the time of the Romans, and quotes from Witsen's Treatise on Ship-building, published at Amsterdam in 1621, a drawing of a vessel propelled by paddle-wheels turned by oxen. But the invention is much older; for a Professor of Padua, is stated to have seen in 1587, an ancient bas-relief, which represented a galley with three wheels aside, turned by three

Having satisfied myself with Albany, I proceeded on my route to Upper Canada, and in the course of the journey fell in with a countryman, to whose communicative intelligence I consider myself greatly indebted. I dined with him in Canandagua, and afterwards made the best of my way to Buffaloe, and thence to Black Rock, where I was very kindly treated by General Porter, who, I believe, was afterwards American Secretary-at-War. I was there among friends; for it happened that the death of a relation in Virginia was at the time in the papers, and Mrs. Porter had been particularly acquainted with him.

From Black Rock I proceeded to Manchester, at the Falls of Niagara, the ice in the river preventing me from crossing.

By the time I got to Manchester, the weather grew very cold, and I was exceedingly unwell with the variolid, a disease that did not leave me for upwards of twelve months. It was sunset when we reached Manchester, and as the fire in the

pair of oxen; and Vulterius who lived in the fifteenth century, shows that the invention was anterior to his time. I have been told by an acquaintance, that he saw on one of the rivers on the west side of Hindostan, a vessel propelled by paddle-wheels, set a-going by some sort of machinery like the tread-mill, and I saw myself, on the river Detroit, a small boat with paddle-wheels, which the man at the helm made to turn round by a pair of treadles under his feet, after the manner of a spinning wheel.

hotel was very inviting, my disposition did not incline, at the time, to go abroad, so I sent my servant to look at the Falls with orders to come back and tell me what they were like, and if it were worth while to go and look at them. No doubt the lad's downright character had some influence in making me give this ludicrous order, but his answer when he returned was beyond expectation. "It is a very cold night," said he, "and there is nothing to be seen but a great tumbling of waters," advising me at the same time not to go abroad that night.

Thus it came to pass, that although within a hundred yards of the Falls of Niagara, I was induced not to visit them, nor did I during my first journey to America. In the course of about a mile or two below the cataract, a turn in the road gave me a view of them, which I think was the same I saw long ago in the picture at Kilmarnock.

From the Falls, I proceeded down the American side of the river to Louistown, where I hired a schooner to go across Lake Ontario, and after a very rough and stormy passage reached York, the capital of Upper Canada, where Colonel Cockburn and Sir John Harvey had arrived.

CHAPTER II.

An act of justice.—Civility of the newspaper editors.—Finishing of the Commission.—Return.

BEFORE I proceed with my narrative, I must pause to do an act of justice. I had embarked with a strong prejudice against Colonel Cockburn, particularly in consequence of altercations we had together at the colonial office, when arranging the basis of agreement between the crown and the Canada company. He acted for the secretary of state. But I now have no small pleasure in acknowledging my error; I found him, the more I knew of him, an honest and intelligent gentleman, with a zealous respect for his trust, and, ever since our business was finished, a friend that I am proud in having known.

On my arrival at York, in Upper Canada, he had anticipated many things that were essential to our inquiries, in so much, that when the two other commissioners, whom private business had taken to Lower Canada, would arrive, and they were daily expected, we should be in a condition to begin business.

That evening we dined at the governor's and every thing looked well. I anticipated a pleasant time, notwithstanding I felt my malady increasing, for I was well known by name in the province for my advocacy of the war losses, and perhaps I owed something to my authorship. However, I had great reason to be personally obliged to the editors of some of the newspapers for their publications. Among others, I received a complete file of the Colonial Advocate. With the editor I was entirely unacquainted, and as little aware of the character of his politics. A file of newspapers, however, was a present that called at least for acknowledgement; but before sending my letter of thanks, which was written soon after I received the file, I turned the papers over cursorily, and here and there read a passage, which apprised me of the character of their politics, particularly a series of letters addressed to the attorney-general, intended to resemble those of Junius; but I could not even acknowledge the present, without noticing the coarseness, in such a manner, however, as to convey my opinion with some delicacy; and as the paper evinced superior local information, I ordered it to be regularly sent to me.

I beseech the reader to recollect this circumstance, for what I intended as mere politeness, was afterwards construed to indicate a settled disposi-

tion in politics, and was to me a source of misfortune.

The inquiry of the commissioners went on regularly.

In consequence of my ill health, I went as little abroad as possible; but it was necessary to take our different meals at the general house the commissioners had hired. Unless the party was a very particular one, I commonly went to bed; for one of the inconveniences of the disease with which I was incommoded, was a great disposition to fall asleep suddenly. At the governor's table, one evening, during dinner, I was obliged to indulge my propensity; and another morning, at the board, the same sudden overpowering drowsiness attacked me. However, with the exception of the attorney-general's house, I went with my colleagues to every place, and I was then only deterred from accompanying them by a severe attack of my indisposition. With this single exception I accepted every invitation, and I mention this particularly, to explain what afterwards appeared, as will be shewn, a singular allegation on the part of Sir Peregrine Maitland. Once, indeed, in going from my lodgings to the commission-house I called at the inspector-general's, where several gentlemen belonging to the legislature were at breakfast.

When our inquiry was finished, we prepared to

return home, by crossing Lake Ontario in the evening. Those who intended to proceed to the Lower Province were detained for a day or two, but the party destined for England lost no time in their journey.—I solicit particular attention to this circumstance, and to an incident in itself of no apparent importance, namely, requesting Mr. Malcolm, the secretary to the commission, to call at the newspaper offices, and pay for those that I had received after my arrival. I also begged him to call at the Colonial Advocate's office, and direct Mr. Mackenzie to send his paper regularly to me, in London. I did this because of the file of newspapers he had sent me, and from observing that the Colonial Advocate contained more advertisements for the sale of land than any other paper in the province.

In this business I was solely actuated by my reluctance, arising from the feeling of disease, to be in the open air.

By some accident, I never learned how Mr. Malcolm was prevented from going to the office of the Colonial Advocate, but it will be seen hereafter the very nefarious use made of that circumstance.

On the day, however, on which the commissioners signed their report, we had several strangers to dinner. It happened to be my birth-day, and I

determined to punish my colleagues in retaliation for a difference of opinion on several points that had prevailed among us, for I was apprehensive we might not all part such good friends as our unanimity at last indicated. Accordingly, while the secretary was preparing the parchments for signature, being in the board-room by myself, I scribbled a travestie on Cowper's Ode to the Memory of Kempenfeldt, on the scattering of the commissioners. I do not recollect it particularly, but it was a description of each commissioner. The stanza on Colonel Cockburn was good:

> Turkeys and tongues
> Have fallen cent. per cent.,
> And not a goose is spoken of
> Since Colonel Cockburn went.

Sir John Harvey assisted me tc make copies, which with great formality were sealed, and I carried them to the dinner table.

When the cloth was removed and the decanters set, I made a short speech as gravely as I could, stating, that at the board their conduct was such that I could not soon forget it, especially the manner in which unanimity was at last obtained, but conscious of my inability to speak what I felt, I had expressed myself on the subject to each commissioner similarly in a separate letter.

My address excited universal consternation, the

more especially as I requested permission to leave the room. It was granted in silence, and I soon heard a peal of laughter at the result. Without some trick of this sort, I am convinced we should have parted rather uncomfortably, but all was put to rights, and we separated in good humour.

Night and day those destined for England travelled to Albany, and accomplished the journey in a shorter time than it ever was remembered to have been performed. We got on board the steamer there at once, arrived safe at New York, and had a passage without accident from that city to Liverpool.

Among the passengers to England, were several gentlemen from Virginia, on their way to make the tour of Europe. They were genteel men, and we recollected how well we had been treated by the Custom House officers at New York; accordingly, we begged the tide surveyor at Liverpool, to pass their baggage without examination, for between the two countries at that period, it seemed judicious to foster a conciliatory spirit.

We then made the best of our way to London, where Colonel Cockburn, our chief Commissioner, delivered the coach load of documents, we had

brought, to the Colonial Office, and as I expected no objection would be made to our report, I remained at the coach inn, with the intention of going to my family in Scotland, but it was destined to be otherwise.

CHAPTER III.

A proposal.—The Clergy Corporation of Upper Canada interfere.—The commissioners put on their defence.—A new bargain.—Dextrous manœuvre of Archdeacon Strachan.—Appointed to go to America.

Two or three days after our arrival, Colonel Cockburn called on me to urge that the Company should give up the clergy reserves, but I explained that it could not be done, because the agreement for these reserves was one of the grounds which had induced subscribers to supply the capital.

His manner completely convinced me that his call was not without an object, and after he went away, I had no doubt in my own mind of his being sent to sound my disposition on the subject, especially as the Attorney General of Upper Canada had come home, and it was rumoured that the clergy intended to stir heaven and earth to get the award set aside, before even it was known what the award would be.

Having failed with me, a representation was made on the part of the clergy, by the Attorney General of Upper Canada. The paper was drawn up with great skill and ability, but as the commissioners were appointed arbitrators, it appeared to me that by adhering to that character, we

should get the better of the Attorney General. On this, however, there was a difference of opinion amongst us. The commissioners, in consequence, who had come to England, waited on the Colonial Secretary in a body, and requested the appointment of a law adviser. In this, however, I stood alone upon my character as an arbitrator, and refused to consider myself as amenable to the Secretary of State, unless delinquency and corruption were imputed; in that case, I would insist on a public investigation. My colleagues, however, chose a middle course, and it was left to Sir Giffin Wilson, to decide if we had fulfilled our instructions.

In this proceeding the Cánada Company took a very wise course, suggested by their governor, Mr. Bosanquet. They refused to have any thing to do with the dispute, and said, they were content to abide by the award.

A very troublesome business, of several months, was the consequence, but the Company was firm, and at last a much more elaborate investigation was directed to take place before Mr. Robert Grant,—the present judge advocate,—to answer the charges brought against the commissioners by the attorney-general of Upper Canada.

The talents of Mr. Grant require no eulogium; and in a report, extending to several hun-

dred pages, he completely established their vindication. But it was believed not to have satisfied the Canadian clergy, and thus, before Mr. Grant's eloquent and able paper was acknowledged in the colonial office, it was left to Dr. Strachan, for the clergy, and myself, privately to try if we could make a satisfactory agreement to which Earl Bathurst and the Company would accede. This was soon done, and the second agreement of the Canada company was completed, and was better than the first.

By it the great tract of land, on Lake Huron, was assigned to the Company, under an obligation that a third part of the purchase money should be laid out in public improvements.

It was not my business in this matter to think of the means of settling the question; these the government, I conceived, was bound to find, and the result has been, that the Company received eleven hundred thousand acres in one block. In assenting to this, Dr. Strachan showed himself possessed of true clerical sagacity, as he received back for that tract the clergy reserves, and the law gave him 750,000 acres more. The Company, however, benefited by the transaction, and the clergy to this additional extent. The clergy reserves originally, which the Company purchased, were little more than 800,000 acres; by the ne-

gociation, the clergy received the addition of nearly as much more.

After the arrangement made between Dr. Strachan and me, the necessary preliminaries for giving the Company effect were established, and as soon as the charter was granted, I was appointed to go to Canada to make arrangements for undertaking operations next year.

CHAPTER IV.

Transactions with Mr. Rolfe.—Liberality of government.—Alien question.

DURING the altercation between the secretary of state and the commissioners, a curious transaction took place.

In consequence of its being legally found that settlers in Upper Canada, subsequent to the American independence, of American origin, were aliens, the whole province was thrown into a ferment, and it was determined in the legislature to naturalize them by bill. These memoirs afford no proper place to be particular about the occurrence, but a Mr. Rolfe was sent home by those who were opposed to the bill, to procure some how an amelioration of its provisions here.

He brought letters to me, and I requested him to let me know what other letters he had, that I might be able to see if I could be useful.

He mentioned particularly the names of the present Lord Chancellor, then Mr. Brougham, also Mr. Hume, Mr. Stanley, and some other parties, whose speeches made them seem, at a distance, factious

subjects. For men have a coarse way of judging politicians remote from the seat of government, in colonies as well as elsewhere.

Having asked him to dine with me on the following day, I begged him to do nothing with his letters till I had time to consider in what way I could be serviceable, requesting him to call upon me next morning. This he agreed to do, and we parted.

After he had gone away, I turned over the business in my mind, and came to the conclusion, that if there were reason in what he wanted, the consent of government would not be withheld to the framing of a measure that would allay the provincial ferment.

Accordingly, when he called next morning, we went up in a boat to Downing street, and in the course of the passage, I begged him not to deliver his letters till I could see Mr. Horton, telling him, that unless the government refused to redress the wrong complained of, it would do no good to have recourse to Mr. Brougham, or any of the other partizans, which he had come prepared to conciliate.

To this proposition he assented.

I went to Mr. Horton, and told him for what purpose Mr. Rolfe had come, and to whom he had especial letters, entreating that he would see

him, and hear what he had to say, and endeavour to frame a palatable measure with him.

Mr. Rolfe was below stairs in the waiting-room when I had this interview, and Mr. Horton, with alert and meritorious condescension, as I considered it, consented to see him, though he was no accredited functionary.

Mr. Rolfe, on his part, agreed not to deliver his factious letters, and out of this arrangement rose a consent that he should be consulted in the provisions of a bill to naturalize the aliens. The whole proceeding, on the part of government, was in the very best spirit, and I had reason to believe, from a letter that Mr. Rolfe wrote to me of acknowledgement, that I had been instrumental in appeasing the discontents of the province. But he brought me the draft of a bill, which he himself had drawn, totally different from what I understood the colonial department would sanction.

On reading his bill I saw, that as a political measure, it was, as I said to Mr. Rolfe himself, cursed stuff, and would never be sanctioned. And I beseeched him to suppress it as a very foolish thing. To this he seemingly agreed, and with Dr. Strachan, who was then in London, and Mr. Stephen, the counsel to the colonial office, he was put into what may be called a connived-at communication. The result was, that he, as I con-

ceived, acceded to a bill which Mr. Stephen was directed to prepare, and returned to Canada pleased, as I had supposed, with the agreeable termination of his mission; but I was greatly deceived, for, as it afterwards turned out, the mission to London of Mr. Rolfe was not so much to pacify his country, and to allay the ferment which had been chafed and excited among the people, as to obtain that kind of notoriety for himself, which some sort of patriots deem fame. The courses into which I had allured him had, it was afterwards manifested, baffled and disappointed his rancid ambition.

CHAPTER V.

Trip to Dover—to France.—Adventure there.—Return to England.

DURING the controversy between the commissioners and the secretary of state, set on by the Canadian clergy and their black abettors here, Col. Cockburn and Mr. Davidson went with their families to Dover, as a quiet watering-place, and I, who had been detained in London, made an excursion to see them.

The fact is, that the aspect of the controversy was at that time not very conciliatory, and being afraid the Company would burst like a bubble, I was so exceedingly anxious and apprehensive of the loss I might have occasioned to the friends I had induced to take shares in the concern, that I could not rest. The idea had such possession of my head, that I hoped a change of scene would relieve me, as if any such change could allay the rankling of the dart that was carried in my side everywhere.

I have already noticed as a constitutional peculiarity, when in this excessive earnest state, how much I am apt to fall into fits of self-absorption, in which, in a great measure, every thing but the

present is forgotten. During my visit to Dover I became subject to one of these, the result of which neither Col. Cockburn nor Mr. Davidson are likely soon to forget.

Everybody who has ever been at Dover knows that it is one of the vilest blue-devil haunts on the face of the earth, except Little York in Upper Canada, when he has been there one day. I was not at the time in a condition to contend with the local influences, and of course longed exceedingly, after the first four and twenty hours, to leave it. Being in this dismal state on the quay with my friends, and seeing the French packet preparing to sail, I left them and went on board, with the intention of just looking at "the gate of Calais" and returning, as if I could see Hogarth's characters there. I never thought of a passport, nor of looking at the contents of my pocket, but sailed away, and was hideously sea-sick, which is not a condition favourable to philosophy.

Late at night we landed, and in a house on the pier underwent an examination, during which I was admonished for coming without a passport; as I declared, however, my intention of returning with the packet, the omission was soon got over. But it made my helplessness very apparent to the bystanders, one of whom had compassion enough to shew me to an inn.

After taking some refreshment, I saw the house would not do, and calling for the bill, put my hand in my pocket, but started aghast to find I had left my purse with a few sovereigns in my portmanteau, and had come away with only two or three shillings, little more than sufficed to settle the demand.

Intending to go back in the morning, the discovery did not however disconcert me, so I left the house and went to Dessin's grand hotel, where, as all travellers find themselves, I was elegantly and comfortably entertained, but how was a total stranger and foreigner to pay the bill, never once occurred to me, my head was so full of other matters.

In the course of the night a terrible storm came on,

> "The wind blew, as 't wad blawn its last,
> The rattling showers rose on the blast,
> The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd,
> Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd;
> That night a child might understand
> The de'il had business on his hand."

Next morning it was still so stormy, that the master of the packet called to inform me that he durst not venture to sea.

The intelligence was not terrible, as the town was to be seen; it proved, however, but an unin-

teresting place; every curiosity was soon inspected, and my time, the day being showery, began to hang very heavy and embarrassing. In this predicament, forgetting the state of my purse, I resolved to visit Dunkirk, and accordingly ordering a carriage, drove off.

The weather brightened, and I was amused with the journey, particularly with several burying-grounds which the carriage passed, the most lugubrious spectacles I had ever seen; the gayest of which would have made a sedate English gibbet "guffaw" to look at its fantastic horrors.

Fortunately I had money enough, with the help of a small piece borrowed from the driver, to pay my way, but returned from Dunkirk to Calais without a fraction in my pocket; roused, however, from my brown study, I was like to eat my fingers at my stupidity.

Here was I, without a farthing, in one of the most splendid hotels in Europe, in a foreign land, among the French too, deep in debt to my courier, and not a friend to assist me. I was excessively vexed, but as self-upbraiding will pay no bills, I at last called for the landlord and told him how I was situated, requesting him to get payment from the captain of the packet, adding, and as I did not like to be without money, to lend me a napoleon.

The man laughed, lent me the money, and so cleared my way.

"Really," said I to myself, "the French are a very polite people: an English landlord would have referred an unknown foreigner in such circumsfances to the stocks, and a Scotch one, for his bardiness, would have threatened him with the jougs."

CHAPTER VI.

Anxieties.—Determination of the Canadian Directors.—Judicious resolution.—The Omen.—Local memory.—Curious instances.

JOKING apart, however, the period between my return from America, until the vindication of the commissioners was established, proved exceedingly irksome, for although the commissioners knew that they had conscientiously executed their trust, we could not disguise from ourselves that, as we had enjoyed a discretionary freedom of opinion, a door was thereby opened by which cavil might enter and commit her nuisances with impunity.

To apply to any serious course of study while the eclipse was in travel, it is needless to say was impossible. I never spent an equal space of life so idly; for although my time was occupied with many quests, which I thought might be useful if the Company became ultimately established, I could not divest myself of anxiety. My only confidence was in the determination of the court of directors to let the commissioners fight their own battle. This I think was chiefly owing, as I have said, to the governor, Mr. Charles Bosanquet, and gave

me a very high opinion of his tact and sagacity. He saw at once the consequences which would ensue if the Company took any part in the question, and accordingly recommended the award to be accepted as if it had not been controverted. I have no doubt that by this straight-forward decision he surprised and got the weather-gauge in a dispute in which the government, by listening to the representations of the clergy, came shockingly off by the lee. I conceive, by having suggested and carried into effect this most judicious manœuvre, he did the Canada Company "some service", and now that their stock is the most flourishing in London, it should be remembered; but gratitude is not an obligation of their charter.

However, to proceed: while matters were in abeyance during the commissioners' controversy, although my mind was in no very comfortable state, I wrote the tale of the Omen, a continuation, as it may be called, of a former attempt to embody presentiments and feelings in situations not uncommon, for it has always appeared to me, that the more mysterious the sentiments are to which one desires to give

"A local habitation and a name",

the more simple and ordinary should the vehicle be in which they are to be conveyed. The state-

coach is not employed to bring the crown from the Tower, an unobserved hackney does as well, or rather I should say, better.

Perhaps I may here properly introduce an instance of that peculiar local memory to which I have alluded, and in which I think myself in some measure remarkable. Among other properties which Mr. Ellice inherited in the State of New York, was one at Little Falls, on the Mohawk river. The situation is greatly picturesque,—a large river tumbles and dashes amidst wooded fragments and tall precipices,—the Dunkeld of America.

Above the village on the brow of a hill, stands a pretty octagon church, built by old Mr. Ellice before the Independence, and I was told on the spot, that it was known to his lady;—in consequence, it struck me that a view of the place would be an acceptable present, and on my way to Canada, I examined the environs to choose the most striking point to obtain it. On my return home, I described it to a young lady, who possessed superior power with her pencil, but I forgot to tell her in what direction the water ran, and in consequence, she made it flow the wrong way. She saw, however, by the scenery that there was something incongruous in the picture, and made another drawing, changing the current, and so verifying the likeness; a copy was then produced, and though

no sketch had been taken on the spot, and months had elapsed since it was seen, my servant, who was at Little Falls with me, knew the landscape at once. I gave the late Lady Hannah Ellice the drawings.

Among painters the faculty may be common, but I have no talent that way, though possessed of some inclination to make architectural designs. Nor am I at all times sure, that my description is sufficiently distinct to enable another to paint from it; after all, however, I suspect that some observance of the contour of things and of their character is really the whole extent occasionally experienced; to myself it is a very useless endowment, for I have never been in any situation where it was required. Besides, it cannot always be voluntarily commanded, it is like the poet's fytte or the singer's voice, liable to be, if the expression may be used, sometimes brighter and dimmer, as the sensorium happens to be interested, nor is it always the most striking objects that make the strongest impression; a ludicrous instance of this may be also noted. I saw the present Queen of France a few days before she was married, she was then very simply dressed, going to a court gala, her gown was of light blue satin, short sleeved, and her meagre arms were without gloves.

But the most curious example is in a picture of my lamented and kind friend the late Earl of

Blessington, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It was in the Somerset House exhibition, when first painted.

In going through the rooms without noticing whose it was, I looked at it strangely struck, and said to a gentleman who was with me, "If that picture is like, and I should ever become acquainted with the original, we shall be great friends." On looking at the catalogue, we saw it was Lord Mountjoy. Years after, in 1821, I became acquainted with his Lordship, he was then Earl of Blessington, and I had forgot all about the portrait of Lord Mountjoy. We did, however, become friends, but it was not till long after, when his appearance was greatly changed, that I knew he had ever been Lord Mountjoy, not indeed till one day when, sauntering through the drawing rooms in his mansion, St. James's Square, I discovered among the pictures the identical portrait by Lawrence, hanging in one of the front apartments, on the left side of the entrance to the saloon, next to the fireplace. It was removed when the house was let to the Wyndham club, but there was a stain on the crimson paper which marked where the frame had been.

It is something like this which enables persons to identify, after a long interval, stolen goods, but in the peculiarity of recalling objects of sight,

and describing them as if they were present, consists the faculty of local memory. Like freckles of the skin, tints of complexion, and hues of the hair; it is nothing to boast of, though it helps to make individuality and to mark identity. The late unfortunate Stanislaus, the last King of Poland, had the endowment to a very extraordinary degree. He once so described the Empress Catherine II. to a painter, that one of the best likenesses ever painted of her imperial majesty was produced.

CHAPTER VII.

The death of my mother.—Reflections.

WHILE the controversy between the commissioners and the colonial office was proceeding, I was overtaken by a sorrowful misfortune. In the course of nature my mother's life was drawing to a close, and could not reasonably be expected to be much prolonged, but the sudden extinction of her intellectual faculties was not anticipated; she was, however, smitten with a severe stroke of paralysis, which at once disabled her corporeal functions, and, to a very painful degree, obscured her mind. The account of this event came at a time when I was not very able to pay her a visit, but, after consulting the doctor, I set off by the mail, and found her condition to be as helpless as it had been described. She lingered several months, though, to her family, she was literally no more.

On my entering her room she recognized me, and in the effort to express her gladness, became awake, as it were, to her own situation, and wept bitterly, attempting, with ineffectual babble, to

explain what she felt. This was her last effort of intelligence, for although she continued to recognize me while I remained, she evinced no particular recollection of herself, nor of the mere vegetable existence to which she had been reduced, indeed all her sensibilities gradually declined.

No doubt the death of a parent is a very common occurrence, and the grief of it is mitigated by that circumstance, and by the consideration that it belongs to the inevitable incidents of humanity; but every sorrow is rendered more or less severe by the circumstances in which it takes place. In this case, when I look back on the intervening events, I cannot but regard my mother as fortunate in the time of her end; she was in consequence spared from many afflictions, of a kind she would have felt keenly. The very obliteration of her faculties was in itself a muffling of sorrow, and though their obscurity could not be witnessed without anguish, there was a blessing in the dispensation. It in this partook of the colour of her life; full in its privacy of what, to the female mind, are great vicissitudes, it called forth exertion, and though few could suffer more intensely, still fewer could look at the worst of fortune more undismayed, when endeavour might avert the threatening.

To myself the event was, perhaps, more influential than most readers may imagine. From my very childhood it had been my greatest delight to please this affectionate parent, and in consequence her loss weakened, if I may say, the motive that had previously impelled my energies. The world to me was deprived of one that I was actuated by an endeavour to gratify, and in proportion the charm of life was diminished in its power; but the misfortunes also were weakened in their pungency, and no effort of reason was necessary to convince me, that I would suffer less by not having her anxieties to consider.

Many years before I had lost my father; but although few could have stronger claims on the reverence of their children than those to which he was entitled, there is a difference in the filial love which belongs to the father, from that which the child's heart thinks is the mother's due. The one is allied to esteem, friendship, and respect, but the other is a gentle feeling composed of confidence, kindness, and gratitude. The one is more masculine in all its qualities; but the other, without the mind being able to say wherefore, is at once more durable and tender. Fiction has often recorded those divorces of the heart to which paternal regard is liable, but it is a rare and impro-

bable occurrence to suppose the alienation of maternal love. I am, however, saying more than can be requisite to the reader who has survived his parents, even though he may not feel so much the curtailment of his motives to exertion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Emigration practically considered.—Mr. Horton's * plan.—A suggestion concerning a fund for emigration.

For many years I had paid a kind of desultory attention to colonial subjects, and now seeing before me a prospect of being engaged practically with schemes of emigration and the care of settlers, I began to apply to the details of those branches.

While engaged in these pursuits, accidental circumstances brought me acquainted with Mr. Horton's ideas on the same subject, and it was gratifying to find my theoretical notions coincided with his, which were derived from or at least corroborated by parliamentary investigations. I do not think his intelligence in this branch of policy has been appreciated at half its worth; but while I cannot sufficiently express my humble approbation of his endeavours, I beg respectfully to differ from him with regard to the means of attaining his ends.

One important fact he has completely ascertained, and that is, that in the present circum-

* The Right Honourable Sir R. J. W. Horton was not knighted when in the Colonial Office.

stances of this country, the population is superabundant, and the employments consequently deficient.

Having perfectly determined this truth, he benevolently sought to provide a fund for the relief of the kingdom, optional, it is true, in the adoption, but coercive when once adopted. I refer to the power he has procured for parishes to mortgage their rates in order to raise a fund for the transportation of paupers. On this scheme, though feasible, we have always differed.

The tendency of his plan appeared to me to be the relief of England only from her superabundant labourers, which I contended could not be done without increasing, in effect, the price of labour, and that his measure was objectionable because it would have at once this effect, and the effect of increasing the parochial expenditure. It seemed to me that the relief to England would be nugatory. By transporting the superabundant population to the colonies, you benefited them at the expense of England, inasmuch as by increasing their population, you extended the basis upon which constitutionally taxation could be levied; and I held it to be constitutionally better than his measure, that a price should be put upon the crown lands in the colonies, and that from the sales of them a fund available for purposes of emigration should be formed. Thus, out of the colonies

themselves, deriving benefit from immigration, a fund might be drawn for the purpose of promoting the emigration from the mother country.

This view of the subject did not, however, so clearly strike me as advantageous till after it had been determined that the money to be paid by the Canada Company should not be given to my constituents, but unconstitutionally appropriated to prevent the necessity of applying to Parliament for aid here, or to the provincial House of Assembly. It seemed to me that the Crown usurped a power contrary to the constitution, when it appropriated the proceeds of the national domains without the sanction of Parliament.

Finding myself disappointed in the application of the proceeds to the payment of the claims, and not approving of the unconstitutional appropriation which had been made of it, I was induced to consider the next best means of applying it.

Public works, in ancient times, were the resource to which great kings after their wars, when victorious, had recourse for the employment of their armies, and as there was at that time the Rideau Canal and other extensive undertakings projected in Canada, I considered that the proceeds of the sale of the crown lands might be judiciously employed on them; for I had only in common with many of the public, prior to the investigations of Mr. Horton, a vague notion respecting the superabundant

population of the United Kingdom. But when that fact was indisputably ascertained, it appeared to me that it would be a most beneficial application of the money to throw it into a fund to assist purposes of emigration. As yet no visible benefit is nationally derived from sending off the swarmings of the superabundant population, although a legitimate fund is within reach.

Without question it may be expected that a legislature will spare its subjects as much as possible from taxation, and therefore it is apparently not far removed from a wise policy, to make use of the national property to avoid taxation. But this surely is not constitutional? I do not, however, like to consider faults so much as remedies, and therefore would regard money arising from the sale of the crown lands in colonies as constituting a separate fund from that which is formed from the regular revenue, and the encouragement of emigration seems the right application of it.

The revenue of a state, or colony, or community, should be raised from the people, and I hold that the money arising from the sale of the crown lands in the colonies should be separately considered from the revenues. Instead, therefore, of giving parishes the power of mortgaging their poor-rates, I would say there is an adequate fund already provided by the colonial lands to defray

the removal of emigrants, and thereby to relieve the parishes. But as it is, the people of England tax themselves for the removal of paupers, and neither Ireland nor Scotland are in a condition to share in the boon, if it be one*. Why should the inhabitants of a parish here contribute, for example, to increase the population of Canada, thereby reducing the taxation payable by the previous Canadian population? We begin at the wrong end of the business. We transfer our labourers to Canada, and they must be very little worth indeed if Canada will not pay the expense, by the sale of the crown lands, of bringing them over. By their presence the value of land is augmented, and, as the case is, at the expense of the people of England; but constitute a fund from the sale of the crown lands in the colony, and you relieve the people of England.

* Ireland has no poor-rates to mortgage, and consequently cannot benefit by Mr. Horton's measure, and I have an account, which I gave to him, that shews how little it is applicable to Scotland. By this account it appears that

86	parishes	support their paupers by assessment.
431	do.	do. by collections at the kirk doors.
155	do.	have or had saved money.
202	do.	have mortifications, or funds arising from legacies.
874		

N.B. The great towns are considered as single parishes; all the parishes collect on Sunday.

It is some satisfaction, that in an effort to relieve the distresses of the English and Irish parishes, I have not been altogether nugatory. On every occasion, [but of late they have been very limited,] I have endeavoured to persuade many of those gentlemen who have taken an interest in emigration, that the true fund by which it can be promoted is the proceeds of the crown lands abroad, and on a recent application from a society in Ireland, through the Colonial Office, I urged the expediency of making the revenues arising from the sale of the crown lands contributory to this purpose. How much would the twenty thousand pounds a-year payable by the Canada Company contribute to this object?

Besides thus conceiving that a fund might be constitutionally provided for drawing off a regular stream of emigration, I ought to mention that I submitted to the Earl of Dalhousie, and afterwards to Lord Howick, a plan of colonization which, in a fiscal respect, might be made productive. The Earl of Dalhousie himself examined the plan with care, which was so far gratifying; for if the Canada Company can make money of their speculation, our statesmen should explain to the nation how the colonies cost so much.

CHAPTER IX.

Letter from Dr. Strachan.—Letter to Sir P. Maitland, the lieutenant-governor.—Sail for America.

When the time arrived for my going to Canada, an occurrence took place, which had a very material effect on my comfort. Archdeacon Strachan was at the time in Scotland, and before my departure from London, I received a letter from him enclosing two others, one for Major Hillier the Secretary, the other for the Attorney General of the province; these letters as he said in his, would contribute to make my situation in the province agreeable. The whole spirit and tenor of his observations tended to impress me with a very distinct apprehension that I had been viewed with jealousy and distrust in the province, for what cause I could not divine, but his communication was exceedingly friendly, though he had overstepped propriety towards me in making it. He forgot that I was but the servant of the Company, and had no discretionary power to consult any one not responsible for his advice.

I ought perhaps to have made the Directors of the Canada Company acquainted with the letter, but upon consideration, I thought the least said is soonest mended. I therefore kept it to myself, determined to act precisely as if it had never been received. Before, however, leaving London, perhaps on the very day I received the letter, I went down to the Colonial Office to take leave of Mr. Horton, and to receive a letter from the Secretary of State to Sir Peregrine Maitland, to be delivered to his Excellency along with my despatch from the Directors of the Company, apprising him of my mission.

In giving me the official letter, Mr. Horton said in rather a particular manner to me, that in delivering it I should request Sir Peregrine Maitland, as a personal favour, to apprise me himself if at any time complaint was made of me. This communication which was very kind in its tenor, coming after Dr. Strachan's communication, confirmed me in the notion that I had been an object of particular jealousy, when a commissioner, and I need not say that the groundless charge filled me with resentment.

I soon after left London for the Isle of Wight, where I was joined by Mr. George W—— of Ditton Park, who was going to Canada to spy the nakedness of the land, with a view then of ul-

timately settling in it. I am not sure that Mr. W—— was aware in the course of the voyage of my having any cause of uneasiness, but in going to Canada from New York, I made him acquainted with my suspicions and conjectures, all which bore upon a belief that I was not destined to be very comfortable during my residence in Canada.

APPENDIX.

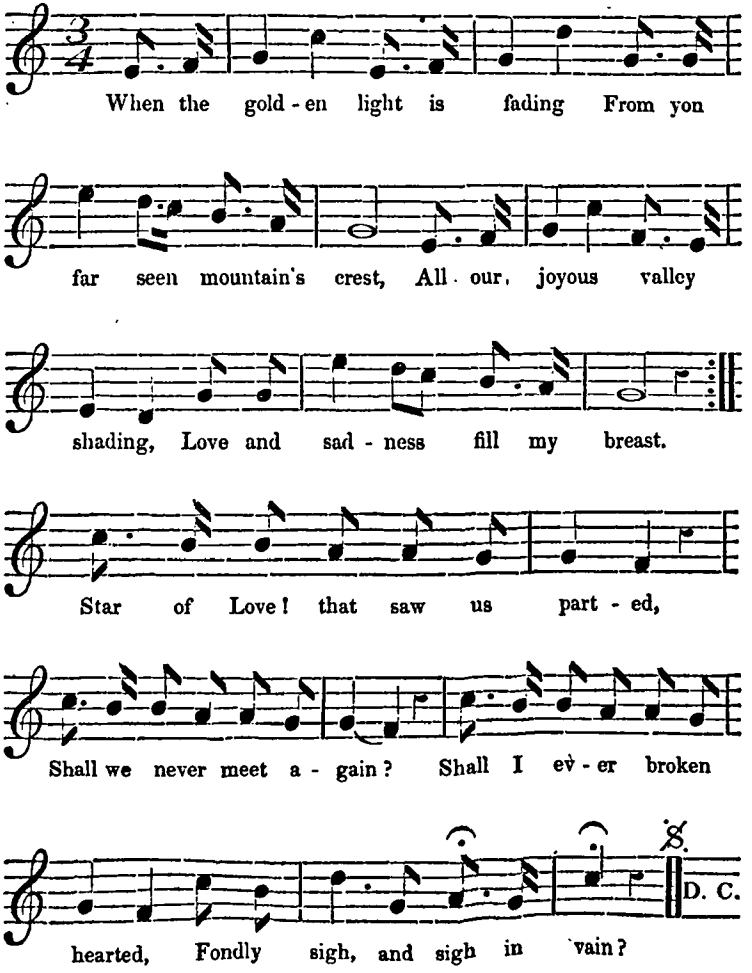
No. I.

LOCH-NA-GARR.—By Lord Byron.

A - way, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of ro-ses, In
you let the minions of lux - u - ry rove, Re-
store me the rocks where the snow-flake re - po - ses, The
scenes that are sac - red to freedom and love. O
Scotland! still dear are thy cairn-crested mountains, A-
round their grey summits tho' e - le - ments war; And
soft - er in thought than these smooth flowing fountains, Are the
hoarse fall - ing wa - ters of dark Loch - na - Garr.

No. II.

WHEN THE GOLDEN LIGHT IS FADING.


When the gold - en light is fading From yon
far seen mountain's crest, All - our, joyous valley
shading, Love and sad - ness fill my breast.
Star of Love! that saw us part - ed,
Shall we never meet a - gain? Shall I ev - er broken
D. C.
hearted, Fondly sigh, and sigh in vain?

The Music of these Songs is copyright.

No. IV.

UPPER CANADA GAZETTE.

EXTRAORDINARY.

A DESPATCH, of which the following is an extract, has been received from his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, by the Lieutenant Governor.

" Downing Street, 15th February, 1823.

" SIR,

" With reference to my letter to you of the 13th January, in which I informed you that you would receive more particular instructions for your guidance, as to the mode of payment of that proportion of the claims of the Canada sufferers, amounting to five shillings in the pound on the original award, which payment was to be governed by the reservations mentioned in that letter, *I have now to inform you, that those directions are to be cancelled, as Mr. Galt, the agent for the claimants, has expressed his inability to raise the loan of* 100,000*l.*, *which he had originally proposed on the terms on which such loan had been agreed to on the part of the British Government, viz., that* ' *A loan should be raised in* ' *the Canadas of* 100,000*l.*, *of which the English Government* ' *would guarantee half the interest,* (2,500*l. per annum.*) ' *This sum to be applied in satisfaction of such claims of suf-* ' *ferers by the invasion as may be established before a new* ' *commission, to be appointed by Sir Peregrine Maitland. If* ' *this sum should not be found sufficient, a further sum to be* ' *raised upon the same principles.*'—*This change of circumstances having made it necessary to cancel the instructions conveyed to you in my last despatch,* I have now to inform you, that with the view of preventing the disappointment and inconvenience that might arise from any further delay of payment, the Lords of his Majesty's Treasury have di-

rected the acceptance of bills to be drawn by you, or by the Commissary General under your authority, upon their Lordships, to the amount of five shillings in the pound on the reduced sums which may be awarded by the new commission; but as there is no disposition on the part of the Government to afford less actual relief to the sufferers than was promised in my last despatch, but merely to alter the mode and principle of payment, you will consider yourself authorized, as soon as the whole award shall have been finally made, to direct such a further per centage payment to each claimant as shall amount, (together with the five shillings in the pound on the new award herein directed to be paid,) to the sum of 57,412*l.* 10*s.*, which is a fourth part, or five shillings in the pound on the claims admitted by the first commission: but you are on no account to draw bills beyond that amount.

"*I am also to desire that you will communicate to the Legislature of Upper Canada, that according to the spirit of the proposition of the original loan, which was assented to by his Majesty's Government, it must be distinctly understood that no further payment will be made by the Lords of the Treasury until the Province shall have raised an equal sum, viz.,* 57,412*l.* 10*s. exclusively on its own security, applicable to the further liquidation of claims, which may be awarded by the second commission; and you will also explain to the Legislature, that should an additional sum be still found necessary, after that payment on the part of the Government of Upper Canada, the British Government will consent to contribute towards that sum in the same proportion as the Legislature of Upper Canada agree to advance upon the exclusive security of the Colony.*

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"BATHURST."

"Major General Sir P. Maitland, K.C.B."

No. V.

Mr. Horton's Letter to Mr. Galt.

" Downing Street, 5th July, 1824.

" SIR,

" I am directed by Lord Bathurst to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th ultimo, offering, on the part of the intended Canadian Company, the following proposal:—' That the Company should engage for the period of fifteen years, to take up annually not less than 800 lots, or 160,000 acres, of the Crown and of the half of the Clergy Reserves in Upper Canada only; for which the Government should be paid 20,000*l.* annually certain; and that for all above that quantity, which in one year the Company may find it expedient to take up, the Government should be paid at the same rate, 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre.'

" With reference to this specific proposal, Lord Bathurst has examined all the documents in the Colonial Office, which could supply him with information necessary to a decision on such a proposal, and has also had recourse to such oral information as could be afforded to him by persons now resident in the metropolis, who are practically acquainted with the value of these lands; and the result of that combined information is, that the proposition on the part of the intended Canadian Company is absolutely inadmissible, and that the difference between the value as estimated by the Canadian Company, and that estimate which his Lordship has derived from other sources, is so great, as to make him less sanguine in supposing that any common principle of arrangement can be agreed upon, without having recourse to the expedient of valuation by the medium of commissioners, which, though it may be attended with inconvenience in some respects, is alone calculated to reconcile the differences which exist on the subject.

"It is to be observed, that the situation of many thousands of these reserves (the proposition being made by the Company with respect to Upper Canada only) is so favourable, that no capital whatever is required to be expended on them, in order to render them fit for immediate sale; and that consequently to sell them to the Company at a valuation so low as that which has been offered, would be to confer on the Company a benefit at the direct sacrifice of the public interest.

"The individuals connected with the proposed Company cannot be ignorant that, more than twenty years ago, the Mohawk Indians were allowed to sell several townships at the distance of some miles from any settlement, and that they were readily purchased at that period, at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* 9*d.* per acre. The money was placed in the public funds, where it still remains, and the interest of it is regularly received by the Indians. The same lands have since been resold in large blocks, at the rates of 5*s.*, 6*s.*, and 7*s.* 6*d.* per acre.

"A Mr. Dickson, in Upper Canada, is now selling one of the townships in farms, at 15*s.* the lowest, but commonly at 20*s.* and 22*s.* 6*d.* per acre, and has sold in a very short time to the amount of 40,000*l.*

"It is understood that no lands in Upper Canada, unless far removed from any settlement, can be bought at a lower rate than 7*s.* 6*d.* per acre.

"The forfeited estates, which were sold by public auction, frequently brought three and four dollars per acre, where the situation was favourable; and it does not appear that any were sold at the low rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre.

"The General Board for the Superintendence of Education in Upper Canada, consider the lands under their management as worth 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.*, on an average; and they sold last year, to a Mr. Beattie, 3000 acres in the midst of

a township, at 7*s.* 6*d.* per acre, expressly on condition that he should immediately settle, and protect the remaining lots from depredation.

"It is perfectly true that these instances may not form precedents by which the value of 160,000 acres to be taken up annually could be correctly established, but they distinctly show that the proposition of the Canadian Company is far below what the Government, with any attention to the public interest, could consent to; nor is there any reason that these lands should remain in a state of neglect, after directions are given by the Executive Government for their sale in the province.

"The sale of the Clergy Reserves would require the sanction of an act of parliament; but Lord Bathurst considers that it would be extremely inexpedient to accept a proposition of the nature of that which has been offered on the part of the Company, until it has been ascertained whether the Clergy Corporation might not superintend the sale of this property, with greater advantage to the public than is proposed by the Company.

"The number of Clergy Reserves, now under lease, is 958, bearing a nominal rent of 1250*l.*, which will all be collected, as no lease is renewed until the arrears of rent are paid. After the first seven years this rent will be doubled, and will consequently amount to 2500*l.*; and in the third seven years an increase will take place of 1*l.* 15*s.* on each lot, or 1696*l.* 10*s.* on the 958 lots, which, added to the former rent of 2500*l.*, will make the annual income arising from the clergy lots, now under lease, during the third seven years, 4196*l.* 10*s.*

"Since the establishment of the Clergy Corporation, the number of leases granted annually has greatly increased. Computing them at 200 only in every year, or 3000 in fifteen

years, (which is understood to be a very low estimate,) the rents being 1*l.* 15*s.* for the first seven years, 3*l.* 10*s.* for the second seven years, and 5*l.* 5*s.* for the third, the clergy will possess on this computation, at the end of fifteen years, an annual income arising from 3000 lots, of 10,500*l.*, which added to the rent which will at that time accrue from the leases already granted, (4196*l.* 10*s.*,) will make a total income of 14,696*l.* 10*s.*, which, at twenty years' purchase, would amount to 293,930*l.*

"It is to be observed, that the Crown and Clergy Reserves have this distinct advantage in comparison with other unsettled lands in the provinces, that they are less distant from the navigation of lakes and rivers, which, independently of their being surrounded with existing settlements, is calculated to add materially and permanently to their value.

"With reference also to the presumed value of the Crown and Clergy Reserves, it is to be remarked, that for every 200 acres, the reduced fee, added to the settlement duties, may be considered as now equal to about 20*l.*, and yet applicants are glad to obtain grants on these terms for lands situate far back and distant from settlements, which are valued nearly as high as the price which the Company offers for lands in the midst of populous districts, and surrounded by cultivation.

"I am directed finally by Lord Bathurst to observe, that his Lordship is perfectly aware of the benefit which the introduction of capital would be likely to produce in the colony, and that he is anxious that the Company (in the event of one being formed) should derive a liberal advantage from the employment of their capital; but he considers that the proposition which has been made, is one which, if accepted, would secure to them profits greatly disproportioned to the average profits of capital employed in similar

speculations, and which would be a bonus granted to them at the expense of the public.

" I am, sir,

" Your most obedient servant,

" John Galt, Esq." " R. W. HORTON."

" P.S. It may be important to add in explanation of the subjects introduced in this letter, that the Legislature of Upper Canada estimate the uncultivated lands at 4*s.* per acre, and the cultivated lands at 20*s.*, in assessing them for taxation, which amounts to a penny per pound provincial currency.

" R. W. H."

MR. GALT'S Letter to the SECRETARY OF STATE.

" 8th July, 1824.

" MY LORD,

" In reply to the letter which your Lordship directed Mr. Wilmot Horton to return in answer to the specific proposal from the proposed Canadian Company, I am instructed to express the obligations of the Committee for so full and so explicit a statement of the grounds on which your Lordship has thought the proposal inadmissible.

" The Committee desire me also to add, that they have left no sources of written, published, and oral information, accessible in this country, unconsulted with reference to their offer, and the result has led to the conclusion, that for any practical purpose, such as to induce the mercantile or monied interest of London to embark their capital in the proposed speculation, it will be absolutely requisite to ascertain in the commencement the extent of the stake to be risked, as well as the probability of success in the adventure.

" Your Lordship observes,—' That the situation of many thousands of these reserves is so favourable, that no capital

whatever is required to be expended on them in order to render them fit for immediate sale; and that, consequently, to sell them to the Company at a valuation so low as that which has been offered, would be to confer on the Company a benefit at the direct sacrifice of the public interest.' And to this I am directed to reply,—

"That at present there are about 270 townships located in Upper Canada; viz. 65 townships, containing from 200 to 500 families; 46 ditto, 100 to 200 ditto; 21 ditto, 50 to 100 ditto; 138 under 50 ditto; many with very few indeed. Now, although it is true that in different places—the neighbourhood of towns for example—there are some small portions, both of Crown and Clergy Reserves, which might probably be sold without requiring the advance of any capital, yet it would seem that there is some material difference between your Lordship's information and the existing facts; for in the best settled district, Niagara, it is known that there are no reserves; and in the eastern district, which is the next best, it is equally well known that many of the most desirable and valuable reserves of the Crown have been given away. The Committee are, therefore, of opinion, that in speaking of 'many *thousands* of reserves' as being so marketable, the quantity is greatly over-rated, and that, perhaps, hundreds would be more in unison with the facts of the case. In further elucidation of this point, the Committee beg leave to say, that the whole reserves of the province do not amount to 20,000 lots, and that there is a large portion of these lots comprised in a block of land in the vicinity of Burlington Bay, which block has been reserved in consequence of no reserves having been made in the townships located previously to 1791; adding, therefore, this block to the reserves contained in the 138 townships, of which the population in each is under fifty families, it must be evi-

dent to your Lordship that only comparatively a small portion of the Crown Reserves can be in a state immediately marketable.

"Secondly, it is generally acknowledged, and indeed is not disputed, that the industry and improvement of Canada are impeded by the want of capital; and that this want would operate, as it has already done, to reduce the sale of reserves even in the best situations to a conditional contract, depending upon the success of the purchaser, the payment for which would be deferred almost indefinitely, as it would be regulated by the produce of the land, subject to the chances of market, adding little more to the stock of public wealth in that province, than what actual manual labour might draw for individual support from the soil; whereas the necessary consequences of the establishment of the proposed Company, would be to give such an impulse to the agriculture of the country, as to cause it to produce a surplus for exportation either in the form of flax, hemp, tobacco, or such other articles as might find a market abroad. In a general estimate, therefore, of the proposed undertaking, any advantage which might arise from the ready sale of a few of the desirable reserves, it is respectfully submitted to your Lordship, could never be regarded as any sacrifice of public interest.

"Without calling in question the correctness of the information communicated to the Colonial Office, respecting the Mohawk townships, your Lordship is aware that sales of land in Canada, not only twenty years ago, but even at this day, have almost universally been made on the principle of deferred payment, namely, by such instalments as the mere labourer can afford, after supporting his family. The number of townships sold by the Mohawk Indians is not known to the Committee, but at 2*s*. 6*d*. per acre they must have

amounted to about 8000*l.* each; and supposing the number to have been five, your Lordship may easily ascertain whether any such sum as 40,000*l.* stands in the public funds at the credit of the Indians. The Committee, however, being in no condition to determine the statement with respect to this point, beg leave to observe, that the Canadian lands generally have not increased in value during the last ten years, and that if the Indian lands were re-sold at the prices stated to your Lordship, viz., at *5s.*, *6s.*, and *7s. 6d.*, per acre, according to the usage of the country, that is,—on the principle of deferred payment,—and that the original purchasers had paid cash twenty years ago for them at *2s. 6d.*, it is quite manifest that no profit could have been made, but the reverse.

"Mr. Dickson's sale is a single instance, and the inference implied can only be supported by a knowledge of the locality and the circumstances; but at whatever rate he may have sold lands, it must, without doubt, have been on the principle of deferred payment; and although the Committee cannot venture to question the accuracy of any statement quoted by your Lordship, yet they cannot refrain from the expression of extreme surprise, at hearing that so large a sum as 40,000*l.* has been actually received for the sale of lands by any person in Upper Canada since the war.

"Your Lordship has been informed, that 'it is *understood* that no lands in Upper Canada, unless far removed from any settlement, can be bought at a lower rate than *7s. 6d.* per acre.' In my last letter, I had the honour to draw your Lordship's attention to the difference between a *speculative* and a *merchantable* value, or in other words, an estimated price, whereof the payment depends on the success of the speculator, and a money price; admitting, however, for the sake of the argument, that as a speculative price

7*s.* 6*d.* per acre may be a fair valuation for the lands, which are *not* 'far removed from any settlement,' yet, since the lands in 138 townships *are* far removed from settlements, and since the Company is to pay a *money price* in advance for the lands they propose to take up, it is evident that the information referred to is not applicable to the arrangement contemplated; for your Lordship will recollect that the Company cannot anticipate that they shall be able to effect sales on any other principle than that of deferred payment.

"With the subject of the forfeited estates, I need not acquaint your Lordship that I have the misfortune to be deeply interested in what relates to them, for never was any speculative error regarding the sales of any lands more fallacious than the expected proceeds of those very estates. Your Lordship will recollect that the forfeitures were described as of 'great value,' sufficient, indeed, to satisfy the claims of the sufferers in the late war, and the proceeds were ordered to be applied to that purpose. They were sold accordingly; but whatever the amount of the sales may have been so many years ago, not one farthing has yet been available for the objects to which the money was assigned; it is, therefore, fair to conclude, that the proceeds are not in the hands of any public officer, but that the sales were made on the customary principle of deferred payment; besides, it is to be remembered, that the forfeited estates were such as, in the description of the clergy reserves, are now called cleared and settled, and the price for which they may have been nominally sold does not, therefore, at all bear on an offer made for lands in a state of nature.

"What the Board for the Superintendence of Education in Upper Canada may '*consider*' the lands under their management as worth, neither that nor the instance of their small sale at 7*s.* 6*d.* (doubtless on the principle of deferred

payment) to Mr. Beattie*, burthened with a wardenship of the remaining lots, can form any criterion to regulate the ready-money price of reserves scattered over all the province. And with regard to the remark, 'Nor is there any reason that these lands should remain in a state of neglect, after directions are given by the executive government for their sale in the province,' it is perhaps necessary to be explicit; because it implies, as the Committee conceive, that the means and institutions already exist in the province by which the same public good may be effected which the proposed Company offers to accomplish. In the first place, it has ever been contemplated by those undertaking to form the proposed Company, that their objects would be unpalatable to many persons connected with the local administration of the provincial government, and especially to those who have heretofore conducted the land-granting department; but they have not, therefore, considered that their objects would be either unpalatable or disadvantageous to the people, nor do they see that they are unacceptable to His Majesty's Government. In the second place, neither those persons nor their government are in possession of any funds to assist settlers, nor are they likely to obtain from Parliament the means for the objects proposed to be undertaken by the Company, without which means the existing lethargy in the colony must continue. And in the third place, your Lordship is also well aware, from the management of the colonial lands hitherto, how far the proceeds arising from them have been available as a source of revenue, and can best infer what prospect there is of the system, which has existed for more than thirty years in Upper Canada, render-

* Mr. Beattie never completed the bargain. When the petitioner was in Canada he ascertained this fact, and that the lands were again for sale.

ing in fifteen years any such returns to the public as the offer made for the proposed Company. That offer of 20,000*l.* per annum, considered as an accumulative annuity, is worth for the period referred to

At three per cent. interest	£370,178
At four per cent.	£400,472
At five per cent.	£435,572
At six per cent. (the interest of the province)	£463,899

"I should here observe that this is proposed to be paid without cost, and that the Company contemplate, besides the sum intended for government, to employ a much larger annual sum in stimulating the agricultural resources of the colony.

"It has been always understood that the sale of the Clergy Reserves required the sanction of an act of parliament; but it was never anticipated that it could have been suggested to your Lordship, that it would be necessary, with respect to so much of an agreement as was contingent on that sanction, previously to ascertain 'Whether the Clergy Corporation might not superintend the sale of their reserves with greater advantage to the public than is proposed by the Company,' especially when it is so universally known, that, with all the arithmetical riches of their prospective revenues, that corporation subsists on the eleemosynary aid of England. What capital is that corporation able to advance to assist settlers? What means does it possess at home to give information to emigrants? Is it not known to your Lordship that the Crown and Clergy Reserves were held out as lures to the Americans in the late war? Is it impossible that occasion may arise hereafter to place them in the same light? There may be a question as to the acceptance of any offered price, but surely none as to the expediency of reducing all the reserves into private property and individual possession as expeditiously as possible, whether the subject be considered

politically or commercially. On that account, whatever becomes of the proposed Company, it may be presumed that the Legislature will concur in the propriety of selling the Clergy Reserves as well as those of the Crown. This, however, is a question apart from the immediate business, and I have only to represent at present, that if the Clergy Reserves are to remain unsold, a great impediment to the improvement of the colony will still continue, and by its effects necessarily diminish the expected result of the operations of the proposed Company, causing in the very outset a question to arise as to whether the offer made is not too much, that offer having had reference to the advantages that may be produced by the release of so many of the Clergy Reserves as the proportion contemplated: at all events it appears, from the calculations which your Lordship has directed to be communicated on this branch of the subject, that at the present rate at which uncleared clergy reserves are let, they are really not valued at much more in the first instance than 2*s*. 6*d*. per acre for twenty years' purchase. At six per cent. interest, the legal rate in the colony, 2*s*. 6*d*. would yield for a lot of 200 acres 1*l*. 10*s*. per annum, and the Clergy Corporation, by their own account, get but 1*l*. 15*s*., which your Lordship will observe is a retail price; and therefore, not equal to the wholesale price offered by the proposed Company: moreover, it is implied in the statement quoted by Mr. Wilmot Horton, that the 1*l*. 15*s*. is not yet in any effective train of payment. I should waste time were I to proceed to examine the fallacy of those sanguine calculations which have been made to your Lordship of the value of the Clergy Reserves; but I may be allowed to assert, that it is not within the range of any practical view of the subject that nearly 300,000*l*. would be given, in any quarter of the globe, for the chance of an annuity of 14,696*l*. 10*s*. in Upper Canada; which hypothetical annuity, be it remarked, is to

arise at the end of fifteen years, from property which does not, at this time, probably yield the hundredth part of that sum, and which requires an outlay of a large capital, nowhere as yet tangible, to produce the means by which that supposititious income is to be created. But what actually would result to the Clergy Corporation, from the terms proposed by the Company, were the number of lots taken up annually equally divided between the Crown and the Clergy Reserves, is, that 400 lots, from year to year, for 15 years, at 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre, would yield to the Clergy Corporation, every year 10,000*l.*, which sum, laid out at interest in the colony, at 6 per cent., would give an annual income of 600*l.* a year, increasing annually at the same rate, by which, at the end of 15 years, there would thus be a capital formed of 150,000*l.*, producing annually a net revenue of 9,000*l.* Whether this real capital and annuity is worth the speculative calculation of 14,696*l.* 10*s.* quoted by your Lordship, I shall not undertake to determine; but it may be questionable if, in 15 years hence, the Clergy of Upper Canada, from their own lands, will be in possession of even the 1250*l.* of 'nominal rents' which they now say they possess if the country continues unassisted by the introduction of capital in large masses.

"A mistake has been committed, in representing to your Lordship that the situations of the Crown and Clergy Reserves are more advantageous than those of other lands. In point of fact, the reserves, with the exception of the great block at Burlington Bay, are distributed according to a fixed official plan, and can in consequence only be accidentally less distant from the navigation of the lakes and rivers; nor are they more surrounded with existing settlements, for they are scattered all over the colony, and there are more of them in the uncleared than in the cleared townships, and therefore any supposed value founded on the representation alluded to is not justified by the circumstances: indeed it appears that

some misconception on this head runs through all the observations which have been suggested by the statements made to your Lordship; for, in the next paragraph, Mr. Wilmot Horton reasons, with respect to the fees paid for grants of lands 'far back and distant from settlements,' as if the terms offered by the proposed Company did not apply to such lands, but only to lands 'in the midst of populous districts, and surrounded by cultivation,' whereas the offer was an overhead price for lands, everywhere in all the located districts, good and bad, without reference either to neighbourhood or settlement.

"Having thus, my Lord, answered those objections which your Lordship has so candidly made to the specific proposal, I have now to state, that it was within the knowledge of some of the sources of your Lordship's information, that the Surveyors in Upper Canada are paid by grants of land in the different locations which they determine, and it is not invidious to suppose that this sort of payment is not taken without a due consideration of its worth. Now the practice, and I refer it to the authorities alluded to, as to the fact, is for these surveyors to sell the lands which they so acquire at ready money prices, ranging between *2s.* and *2s. 6d.* There is one individual in London, who has an offer of 5000 acres from one of the surveyors, at the low price of 500*l.*, and the lands are situated in the Alfred, Mountain and Plantagenet Townships.

"But to conclude, I am instructed to add, that no such sanguine hopes of enormous profits are expected from the proposed speculation as your Lordship naturally supposes, by having had your attention directed to extreme and isolated cases.

"The Committee are very thankful for the wish expressed, on behalf of your Lordship, 'that they should derive a liberal advantage from the employment of their capital;' and,

in reply to the opinion which follows, 'that the proposition which has been made is one which, if accepted, would secure to them profits greatly disproportioned to the average profits of capital employed in similar speculations,' they beg to submit, that it would be rather difficult to find any instances of similar speculations, upon which the average could be founded. The Committee neither expect nor aim at making any profits beyond a fair mercantile remuneration for the capital which they propose to advance, and the risks which their speculations would necessarily involve; and in reference to the last observation, that the supposed large profits 'would be a bonus granted to them at the expense of the public,' I am instructed to suggest, that a mode might easily be devised, whereby this bonus, if it should arise, would be for the benefit of the public.

"If the Company should be established, as an Incorporation by Royal Charter and by act of Parliament, the only mode by which the subscribers or stockholders would obtain any participation of profits would be, by dividends publicly declared, or by a bonus added to their capital; and neither dividend nor bonus would be declared or made without the knowledge of government. The Committee would therefore make it a part of their proposal, that, in the event of the Company being at any time enabled to pay a larger dividend than the rate of interest in the colony, *viz.* 6 per cent. per annum, on the capital actually advanced, or to pay any bonus to their stockholders, then, and in either of these cases, Government should be entitled to participate in such surplus dividend or bonus, in the proportion of one third; the remaining two thirds to be divided amongst the stockholders.

"Thus the Company would advance the capital, which would necessary be so beneficial to the province; they would run the whole of the risk, and Government would participate in the *profits;* which, if the sanguine statements made to

your Lordship should be realized, would yield a considerable addition to the revenue, to be drawn from the establishment of the Company.

"The Committee trust this proposition will at least be received as an evidence of their sincerity in the opinion they have expressed, as to the value of these lands; for, if they could concur in the accuracy of the valuations which have been given to your Lordship from other sources, it would obviously be more to their advantage to offer some addition to the present price, than to offer so large a share of future profits.

"They have nothing further to submit to your Lordship on the subject; and, in the event that the present proposal should not meet your Lordship's approbation, I am only further instructed to request the favour of your Lordship to state what would be the final determination of Government in regard to price, on the supposition of not participating in the profits. After having devoted so much attention to this object, the Committee will relinquish it with reluctance; but they cannot pursue it, except on such terms as they can reconcile to their own information, and their own judgment; upon the faith of which they would have to come before the public, for the capital to be raised, in the event of the Company being formed.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"JOHN GALT."

"P. S. The observation in the postscript to Mr. W. Horton's letter, with respect to the valuation of four shillings per acre, by the legislature of the province, is not conceived to apply to the question at issue with your Lordship. It is well known, that that high valuation was made with a view to tax absent proprietors; and, in its operation, intended to be of penal effect,—the higher the value so estimated for

taxation, the more would it tend to depreciate the value of the Crown and Clergy Reserves, by causing other lands in their vicinity to be brought into the market against them.

"J. G."

MR. GALT'S LETTER to the SECRETARY OF STATE.

12th July 1824.

"MY LORD,

"I HAVE the honour to acknowledge receipt of the letter of the 10th instant, which your Lordship directed to be written in reply to my representation of the 8th; but, before submitting a communication so decisive to the Committee on Thursday, I take the liberty of laying before your Lordship the state to which I conceive the negotiation has been brought; viz.

"I. That the original proposal of a valuation by commissioners is deemed the only expedient mode for determining the price.

"II. That the principle of annual payments for fifteen years is assented to, the Company being bound to take up and settle a certain number of lots or acres in each year.

"Upon this point it may be necessary to remark, that when the Committee offered to undertake for 160,000 acres annually, it was at the price of *2s. 6d.* per acre. Should the price, therefore, be much higher, the quantity may be less, as it will necessarily be regulated by the Report of the Commissioners; but the annual payment to Government may still remain at least 20,000*l.*: and,

"III. That when it is announced to your Lordship, that the Company has been organized, and the Commissioners for the Company have been named, immediate orders will be officially given for issuing the commission and granting the charter.

"Your Lordship, in consideration of the attention which I have given to this subject, will perhaps pardon me for stating, that, knowing how preferable a definite bargain is in the eyes of mercantile men to one contingent on any circumstances, and conceiving that Government had without doubt a minimum price, which would have been accepted, were that price known, there would be a better assurance of the Company being formed than there is with the uncertainty of the valuation,—a mode of fixing the extent of the speculation to which several of the most influential members of the Committee have very strong objections."

The answer has been mislaid, but the copy rests in the Colonial Office.

MR. GALT'S LETTER to the SECRETARY OF STATE.

"Downing Street, 17th July 1824.

"MY LORD,

"I HAVE submitted to the Committee of the proposed Canadian Company the letter of the 15th instant, which your Lordship directed Mr. Wilmot Horton to return in answer to mine of the 12th; and it has been resolved to proceed forthwith to organize the Company. But as I should have stated in my letter explaining the points to which I conceived the negotiation had arrived, in reference to 'the original proposition,' that I alluded to the arrangement which determined that the price should be regulated by what was the ready money price of uncleared land at or before the 1st of March last, I presume to enquire if your Lordship so understood the proposition, two other periods having been mentioned in the course of the negotiation.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"JOHN GALT."

END OF VOL. I.

G. Woodfall, Printer, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.

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